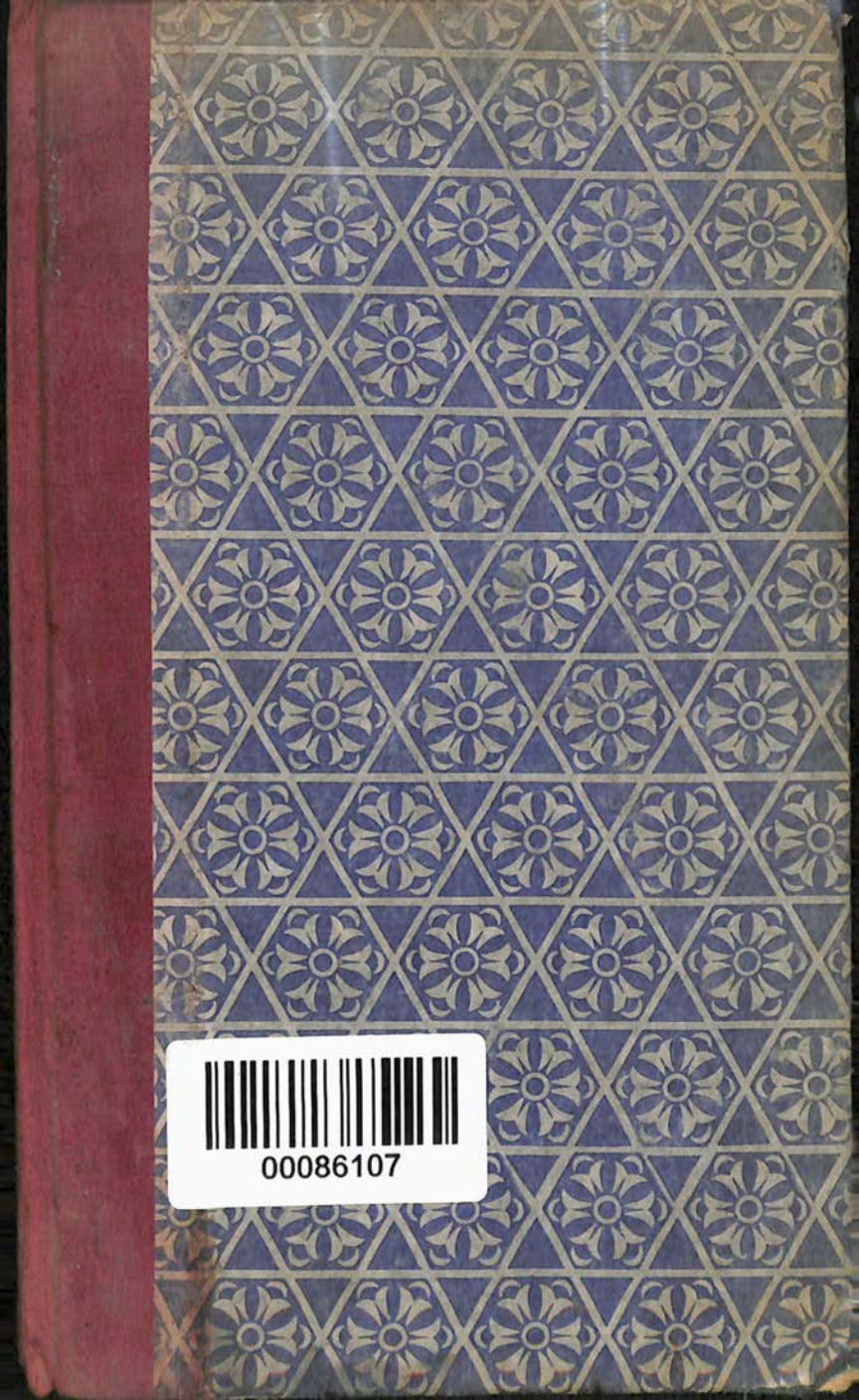
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JOURNAL

OF A

TOUR AND RESIDENCE

IN

Great Britain,

DURING THE YEARS 1810 AND 1811,

BY

A FRENCH TRAVELLER:

WITH

REMARKS

ON

THE COUNTRY, ITS ARTS, LITERATURE, AND POLITICS, AND ON THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF ITS INHABITANTS.

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JOURNAL,

&c.

Edinburgh, January 1, 1811.

FROM metaphysics, which are rather out of fashion, the learned Scotch have lately passed to geology,—from mind to stones,—subjects, perhaps, alike impenetrable. The system of the earth, which made its appearance here some years ago, under the title of *Illustrations of the Huttonion Theory of the Earth*, by *John Playfair*, deserves, in many respects, the high celebrity it soon acquired. An inventor, who did not possess the talent of writing, could not be happier in a commentator. Mr Playfair writes as well as Buffon, but with more solidity, more prudence, and more modesty. In a country where eloquence is scarcely deemed admissible in scientific subjects, his passes for simplicity.

Hutton's theory may be unknown to the generality of foreign readers, and the most probable of any existing explanation of the awful revolutions

our world has evidently undergone, must be of sufficient interest to its inhabitants, to encourage an expectation that the short and simple account I shall give of it to the unlearned may be found acceptable.

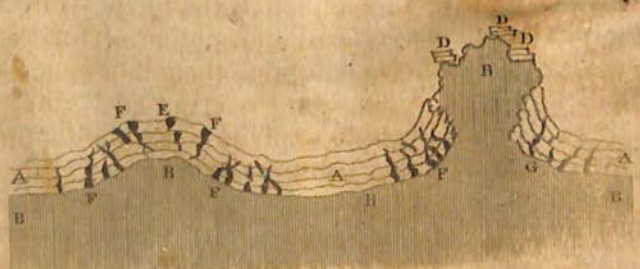
The solid crust of our globe is formed of rocks in great irregular masses, as granite, and of hard substances, arranged in beds parallel to each other. The latter are composed of fragments of other rocks more or less broken and attenuated, united by a common cement, as sandstone, for instance,—of hardened earths, or of calcareous substances, containing often shells and bones, as well as remains of known and unknown plants and fruits. Fossile coals, with indications of vegetable substances in their formation, form some of these beds; and, finally, sea salt is found also in alternate and parallel strata. These, and many other appearances, afford irresistible evidences of the mode of formation of stratified rocks. Rains and torrents, frost and moisture, are constantly wasting the surface of the continents to an extent, proved, by incontrovertible facts, to be wonderfully great. Mr Playfair very justly compares such insulated mountains as shew, by the undisturbed horizontality of their strata, that they retain their original level, to the pillars of earth which workmen leave behind them, to afford a measure of the whole quantity of earth which they have removed. The apparent slowness of the progress affords no presumption against its reality, and only marks the comparative evanescence of our own duration. The materials of the surface of continents, and of their shores, are thus incessantly washed away into the ocean, and form,

in the undisturbed repose of its unfathomed depths, strata similar to those of a prior formation which we see around us. The various theories of the earth agree nearly in this respect. The strata, although parallel to each other, are scarcely ever found to preserve the level of their original formation, but are more or less inclined to the horizon, —are broken, and sometimes bent,—every appearance indicating the action of an irresistible force acting from below, and capable of disturbing and changing the whole level of the surface of the globe. These changes may have been slow or local. There are numerous instances of land invaded by the sea, and of sea receding from the land, which suppose either an elevation or depression of the local level. They may have been sudden and general, or extend to great portions of the globe; and the universal traditions of deluge seem to refer to catastrophes of this sort.

Thus far Hutton and his disciples, called Plutonists, do not differ altogether from the disciples of Werner or Neptunists; for the latter suppose, in some limited degree, the breaking and sinking of the external crust of our globe into certain internal caverns, explaining by that means the derangements and inequalities of the strata. But the Huttonians, pursuing the investigation of terrestrial appearances, say, that although the agency of water might be sufficient for the formation of the strata, yet it could not have indurated them into rocks, and still less bent, broken, and overturned them; and that it is inadequate to explain many other phenomena. Some other cause must have joined in the operation, and it can be no other than fire, at least an internal heat, disengaged by causes far from

inexplicable, at certain periods, generally or locally, which heat they suppose capable of producing a fusion of the whole or of certain parts of the internal substance of the globe at an unknown depth, into which the continents, or elevated parts of the outward crust, pressed down by their own weight, would sink, while the lower and thinner parts, forming the bottom of the seas, would be buoyed up, and, discharging the weight of the superincumbent waters into their new bed, would be suddenly elevated to the original height of the old continents. They suppose that the crust thus elevated, breaking and opening in some parts, let the fused or softened matter force its passage upward, which, hardening as it cooled, formed the highest ridges of granitic and other mountains, called primary, although in some respects secondary. The following figure will render the relative situation of both stratified and erupted rocks more intelligible:

(A) Represents rocks in parallel strata, forming the plain or level country; broken and turned up at the base of its highest mountains. (B) Granitic erupted mass, forming the highest mountains, as well as the base of the stratified rocks. (D) Fragments of the stratified rocks found occasionally on the highest gra-



nitic summits, as if carried up, at the time of their eruption through the strata. (E) Inferior mountains over which the strata bend, without eruption of the granitic matter. (F) Clefts through the strata, produced by their violent bending; and it is extremely remarkable, that such of these clefts as have their openings downwards, are filled by a continuation of the granitic matter, as injected in its liquid state, or with metallic substances, forming the veins of mines, which are generally found in such clefts, diminishing upwards, inclined to the horizon, across, and never in the direction of the strata; sometimes disposed in steps, (G) and, where there has been a sliding of the strata one against the other, the sections on each side of the vein do not correspond, as in (H). The miners often find in these clefts small fragments, or even large blocks, of a nature totally different from the strata into which they appear to have penetrated from below.

This figure is not in the work of Mr Playfair; I have introduced it in order to facilitate the explanation, but without pretending that the relative order of the different substances is generally found so exactly defined in nature.

Dr Hutton guessed at a new principle, established since by experiments. The effect of compression on substances exposed to the action of heat, answering before-hand the objections he anticipated. He conjectured, that the strata of calcareous substances, shells and madrepores for instance, lying under a great depth of sea or land, and exposed to the action of heat, instead of losing their carbonic gas, and being calcined into lime, would fuse; and, in cooling, would crystallize into marble and other calcareous rocks, or form nodules and veins of spar insulated into other rocks, pre-

serving not only the impression of plants and animals, mixed with the strata, but frequently the substance itself, which could not be volatilized. He conjectured that sea-salt and other substances penetrated and dissolved by heat, under the same circumstances of great superincumbent weight, would likewise undergo, in their respective prisons, a local decomposition and new combination, without loss of any of their elements.

Dr Hutton was asked, what sort of thing this internal fire could be?—how it was kindled,—and how supported?—whether it burned always, or was lighted and went out, and burned again, as he happened to want it, to bake his remoulded worlds? He might have answered, and probably did answer, that the action of fire is quite as distinguishable as that of water on the face of our globe;—that if the existence of a subterranean fire is difficult to understand, that of the ocean on the tops of high mountains, where it has deposited entire strata of shells and marine plants, 15,000 feet above its present level,* is no less so;—that, uncertain as the respective modes of action of the two agents certainly are, that action is not the less evident; and that we are not to reject what is known, merely because more is not known.

Some conception of an internal fire under large sections of the crust of our globe, or under the whole of it, may be formed, if we consider that a very analogous phenomenon is continually going on under our eyes. The volcanoes of Etna and Vesuvius have simultaneous eruptions, and consequently internal communications; moreover, this communication seems to extend to Hecla. The

* Mount Rosa in the north of Italy, and in the Andes.

tremendous eruption of 1783, which shook the south of Italy to its foundations,—whole towns and villages being swallowed up in yawning gulfs, suddenly opening in the earth,—was accompanied with similar convulsions in Iceland. Its volcanoes vomited lava and ashes in unprecedented quantities; islands arose from the sea, forty miles from the coasts; and for three successive years the inhabitants did not see the sun.* At the time of the memorable earthquake of Lisbon in 1755, the lakes of Scotland, Loch-Ness in particular,† were strangely agitated; pouring their waters alternately from one extremity to the other, as if the earth under them had changed its level. Many more instances of simultaneous eruptions and earthquakes, in places very distant from each other, might be adduced to prove internal communications; and when it is considered that there are at present, according to Werner,‡ 193 volcanoes known to be in activity on the surface of the earth, besides a much greater number extinguished, or dormant, it seems as if there was not such a distance between this and a universal conflagration, that the one might not enable us to conceive the possibility of the other.§

Notwithstanding what I have said of volca-

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* This great eruption of 1783, was attended with a haziness of the atmosphere, very perceivable over the greatest part of Europe, of which the writer retains a distinct recollection.

† Pennant and Gilpin. The latter mentions the circumstance of a boat in Loch Tay being thrown up twenty fathoms above the usual level of the water.

‡ Professor Jameson's Geognosy.

§ Since this was written, all that part of North America, through which the Mississippi flows, has been convulsed by earthquakes, felt simultaneously in the West Indies; a tract of near 3000 miles. These earthquakes recurred with little intermission

noes, it is but fair to state, that the Huttonians, in the plenitude of their faith in a central fire, seek no assistance from such skin-deep means as these; and they are even anxious to distinguish between the productions of common volcanoes,—lava,—and that of their volcano, *par excellence*, viz. granite, and all the unstratified rocks. Of all these, the rocks called in Scotland whin, are most like lava. They are a sort of basalt in great masses, often flattened at top, with perpendicular sides, in the terrace shape, and frequent indications of prismatic pillars. The environs of Edinburgh, as I have observed before, abound with abrupt protuberances of this sort of rock. That of Calton Hill * presents, in its composition, a striking resemblance to the lava of Etna, with a single point of difference still more remarkable;—in the whin or basalt, the calcareous fragments have retained their carbonic gas, and are crystallized into spar; while in the lava they have lost it, and are calcined into lime. This fact affords undoubtedly a most curious confirmation of the Huttonian theory. The great depth, and mass, and consequent pressure, having, in one case, prevented the escape of the carbonic gas, and *vice versa*,

	Whin-rock.		*Lava.*	
Contains	Silex	50 parts	Silex	51 parts.
	Argil	18.50	Argil	19
	Oxide of iron,	16.75	Oxide of iron	14.50
	Spar	3	Lime	9.50
	Water	5	Soda	4
	Soda	4	Muriatic acid	1
	Muriatic acid	1		
		98.25		99

during several months, till a volcanic eruption in one of the West India islands relieved the internal dilatation.

* Analysed by Sir James Hall.

The fracture of both these substances is of a bluish or greenish black, strewed with light specks. Both are decomposed by long continued contact with the atmosphere.

Unfriendly critics chose to understand the result of the system to be, a constant increase of the dimensions of the globe, puffed up by the repeated action of heat, without ever subsiding; and they expressed a fear that the earth, thus distended, must at last come in contact with the moon, and derange the system of the universe! It is to the Edinburgh Review of October 1802, that the Huttonians are indebted for this gratuitous supposition. Mr Playfair does not say anywhere, I think, that the parts raised never subside again. His book did not suggest the idea to me. I did not understand that the general level of the surface of the globe was permanently elevated, or its dimensions at all increased by the Huttonian process, continued ever so long. The greatest depth of the sea, according to La Place, is eleven miles, and the greatest height of mountains three or four miles; therefore the extreme points of the inequalities of the solid surface of our globe may be estimated at fourteen or fifteen miles.* Its diameter being

* There is a very extraordinary instance mentioned by Pallas, of the depth of stratified formation being traced to the incredible depth of 61 perpendicular miles! a range of hills, on the south-east side of the Tauride, which is cut down perpendicularly towards the sea, and offers a complete section of parallel beds, inclined at an angle of 45° to the horizon, and 80 miles in length, as regular as the leaves of a book. Allowing for the slope, this shews as much of the formation of the strata as if a shaft of 61 miles was sunk perpendicularly into the earth. Mr Playfair seems, however, to suppose that there had been some considerable shifting or sliding of the strata, one against the other, unperceived

9000 miles, these greatest inequalities are 1-600th of that diameter, which is probably less than the wrinkles on the thin skin of the smoothest orange. Now, let us suppose that orange subject to an internal heat, capable of liquifying its pulp, and very considerably softening and distending the skin, and communicating to the whole heated body considerable agitation, and some sort of boiling up motion. Suppose, after a while, the cause of the internal heat, whatever it might be, subsiding, and the pulp rapidly cooling and hardening, will not the shrunk skin be found to have contracted new wrinkles and inequalities, greater perhaps, than those it had before, although not the same;—parts that were high having sunk in, and others that were low having been raised. It would, no doubt, be very difficult to understand how the orange came to be so hot all at once, to melt and boil up of itself in that manner; but, suppose it to have been an orange so strangely constituted, that it had been in the habit of emitting at times, from 193 little openings on its surface, streams of fire and brimstone, then the great fire would undoubtedly occasion much less surprise; very little more, indeed, than its diminutive prototypes.

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by Pallas, which would alter the calculation entirely; and, upon the whole, the fact is too improbable to be admitted. What wearing of continents could there have been, capable of supplying the materials of such a depth of strata formed at the bottom of the sea, and what prodigious depth does it not suppose to the sea? The difficulty, however, is not peculiar to the Huttonian theory, but applies equally to all those which suppose the agency of water in the formation of the strata. The separation of the different materials in distinct beds, instead of being confusedly mixed together, or arranged entirely according to their respective weight, seems to be a very great difficulty, also common to all these water theories.

It must be acknowledged that the Huttonian theory, ingenious as it is, rested in a great degree on assumptions and conjectures. It was a fine building on slight foundations; but a patient investigator undertook to strengthen it, *sous œuvre*, and has added several stout props and abutments. The theory owes as much to the very important series of experiments of Sir James Hall as to the inventor himself; and it will be a consequence of this, as of all other systems, that, whether they stand or fall, they promote experiments and researches, and leave after them an invaluable treasure of facts. Sir James Hall found that fused rocks, instead of passing to the state of glass by rapid cooling, become rocks again, and precisely what they were before, when cooled slowly; very large masses must be a long time in cooling, therefore such fused masses as were thrown up from the interior of the earth became rocks again, and not glass. It is indeed true that he has only thus reproduced *whin*, a more homogeneous substance than granite. Should he succeed in making granite, incredulity must yield to the miracle.* Granite, however, is far from forming exclusively the substance of the highest mountains. The Cordelieras of South America, which are the highest of all mountains, and some other very high mountains in the Sandwich Islands, are mostly, as I understood Professor Jameson to say, of the clink-stone, which is nearly similar to the Scotch whin or basalt.

* Sir James Hall has approached this miracle. Felspar and quartz, reduced to a powder and mixed, were fused together, the one serving as a flux to the other; but the two substances crystallized distinctly in cooling, and the crystals were closely joined, and set one within another, as in granite.

Sir James Hall obtained a still more important result, by melting calcareous substances. What neither the fire of volcanoes, nor the burning lens could do, has been effected by a very moderate degree of heat under great compression. This chemist made marble with shells, and actually did what Hutton had said could be done!

The Huttonians, not contented with the degree of probability which belongs of right to their system, see everywhere dikes and junctions;—that is to say, the places where their central lava, tearing up the solid pavement of the earth, has insinuated itself among the strata, and turned up their broken edges in the manner I have endeavoured to explain in the preceding figure, leaving indications of heat and calcination in those parts of the strata nearest to the fiery injections. * Some of these phenomena are satisfactory, but the greatest part require the eye of faith to discover in them what they are supposed to indicate. The great rocky mass of Salisbury Craig, close to Edinburgh, presents some appearances certainly less inexplicable by the Huttonian theory than by any other. The general form of this mass is that of a stupendous terrace, the top of which dips towards the north-east, presenting to the west a perpendicular face about

* Mr Allan of Edinburgh, a learned amateur of mineralogy, and who has formed a very valuable collection of specimens, had the goodness to shew me, among other instances of this kind, nodules of flint decomposed into red earth, where they happened to touch or come near whin dikes, or veins of erupted matter in fusion, while, a few inches farther, the flint had undergone no such decomposition. Beds of coal thus traversed by veins of whin exhibit, in the adjacent parts, the appearance and properties of coke or charcoal.

300 feet high, one-half of which is masked by an accumulation of earth and stony fragments, on a very steep declivity. This is the appearance a part of this face of rock presents.

(A) Perpendicular whin or basalt of a greenish black, said to be a porphyritic aggregate of hornblend and felspar. (B) Thin parallel strata of indurated, and apparently baked clay, interrupted in (C) by the basaltic mass which has penetrated between and round the broken and disturbed edges of the strata, which it seems to have split, and penetrated as a wedge. (D) Mass of basalt *en boule*, which has made its way through the strata of indurated clay. (E) Parallel strata of the same indurated clay and sand-stone, about twenty feet high, diminishing towards the top, and in (F) leaving the surface of the basalt covered only by the mould produced by its decomposition. There is, on the perpendicular face of Arthur's Seat, a very large fragment, fifteen or sixteen feet in length, of the same sand-stone, forming the stratum at the base, which seems to have been carried up the ascending mass of basalt.

Dr Hutton, as we have seen, supposes the action of two opposite principles, in his theory of

the earth; one of destruction, and the other of regeneration, like the good and the bad principles of the Persians. But the entire destruction and regeneration are the extreme terms of his theory, and do not form a necessary condition of it. The internal fusion may take place before the old continents are entirely worn down;—raising or sinking old and new formations indifferently;—crossing, and mixing them, and throwing on the details of the mineral world an appearance of disorder, confusion, and want of design, quite opposite to the general character of all the other works of nature. This theory, however, far from suffering from these apparent irregularities, is confirmed by them; they are the signs of the very revolutions it supposes,—world after world succeeding each other, and a circulation of ruins. The imagination stands appalled on the brink of this abyss of time, where human reason dares to lead us!

The remains of plants and animals, so profusely scattered over regions quite foreign to their species, seem to point out, still more forcibly than the appearances of the mineral world do, some sudden, general, and tremendous revolution of our globe. Plants and fruits of India, found in France and all over Europe; skeletons of crocodiles in England,—of elephants in Siberia; whole islands composed of the ivory of their teeth under the pole; the entire carcass of a rhinoceros, in regions of perpetual frost,* still covered with the greatest part of its hide; and many other examples of

* The head of this rhinoceros was carried by Pallas to the museum of St Petersburg, where it is preserved. The accidental thawing of the frozen earth, in which the carcass had been preserved during countless ages, occasioned the discovery.

this sort, speak a language which it is impossible to misunderstand. These animals never could have lived where their remains are now lying; the plants still less, if possible. These wonderfully curious and interesting facts are accounted for in no other way, with half so much probability, as by one of the overwhelming floods of the Huttonian theory, for which a very inconsiderable change of level would suffice. The ocean, pouring from its heaving bed over the sinking land,—tearing up mountains by the roots,—furrowing the strata into profound vallies, and scattering the ponderous materials of the earth, like chaff in the wind!—plants and animals, yielding without resistance, would be swept off at the first onset, with the first terrible wave, to the extremities of the earth; from the torrid zone to the plains of Siberia, or of North America,—and, whirling in heaps, would fill holes and caverns,* or remain scattered among the earthy sediment subsiding in strata.

The commentator of Hutton has not made use, I think, of this obvious means of accounting for the strange situation in which the wrecks of the organized creation are found; he seems even to have adopted the unreasonable, and, I must say, extra-

* A very remarkable collection of bones is found in the caves of Bayreuth, in Franconia, of vast size, and mostly of carnivorous animals, and having very little affinity to any now known. Incredible quantities of bones, the broken and confused relics of various animals, concreted with fragments of marble, are found in various parts of the coasts of the Mediterranean; leaving it doubtful, says Mr Playfair himself (page 459), whether they are the work of successive ages, or of some sudden catastrophe, that has assembled in one place, and overwhelmed with immediate destruction, a vast multitude of the inhabitants of the earth.

vagant idea, that elephants and rhinoceroses, lions, tigers, and crocodiles, might formerly have lived under the pole, where, no doubt, their native groves of palms and mangoes flourished likewise! I take some merit to myself for having been able to point out to the Huttonians one of their own overlooked resources, diligent as they have obviously been in mustering all their strength. Thus unexpectedly associated to the fame of the system, I shall, of course, quite believe in it myself; and really it appears to me already infinitely superior to the water-crystallization system of the German geolo-lists. Dr Hutton admitted the agency of water in all the extent warranted by facts and experiments; but thought heat, acting under particular circumstances of pressure and time, indispensable to account for the whole of geological appearances. He thought its effects plainly discernible to the eye in many instances, and its presence in the interior of the globe explicable by existing phenomena. This system has also the great merit of accounting satisfactorily for the oblate figure of the earth. That this hard and unyielding mass should have precisely such a form as a liquid under similar circumstances would assume, was a fact so very remarkable in itself, that Buffon and Werner supposed it must have been in a state of fluidity, the one by fire, the other by water. Hutton, in this, as in other instances, retains the advantages of both their systems, without the same difficulties.

Werner's nomenclature is founded on the mere external appearances of the substances, without any regard to their composition. For instance, it places sapphire in the flint genus, although it contains $\frac{8}{100}$ of alumina,—and opal in the clay genus,

although it contains $\frac{99}{100}$ of silica, or matter of flints.*

Mineralogy, in its present state, is really a very barren and uninviting science. We have names of substances; but as to their relative situation, and other facts leading to the true theory of their formation, contrary assertions are brought forward and denied with equal positiveness on either side:

> "And all a rhetorician's rules
> Teach nothing but to name his tools."

Werner and Hutton differ on a most material point of fact. The former insists that the wide extremity, or openings, of mineral veins, are all turned upwards, and the latter all downwards. They agree that these veins are accidental breaks or rents through the strata, and nearly perpendicular to them,—clefts open at one end, and closed at the other; but it suits one of the systems to have the opening below, in order to administer with convenience their hot subterranean injection;—while the other system requires the mouths to be turned up, ready to take in a certain solution of minerals in water;—and the rocks seem willing to accommodate both parties. The situation of Werner is, however, much the most critical; for a single vein filled from below overturns his theory irrevocably; while every vein filled from above, save one, answers every purpose of Hutton. Therefore the Wernerians spare no pains to maintain their ground; and being better stored with mineralogical details, they come forward in great strength, and furnish abundance of facts. They tell you, for

* Jameson's Mineralogy.

instance, of an enormous cleft in a schistous mountain in Germany, opened upward of course, and filled with wakke; in this wakke, at the depth of 150 fathoms, trees are found, with their bark, their branches, and even their leaves, in a state of half-petrifaction. Wakke is a sort of argillaceous basalt, and precisely one of those substances the Huttonians are in the habit of injecting from below. The latter may say, there has been some eruption of our wakke in a state of fusion, and the overflowing stream meeting your cleft, fell into it. But the trees—would they not have been charred instead of petrified? O! the trees might be petrified already, before the introduction of the melted wakke. Well, but the leaves—how could the leaves, petrified or not, resist the shock of such a tremendous cataract of melted mineral? From this there is but one escape, which is, to question the fact, or hint at exaggerations. But the Wernerians are inexhaustible; and if this does not do, they are ready to produce hundreds of other facts, still stronger, and which you cannot reject absolutely, without a previous examination of the mines of Germany, from which they were obtained. This puts me in mind of a story-teller, who used to relate very strange anecdotes. At the first intimation of doubt, or incredulous look, he never failed to add some new circumstance still more wonderful, in order to make the first appear less improbable; and used to introduce this corroboration by—*et méme*, &c.—and his hearers could always make him say "*et méme*" at pleasure.

Geological zeal induced a Scotch gentleman, Sir George Mackenzie, accompanied by two English students of this college, full of ardour and

science, Mr Holland* and Mr Bright, to perform, last summer, a voyage to Iceland,—which, after all, is but a step from this northern region. They have collected many curious specimens, and made interesting observations, some of them very favourable to the Huttonian theory. Their tour will shortly be before the public. One of the mineralogical wonders of that extraordinary country is the petrified wood, known by the name of *suturbrand,* of which I have seen a piece about 18 inches wide by three feet in length. Trunks of trees are found arranged in strata between other strata of rocks; they are flattened by the superincumbent weight, partly petrified, yet capable of burning, and the fibres and circles of annual growth perfectly visible, as well as the bark, and even the leaves in some instances. There is not a tree grows in Iceland of more than four inches in diameter, and eight feet high; and if there were, it would not render the fact at all less inexplicable, for the beds of rocks over the beds of trees were not formed in their present situation; and the revolution which brought them there, might as well bring the trees. It is evident, that, between the times when these trees grew and the present, events have taken place, of which nothing we have experienced, or know, can give us the least conception.

The space of sea between Iceland and the continent of America has, it seems, become permanently blocked up by ice within the memory of man, so as to be no longer navigable any part of the year. This singular phenomenon may serve to

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* Mr Holland, now Dr H. had the goodness to share with me his Iceland specimens.

explain why islands of ice,* of such prodigious height and extent, are now seen as far south as the 40th degree of latitude every spring, and a great part of the summer, by vessels navigating between the United States and Europe.

Before I dismiss the subject of mineralogy, upon which I have perhaps dwelt longer than the patience of my readers will endure, or my superficial knowledge warrants, I shall only mention the singular appearances presented by the shore of the Frith of Forth a few miles west of Leith, where Dr T. Professor of Surgery of the college of Edinburgh, and a man of very general information, had the goodness to walk with me. The constant erosion of the tides has left bare the loose stones of the upper stratum, mostly greenstone and amygdaloid, fine pieces of yellow and white quartz, and some stones, the surface of which is perforated with innumerable holes, said to be by fish; the under-stratum is a bed of blue slate clay, nearly horizontal, but dipping slightly to the east, soft enough for the end

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* The British packet Lady Hobart ran against one of these floating islands, higher than the mast-head, and of great extent, in June 1803, and foundered; the crew and passengers saved themselves with great difficulty in two boats. The American ship Jupiter perished likewise the same summer, with a great part of the people in her. Since that time, the danger being known, there have been fewer accidents. Deep seas are free from ice; for as the surface cools the water sinks, and is replaced by other of a higher temperature, till the whole is brought down to about 40°, when it remains stationary. The coasts of Holland are choked with ice every winter, while those of Norway, so much farther north, are not. Possibly the unusual formation of ice on the coast of America, near Iceland, might be occasioned by an elevation of the bottom, and consequent diminution of depth of that sea, at the time of the tremendous earthquakes, during which islands arose from the sea.

of a stick to make a dint in it. This clay contains a great number of nodules of iron-stone, of a lenticular shape, hard, heavy, full of pyrites and coaly matter, and bright metallic ramifications. These stones are the ore of Scotland, and yield much iron. Very thin layers of sand-stone and of lime-stone alternate with the clay. The stratum terminates abruptly, about one mile west of the little fishing village of Newhaven, presenting its upright section to the west, composed of crumbling slate clay and iron-stone, resting on a thin bed of perfect coal, about eight inches in thickness, and this on a thin bed of dark gray limestone.

It is impossible to consider this country in a literary and scientific point of view, without noticing a work, the celebrity of which has made its way to the Continent, notwithstanding the jealous vigilance with which the opinions and the merchandise of a people, alike philosophic and commercial, are shut out. The Spectator, known all over Europe for a century past, was probably the first work which taught philosophy in periodical sheets. It contained a series of ingenious essays on life and manners,—amusing and moral tales,—and discussions on popular subjects, fitted for light readers, men of the world, women, and young people. Addison, its principal author, contributed essentially to fix the English language; and the simplicity, purity, and elegance of his style have constituted it a standard. The great success of the Spectator encouraged imitators; and several works on the same plan, and of considerable merit, appeared successively. About forty years ago, Scotland entered the field. A company of men of letters at Edinburgh published the Mirror, and afterwards the Lounger. They professed, as the Spectator had

done before, "To hold as it were the mirror up to nature, to shew virtue her own features, vice her own image, and the very age and body of the time its form and pressure." Time, in its flight, has now brought other manners, and men's minds are cast in a different mould; the same mental food would no longer agree with them, nor the same frame fit the picture. Whatever may be said of the present times, and this generation has not much reason to speak well of them, the human mind has advanced with giant strides in the career of knowledge; and the price of wisdom, and perhaps of virtue, has not been paid quite in vain. Great as the absolute gain has certainly been, its general diffusion is most remarkable. The line between men of the world and men of letters, narrowing before, is now almost effaced. The field of knowledge is open to all; and if all do not sow, yet all reap,—women particularly. How many women see their lives pass away without establishment, in solitude and poverty, bearing with patience and cheerfulness all the evils of their situation,—the privation of the happiness of being loved, and of joys estimated perhaps beyond their value by being only imagined. They advance towards old age, unregarded, unpitied, without hope in this world, yet preserving universal benevolence, a warm and a generous heart. Cultivation of mind, and the habit of other and higher thoughts than mere self, can alone give us the courage to bear with the daily miseries of life,—or, what is better, make us forget them. The original of that ridiculous and hateful being, who is made to act so conspicuous a part on the English stage and in English novels, under the name of *old maid*, is now scarcely ever met with, at least I have not met with it; and the odious dis-

tinction between an old woman and an old man is becoming obsolete. The little stories, light polemics, and every-day philosophy, which formed nearly the whole range of the Spectator and his school, would no longer afford sufficient interest. Readers of both sexes understand now something of arts and sciences; they are strangers in none of the walks of literature; they wish to know what is going on in the mental as well as the practical world,—what discoveries are made in their own and other countries,—and to laugh at higher follies than formerly.

Such was the state of the public mind when the Edinburgh Review made its first appearance, eight years ago. Its object was to give an account of such works as afforded most scope for criticism, without pretending to take notice of every publication that might deserve it, but of such only as happened to suit the taste, the inclination, or views of the co-operators, or furnished an occasion,—often a mere pretence,—to introduce their own opinions on the subject of the book, if not on the book itself. These opinions are those of eight or ten men of various knowledge and tempers, and several of them of first-rate talents; —from the keen satirist, who tears to pieces a poor author and hangs him up to ridicule and contempt, to the grave *sçavant*, and to the man of sure taste and exquisite sensibility, who partakes of the inspiration of genius and kindles at its fire, at the same time that he sits in judgment upon its deeds, and gives a dispassionate account of their merits. I well remember the lively impression of pleasure and surprise I experienced when one of the first numbers of this work fell into my hands in America, without having ever heard of

it before, and entirely divested of the *prestige* of reputation.

Power, however, is the great corruptor of mankind, and its allurements are known to be irresistible. Success, and none was ever greater or more sudden than that of the * Edinburgh Review, cannot well be expected to remain altogether free from arrogance. The gallery, besides, must be amused, and have its due allowance of such jokes as do not suit all ranks of spectators; but posterity, who undoubtedly will mark this work for its own, may pass over, with comparative indifference, what makes the delight of the young ladies and young gentlemen of the present day. In this ambitious age, when letters are threatened with an inundation of books, and the good ones are in danger of being lost in the crowd, a severe censure is certainly most useful to repress presumptuous folly,—to inflict due punishment on trespassers, *in terrorem*,—and to guide, in some degree, the taste of the great body of readers. Our critics, it is true, pursue frequently their timid prey with something of a feline ardour, and are apt to lift the club of Hercules to crush a fly. Such is the superabundance of their strength, or the disproportionate weakness of the antagonists they select.

One of the best articles begins in this manner, "Mr B. is a good sort of man, who has not written a very bad book, on a very important subject," &c. Then, without any further notice of the book, the critic goes on with an essay of his own, on this same important subject; and it requires nothing less than the very great merit of the Essay on Fe-

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* The Edinburgh Review has upwards of 12,000 subscribers.

male Education, to make good sort of readers forget this unwarrantable liberty taken with a man who had committed no literary offence. At the same time, I admit that I have known young readers enticed by the very flippancy of the introduction;—but for such a preparatory stimulus, the draught would not have gone down.

In a country like this, and in the extraordinary times in which we live, there is scarcely any subject quite unconnected with politics, or any man free from party spirit. The most honest thinks truth stands in need of a little heightening, and candour itself exaggerates. The Edinburgh critics are decided whigs of the Fox school; friends of a moderate reform in Parliament; not after the fashion of the absolute reformers, but simply by a better composition of the legislature, which they do not think is to be obtained by a system of unmixed popular elections. They think the scale preponderates too much on the side of the crown, and want to throw a little weight on the other side. They preach the Irish Catholic emancipation, as it is called; and really I have not heard any satisfactory reason against it. The slave trade has found in them irreconcilable enemies. They recommend peace,—and reprobate paper money. Sound as these opinions seem to me, the ministers happen to think otherwise on almost all these points. A radical difference of opinion, united to power, excludes not only cordiality, but candour; and the opposition in England make it a rule to disapprove, *en masse*, of every measure of the administration, whatever it may be, at home or abroad. Their general abhorrence of despotism is even considerably softened or heightened in favour or against foreign despots, according as they

happen to be on terms of hostility or of friendship with their political opponents in power. The public suspects, I presume, some partiality of this kind in the judgment the Edinburgh Review passed recently, on a certain book of travels through Russia, boldly recommended, as being precisely in form and substance what a Journal of Travels should be.

It may be presumptuous to speak of a work so justly celebrated, otherwise than with praise. But amidst so much excellence, blemishes are the more conspicuous. I think myself nationally bound to proffer another charge. One of the early numbers of the Edinburgh Review, contained an account of Black's lectures by Dr Robison of Edinburgh, in which de Luc and Lavoisier were accused of certain scientific usurpations against the British chemist, and the following anecdote introduced on the authority of a Professor Lichtenberg of Gottingen, "When the Parisian chemists had finished their grand experiment on the composition of water, they held a sort of festival at which Madame Lavoisier, in the habit of a priestess, burnt Stahl's Fundamenta on an altar, while solemn music played a *requiem* to the departed system; upon which the German and Scotch professors did not fail to observe, that if Newton or Black had so exulted over Des Cartes and Meyer, their countrymen would have concluded they were out of their senses." Then came the following remark of our critics, forming the body and front of their offending: "We give the fact to our readers, as an amusing instance of that universal *charlatanerie* (the word cannot be translated by a people so destitute of the thing) which renders the French national character the least *respectable* of

any in the civilized world!" The first thing which strikes, in this sweeping observation, is the singular absence of mind which made them overlook the word *quackery*, answering to a nicety to the French *charlatanerie*, both in the literal and figurative sense; and as the thing itself was as likely to have escaped notice as the name, their own people might, after all, not be so destitute of or exempt from *charlatanerie* as they supposed.

A quack or charlatan is a false and mercenary pretender to abilities he does not possess; it is for gain, not amusement, that he harangues the populace in the market-place. Now, the chemical celebration denounced by the German professor, did not impose upon any body,—the parties concerned had no views of emolument,—it might be childish, but assuredly nothing more, and does not by any means warrant the ferocious attack in question, against my unoffending countrymen. Aspasia held also her festivals at Athens, to which philosophers did not disdain to assist for their amusement. Suppose the reviewers of Sparta, informed of this circumstance, had come out with a grave charge of *universal charlatanerie*, against the whole Athenian race; while they (Spartans) declared themselves wholly free from this same sin, and had proceeded to stigmatize the Athenian character, as the least respectable of any in Greece, which was then the civilized world. Might not the Athenians have remonstrated with some justice against this opprobrious decision, and have pointed out many practices of their demure neighbours, more directly to be accounted for by the calculations of interest, than the allurements of pleasure; more coldly designing,—more akin, in short, to the genuine motives of charlatans, than any thing

that was done in thoughtless Athens; and might they not have retorted, by declaring the character of the Lacedemonian critics the least modest of any in Greece?

The French were undoubtedly a very frivolous people (I do not know what they are now,—possibly worse), condemned by the nature of their social institutions, to employ their own restless activity on objects of pure personal gratification, or on futile pursuits, prescribed by mere fashion. The very same propensities and passions which would have been, or would have looked like a noble pride and generous elevation of character, under such a state of things as exists in England, were there brought down to the level of vanity and petty intrigue, by their application to small objects, and petty interests. The French have been accused of being dramatic, fond of representation, theatrical; and so they were. Having no great part to fill in real life, they were reduced to act feigned ones; "to strut their hour upon the stage, and be heard of no more;" and admitting this theatrical display not to have had always the mere gratification of momentary vanity for its object, such is the effect of situation, that the same principle, which is thus stigmatized as *charlatanerie* in France, might, on the hustings at an English election, have appeared like love of the people;—in Parliament, attachment for the person of the sovereign, or respect for the constitution;—or, in the shape of a loud cry of *no popery*, at the foot of the throne, might have passed for pure zeal for religion. The more vain, fickle, and fond of pleasure the French might be, the less they were likely to be guilty of *charlatanerie*. Our critics must allow them to be as wise and considerate as their

own countrymen, before the charge can be applicable.

The plan of the Edinburgh Review embraces, as we have seen, the whole range of the human mind; while the Spectator, and his school, had only *belles lettres* and practical ethics for their object. Morality gains much by being introduced only incidentally, and coming in unannounced; and theirs, I must say, is always independent, firm, and pure,—always on the honourable and virtuous side. The productions of the school of the Spectator, with all their merit, smell of the lamp a little. There is an appearance of difficulty in finding subjects; the writer has nothing to say, and labours hard at a story to fill his sheets. You think you hear at every new one, the "Dinazarde, my dear sister, are you asleep," of the Arabian Tales. The Edinburgh critics, on the contrary, come in with their hands full of new books, discoveries, and objects of curiosity, of all sorts; and as they arrange their materials, questions arise of themselves, ideas unfold, and truths are unexpectedly struck out, which the writer himself little thought of when he took up the pen,—or at least such is the appearance to the reader, and the greatest charm of the work. The writers of the modern school have their subject before them, and draw from nature; those of the old one from memory only, and the images it presents are fainter and fewer. The former have the public treasury of mind open to them, the latter their private purse only. Addison appeared to much less advantage in conversation than in his writings, and said once of himself, "I have no small change, but I can draw on my banker for a a thousand pounds whenever I please." Our critics can do even better than that; for all the gold of Europe is at their absolute disposal.

The anonymous writers of the Edinburgh Review are mostly all known, or guessed at. They are men of independent and liberal professions, lawyers, physicians, clergymen, professors, members of Parliament, residing in different parts of the British empire and not at Edinburgh only, where, however, the editor and principal co-operator resides. His talents and character are intimately known to me; but I am, for that very reason, precluded from speaking of them as I should otherwise do, and must not depart from the general rule I have prescribed to myself, on the subject of those who have honoured me with their friendship. The philosophic and political adversaries of the Edinburgh Review, have set up a similar work in London, (the Quarterly Review), an imitation as to plan and manner, but, at the same time, in direct opposition on almost every subject. This new meteor did not blaze forth at once upon the world with the splendour of the first, although a work of very great merit, and improving. A very witty statesman, the cutting irony of whose diplomatic correspondence has not a little contributed to inflame the dispute with America, is said to be among its co-operators; two eminent poets are also mentioned. The Edinburgh reviewers, however, must be allowed the merit of having founded a new school, destined to be the model for the critics of the nineteenth century. Friends or enemies must follow the line they have traced, and tread in their illustrious footsteps.

There are here several eminent musical amateurs, who have made their art fashionable this winter. We have heard one of them; the company was numerous, too numerous as he signified; and it was found necessary to clear his atmosphere, by

opening an adjacent room, where Mr W. sat down to the piano. I was prepared for the usual conceit and showy execution of fine performers; instead of which, he rose by degrees from a simple recitative, to a melodious *chant*, in a sonorous bass voice, taken in its medium; therefore neither forced nor sepulchral; the accompaniment voluntary, and all his own, simply supporting his voice, and never permitting the charms of mechanical harmony to outstrip and efface expression and melody. We were told the poetry was also of his composition. Those who listened to it did not report favourably; for myself, I heard only the music, which was profoundly affecting, and suggested to me what I should think the music of the Greeks may have been. I was sorry to hear that Mr W. otherwise an excellent man, shows, his art excepted, hardly common sense; but I was not much surprised, having found the case not very uncommon among the particular votaries of music,—I mean those who unite to a fine taste, great skill of execution. This execution is necessarily the result of a whole life's practice, acquired almost entirely by the fingers, with little agency of the understanding. The artist, however, who, like Mr W. knows how to inspire sentiments and kindle enthusiasm, cannot be a mere organized machine. Without feelings, he could not make others feel;—he must be a poet, but in a language wholly sentimental and impassioned, and not at all dialectic. The reasoning and spoken language is little known to him; he is not only unskilled in it, but he has scarcely any of the conceptions of which it is the organ among men. Such a being may well appear a child, or a fool. "For all I see" said the great Dr Johnson, (the rudest great man that ever

was), "all foreigners are fools!" Musicians are foreigners in the world, and Dr Johnson has pronounced their sentence. The celebrated Braham is here also, and we have heard him several times without change of opinion. It is not music you hear, but only fine sounds.

Jan. 14. 1811.—The winter has been felt severly in England; there has been much snow there, and the Thames has been frozen over; while here, in the latitude of Moscow, we have no snow; the grass is still green; the ground has scarcely been hard the whole winter, and skaiters have had but a few days amusement, on the piece of water at the foot of Arthur's Seat.

Two of the remarkable protuberances which mark the country round Edinburgh, Blackford hill 500 feet high, and Braid Hill 300 feet high, situated side by side, form between them a romantic valley, enveloped in shade, and watered by a murmuring stream of the clearest water. It is a short distance from town; and we took advantage of a little cold and dry walking to visit the spot. The thermometer has been at 24° in the evening, and 20° is considered here as extreme cold.

Jan. 25.—Dr T. having proposed to me to go to the anniversary dinner on Fox's birth-day; and wishing to see how these things are managed here, I went yesterday. The company was numerous; and the table filled a very large hall. Mr Gillies, an eminent advocate, * presided. The Honourable

* The profession of the law was not, by any means, so respectable in France as it is in England. The army had the precedence there over every thing else.

Henry Erskine, another celebrated lawyer, brother of Lord Erskine, chancellor during the ministry of Mr Fox, considered as the highest at the Scotch bar, assisted the president. After dinner several persons spoke successively. Among others, Mr E., in the simple tone of conversation. The necessity of a regency in the present state of the King's health; the hopes entertained from the political principles of the presumptive heir; parliamentary reform; emancipation of Ireland; and the other tenets of the party, were touched upon without violence; and the ministers themselves, notwithstanding the present crisis, were spoken of quite civilly. All party heat seemed to vent itself in mirth, *bon mots*, songs, and even puns,—"tout comme chez nous." Voltaire could not have said here,—

> "Chez les Anglois sombres et durs esprits
> Toute folie est noire, atrabilaire,
> Chez les François elle est vive et légère."

The whigs, indeed, believe they are on the eve of a great victory; and success puts people in good humour,—in England, as elsewhere. I must mention one of the puns, not perhaps on account of its particular excellence, but to give an idea of the sort of thing, and of the easy, good-natured tone of the meeting. Mr N., a very good landscape painter, being cooped up in a corner, was obliged to jump over the table to get out. Mr E. saw him, and the grave man of law called out, "Ah! N., this is one of your land-skips!" (landscapes.)

The name of Fox was, as of right, the first toast; then, very loyally, his Majesty; the seven unanimous brothers; the young Princess, brought up in the principles of Fox; the catholics of Ireland. On this last, Lord Fingall, a distinguished

catholic of Ireland, now at Edinburgh for the education of his son, made an appropriate speech, modest, and, to appearance, unstudied. Lord Maitland merely thanked the company when Lord Lauderdale was given. Lord P., a very young man, sneaked away for fear of being obliged to make a speech when the catholics were drank. Whitbread, and all the individuals of the projected ministry; George Washington,—but no mention whatever of American affairs; Professor Millar; Dugald Stewart. Lord N., the only judge present, being named, I looked with some degree of anxiety at the learned lord, in appearance a true *porçeau d'Epicure*, of a monstrous size,—face of a blue raw colour,—breathing hard,—his eyes shut,—he appeared stupified with good cheer, and ready to fall under the table; but the unwieldy mass soon stood up, and in a powerful, though broken and faltering voice, addressed the meeting in a short, moderate, sensible speech, hinting delicately at his being the only judge appointed by Mr Fox. Lord Erskine, and the trial by jury, was another of the toasts I remember. Henry Erskine, and the thirty-seven independent barristers who sided with him in 1793. Songs became more frequent, as the company began to feel

"Ces esprits animaux,
Qui vont au cœur, et qui font les heros."

One of them, by an old country gentleman, was, I am bound to suppose, excellent, for it set the whole company in a roar, but being in the Scotch dialect I did not understand a word of it. Three professional singers (the Elliots,) pleased me much more; they sung catches and glees delightfully.

When I left the house, about eleven at night,

there was not the smallest appearance of intoxication ;* about one-third of the company had retired before me; the rest followed soon after, except, as I understood this morning, a knot of *bons vivants*, the big judge at their head, who did not separate till break of day, drinking all the time; and, what is most remarkable, this same judge was seen this morning going to Court, in as full possession of his faculties of body and mind as if he had spent the night in bed! This is a sample of the old northern manners. I had met this judge a few days before at a private dinner. The son of one of his old associates (Mr F.) dining there also, was in mourning for his father. "Ah!" said the judge, "your father would not believe me; I told him he would kill himself; what! to reduce himself in his old age to a single bottle of wine at his dinner,—it was certain death!" Lord N. I must do him the justice to say, has the reputation of being an excellent judge.

The hopes of the whigs are not without some mixture of apprehensions; whatever the principles of a presumptive heir may have been,—*autres temps, autres moeurs*,—and a whig king would be an unexampled thing. The business of a king (and the ministers are the king,) is to draw to himself as much power as he can,—that of the Parliament is to hold back. The texture of the British constitution is of a yielding and elastic nature; it extends easily the way it is pulled, and takes, in a great degree, the shape and dimensions you please; and, unless it had been possible to deter-

* This dinner cost 25s. to each person, which did not quite defray the expences. There was Port and Madeira during dinner, and a bottle of Claret before each person after; those who called for more, I believe, paid for it.

mine beforehand its exact sense, and proper application to every possible circumstance and combination of events, each party must defend what will always be disputed, and assert the extreme of its right, in order to preserve what is reasonable and necessary: in short, a whig king would be in the situation of a nation of Quakers surrounded with neighbours who were not of that persuasion. There is here a Scotch lord, very communicative, who shews a letter of seven pages from one of the princes (the Duke of K.), informing him that the Duke of Y. will be reinstated general in chief, and otherwise promising nothing good to the whigs; a *ci-devant* chancellor has written also that the regency will not produce what was expected from it.

It is now fifteen years since the revolutionary impulse given by France was felt here with considerable violence; that is to say, since certain questions of metaphysical politics divided the inhabitants of Edinburgh into two irreconcilable parties. The heat is now subdued; not a spark of the fire remains alive; and the controversists of that time meet now very sociably, and seem to retain no remembrance of the mortal hatred they once bore to each other. I have been assured, that, in 1794, only thirteen persons durst meet to celebrate the anniversary dinner of Mr Fox, and the names of the thirteen patriots, taken down at the door, were sent to the high-handed minister of the day, as suspected persons. There were one hundred and fifty guests at this same celebration last year; yesterday, fifty more;—this accession is suspected to be composed of that description of persons denominated rats; the little animals of that name having the instinctive sagacity of abandoning old buildings when they are going to fall down.

Feb. 1.—There has been a snow storm in the night, and it blows a hurricane; tiles fly across the streets, and tops of chimneys fall on the pavement, to the great annoyance of passengers, and danger of their lives. The house we inhabit, built of stone, is sensibly shaken by the wind. There is at the end of our street, on the mound, an itinerant menagerie built of boards; if it should be blown down, the people of Edinburgh might see at large in their streets two lions, two royal tigers, a panther, and an elephant, besides monkies, and other underlings of the savage tribe.

Feb. 5.—I attended yesterday a meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; one of the judges, Lord Meadowbank, presided. Mr Playfair read a paper presented by Dr Brewster, on the disappearance of the comet of 1770. Its orbit was very small,—not beyond our planetary system,—performed its revolutions in five years, and should have appeared again seven times, but has not been seen since. In the meantime a cluster of five very small planets, supposed, with some probability, to be fragments of a larger one, have been discovered in a track which intersects that of the comet in question; two of these fragments, Ceres and Pallas, have immense atmospheres, as much as the atmospheres of all the other planets of our system put together,—600 miles high, I think; the other three fragments have no visible atmospheres. There is certainly a remarkable coincidence between the disappearance of the comet and the appearance of the planets; the latter, however, are not the former in a new shape, for comets are not solid bodies,—stars being seen through them.

Sir George Mackenzie read a paper on two al-

ternating hot springs of Iceland, one of which throws its water twelve feet high during five minutes, the other five feet high for three minutes, thus alternating incessantly; and proposed the problem of a mechanism that would account for the phenomenon, without the supposition of valves, or of the water coming from a higher spot.

Feb. 6.—Bannister, an excellent English actor, is here. We saw him yesterday in one of their wretched modern plays, *The Battle of Hexham*; the plot most absurd, and with a total want of taste; yet his inimitable acting covered all faults, and I was certainly much amused. He appeared also in *The Devil to Pay*,—overcharged a good deal, but still excellent. The house was empty,—not a single person in most of the boxes; and all this because of a concert where Braham sings,—a more fashionable amusement than the theatre,—which is deemed, all over Great Britain, rather a vulgar amusement; and so *their* theatre certainly is.

The following days we have again partaken of the pleasures of the vulgar,—Bannister always animated, and full of his part. The last time he gave us *The Bold Stroke for a Wife*, a low and improbable play, although a little better than the modern ones. The great merit of Bannister in this was, the harlequin activity with which he shifted his dress half a dozen times, and assumed new and different characters; he was very much applauded, but pleased me less than usual.

Between the play and the farce the public often calls for some favourite song; Bannister treated us twice with these lyric pieces, in the genuine national taste. I do not suppose that any thing at all comparable is to be met with in any other country

or language; the style is *unique*; and if it was possible to give any idea of it by a translation, the *étourdis* on the other side of the channel would hardly believe that these things could divert their sage neighbours so much, and make the thinking nation laugh so heartily. I have ventured, however, upon a translation of Caleb Quotem, as a sample, and it is one of the most rational. Wit does not enter necessarily into the composition of laughable things, and might possibly spoil them; but here there is not even a meaning of any sort,—only unconnected words, or mere uncouth sounds, the extreme absurdity of which is set off by the comic talents or buffoonery of the singer. In matters of mirth there is, however, no disputing about taste, and it well may be "folly to be wise." A celebrated traveller, Dr Moore, has described, with infinite humour, a stuttering scene on the Italian stage, and the highly laughable *coup-de-théâtre* which terminates it; the strong prejudices he had entertained against Italian jokes yielding at once to the force of this one. He and the Duke of Hamilton, the companion of his travels, laughed so heartily, and the fits returned with such violence, as to turn the attention of the audience from the stage to their box, and occasioned a renewal of the mirth all over the playhouse. "When we returned to the inn, the Duke of Hamilton asked me," said Dr Moore, "if I was as much convinced as ever, that a man must be perfectly devoid of taste who could condescend to laugh at an Italian comedy."

I have already mentioned the extreme uncleanliness of the old town of Edinburgh. Cloacina has there no temples; every sort of filth is thrown out of window, just as in the old town of Mar-

seilles. Passing through the narrow streets, morning and evening, you scarcely know where to tread, and your head is as much in danger as your feet; a certain cry of *gardy.loo*, is the warning of anything coming down; a derivation, I am told, of *gardez l'eau*. Mr L. who was ambassador in Spain, and resided there many years, told us that Madrid was formerly much in the same state as his "own romantic town" of Edinburgh. The filth continually thrown out of windows used to meet in the middle of the narrow streets of Madrid, forming a high ridge, which remained till a heavy rain washed it partly away, these streets being generally on a slope. The minister d'Aranda declared he would make Madrid from the dirtiest the cleanest city in the world, and he succeeded. He introduced common-sewers, and a large pipe against the front, and from top to bottom of each house. The difficulties he had to encounter were great; and, among other objections, it was stated, that the air of Madrid was naturally much too sharp, and that the effluvia of its immense dunghill was a necessary corrective, and, by softening that keenness, made it wholesome.

Feb. 14.—New depôts of prisoners of war are forming in the environs of Edinburgh, and detachments of these unfortunate people, transported by sea from the south of England to Leith, have arrived here; they are first lodged in the Castle. I had been informed, that a great number of them had been seen marching barefooted in the half-frozen mud. Wishing to ascertain the fact, and, if possible, to alleviate their sufferings, I procured an introduction to Colonel Maghee, commanding at the fort, who had the goodness to go with me among the prisoners. I found 3 or 400 men,

nearly all seafaring-people, in a small court, surrounded with palisadoes, in front of that part of the building where they lodge at night; this esplanade, about 100 or 120 feet every way, had a very beautiful view of the town and country over the brow of the hill. I do not suppose, however, these unfortunate people were much disposed to enjoy it. I found them walking to and fro in their narrow inclosure, most of them talking merrily enough, poorly clad, although not in rags. Those who have no clothes of their own receive certain yellow jackets, which, by their remarkable appearance, render an escape more difficult; instead of shoes, they had most of them a sort of galoches, the sole of wood and top of list. I understood that many had lost their shoes in the muddy road, and that 150 of them were really in great want of that important article, which Colonel M. assured me was to be supplied before they left the castle to go to the depôt. The daily ration is 1½ lb. bread at 3d.; ½lb. of meat at 6½d. per lb.; once or twice a week they have fish instead of meat; each man is provided with a hammock and two blankets. Many supplicating hands offered for sale the produce of their industry; watch-chains made of hair, and other trifling articles, most of them very ingeniously manufactured. A young man, his countenance all radiant with good-humour, informed me he had been seven years thus encaged, having been one of the first taken at the renewal of the war. If he is proof against such a fate as this, he need not envy any one. The richest gifts of fortune are poor indeed, compared to an indestructible power of happiness.

I observed, on the other hand, several prisoners traversing slowly, apart from the rest,

the narrow and muddy area, or leaning back against the paling, with sunken eyes, fixed and dull looks, and earthy complexions,—wrapt in meditation upon nothing; upon time, which does not pass for them; upon these eternal hours, which bring no other change than that of light and darkness; short light, at long and frightful intervals of night; dreaming on an existence, of which nothing marks the duration, and which consumes, nevertheless, the best years of their lives,—and on the final annihilation of a momentary hope of liberation. It is shocking to think, that fifty or sixty thousand human beings should be in this deplorable situation! Not so many, however, feel it. The abject crowd was seen here pressing with eagerness and loud clamour,—all speaking at the same time,—round a spot where some game was going on, with the same bursts of laughter, the same oaths and frantic gestures, as if their dearest interests had been in question. An aristocrat *à la lanterne,* the execution of Robespierre, or the news of a cartel for the general exchange of prisoners, could not have excited more bustle and agitation! This is the best possible school for idleness and vice, as well as an abode of unspeakable wretchedness, to all those whose feelings are not blunted. If the persons on whom the liberation of so many miserable men depends could be placed for a little while in the midst of them, it is scarcely possible to suppose that the negociation for the exchange should not be facilitated thereby. Many of the prisoners seemed too old to be worth keeping, and might be sent back without any accession of strength to the enemy. I have heard of an East India captain, who was taken in 1793, liberated in 1802; taken again the

following year, and now a prisoner with a wife and family in France!

Officers are allowed their parole, and receive 1s. 6d. a-day from the British government for their support; the common men, either soldiers or sailors, cost about 10d. exclusive of houses and other contingent expences; 1s. sterling a head is probably the lowest computation,—which, for 50,000 prisoners, is L. 2500 per day, or nearly one million a-year, besides the expence of the troops necessary to guard this army of prisoners. An exchange on any terms would be better than this.* I cannot help thinking that some useful employment might be found for these men, such as roads and canals, or the tillage of waste lands. The greatest part of them would prefer the lowest salary, with some degree of liberty, to their present confinement; the difference of dress and language, and the insular situation of the country, would, with certain precautions, render their escape very difficult; and, in a country so often short of grain, it cannot be a matter of indifference, whether 50,000 strangers shall be fed out of the public store, or whether their labour shall contribute to fill it.

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* Since writing this, I have found, in Mr Rose's observations on public expenditure, &c. that the number of prisoners (before those from Walcheren,) was

47,050 men, at 6½d. a-day . .	L. 465,050	a-year.
Buildings, clothes, guards, clerks, &c.	235,000	
	700,000	
3065 prisoners out of England, at 1s.	56,000	
	L. 756,000	sterling.

The number of prisoners is probably now greater, and their individual expence also increased, so as to reach nearly a million a-year.

A woman died in the upper story of the house in which we lodge, rather poor, and but little addicted during her life to the luxury of a carriage; but it has been made up to her at last, and she has just taken her departure from the door in a coach and six, covered with black cloth, and surmounted with plumes of feathers of the same colour, followed by more carriages, with a number of hired mourners on foot, before and behind, in black, and carrying likewise black plumes of feathers. You meet these processions of funeral vehicles every day, here and in England, on the high roads, and in the crowded streets of great cities. Their solemnity forms, at the same time, a sad and a ridiculous contrast with the light and rapid motion of the carriages of the living, splashing them as they drive by, and the indifference of the passing throng, who heed not this last effort of the vanity of man, and hurry on without bestowing a single look on the show. Some of the friends of the deceased follow in the carriages. The lower people bury their dead on foot, and the nearest relatives walk in the train. A husband follows the body of his wife,—a wife of her husband,—parents their children,—and the lover his mistress. This custom is still kept up in the largest cities of the United States, as well as in the country. It is making grief a show, or indifference a scandal, and violating the sacredness of feeling.

Some persons of rank have come here lately on purpose to effect very odd transfers of matrimonial partners. Lady Charlotte W. had the misfortune of falling violently in love with Lord P., who has the reputation of being irresistible in love as well as in war, and ran away with him. The husband of this lady, who is a reasonable man, offered to re-

ceive her again if she would come back before the step she had taken became public; but she chose to be constant in her inconstancy, and finally a divorce was the consequence. It is not the fashion to fight for a wife it seems, but only for a sister; the brother of Lady C. W. challenged the gallant, who, with true delicacy of honour, and the confidence of a man whose courage could not be doubted, avoided, as long as he could, placing himself in a situation where he might have to shed the blood of the brother, after having dishonoured the sister. This couple are come to Scotland to be married. There were, however, difficulties in the way, Lord P. being already a married man; but as infidelity on the male side is a legitimate cause of divorce in Scotland, he took care to furnish his wife with the plea. She might have played her rival the trick of not suing for a divorce; but love furnished a remedy to the evils he had caused,—and the Duke of A. intervening, *bien-à-propos*, persuaded the forsaken lady to part with her husband, and become a duchess. The parties, therefore, changing sides, Lady C. W. has married Lord P., and Lady P. the Duke of A. The former is said to have lost by this arrangement an amiable and a handsome woman, for one who wants one at least of these advantages; a wife he loved, for another he does not care about; without any apparent motive except pure *devouement*. It is remarkable enough, that one of these new couples has already a family of fourteen children; the present Lady P. having had eight before her divorce, and Lord P. six.

These singular marriages have occasioned some speculations as to their legality. It appears, that a marriage made in conformity to the laws of the

country where it is contracted is valid everywhere; and if dissolved by the laws of that same country, is likewise null everywhere; but if it is dissolved in another country, it remains binding everywhere else; and, finally, that a marriage contracted in one place according to the forms of another is valid nowhere, not even in the latter place.* Consequently, the divorce of Lady C. W. is valid everywhere, that of Lord and Lady P. only in Scotland, —in England they are still husband and wife. Neither of the marriages is legitimate out of Scotland, although Lady C. W. might have married legally in England any other man but her present husband. The descendants of these marriages will be legal heirs in Scotland only; and the English children will not only inherit the whole of the English property, but will come in for their share of the Scotch property, if their parents should die possessed of any there. I have heard this opinion given by very high authority.

The public of Edinburgh have been amused and scandalized by another strange marriage. The divorced lady of a Scotch lord, *ci-devant* ambassador at the Porte, has just been married to her lover. This happy man has paid ten thousand pounds sterling damages to the husband, and looks so pleased, that it is evident he would not relinquish his acquisition for double the money.

Shocking as the publicity of these things must be to a woman, it is nevertheless certain, that those

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* The children of a Scotchman, who had lived a number of years in the United States with a woman whom he acknowledged as his wife, in a manner which would have been binding in Scotland, have not been allowed to inherit the property he left in Scotland, because his marriage was not legal in America.

only who have some delicacy left expose themselves to it. The woman who leaves her husband to follow her lover, shews at least that she could not bear the indelicacy of a double connection; when she sacrifices her rank in society, her fortune, every pleasure in life but one,—this one must be deemed a passionate attachment, and such have always something mental which ennobles them; the heart in which they can be found is not quite corrupt. Rousseau said very justly, that love was the remedy of licentiousness.

Although the idleness of wealth leads here to many intrigues, in the higher ranks particularly, if such things had been brought forward in courts of justice in France, as they are here, and been published in the newspapers, the number would have appeared, I presume, rather more considerable. Divorces are certainly commoner here than they were formerly. The parties, thirty or forty years ago, were pointed at, as objects of wonder and curiosity. It is, however, the remedy, and not the evil itself, which is become more common. The court of the two last Stuarts, where this remedy was unknown, can scarcely be said to have been less in need of it than that of George III.

There is an annual exhibition of pictures at Edinburgh, and better in proportion than that of London. Mr Raeburn is really a very eminent painter (of portraits of course), and would paint history with success I am sure, if the taste of his countrymen permitted him; his children have the grace and nature of those of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and a better colouring. Mr Williams paints landscape in water-colours, in the manner of the great artists in London, where this branch of the art is carried to an admirable degree of perfection. He had the goodness to give me some directions for

doing chalk-etching on soft ground; an easy and agreeable mode of engraving, and which I intend to use for some of the sketches taken during this journey. Another eminent artist of Edinburgh, Mr Nasmith, paints landscapes in oil.

Speaking of the arts, I must be allowed to mention an artist who excels on a very uncommon instrument. Mr Cartwright slightly passes the end of his finger along the edges of a number of glass bowls, partly filled with water, and forming an harmonic series like that of a harpsichord; this touch produces sounds of heavenly sweetness, and surprising strength, melting into each other, and in perfect harmony. It is impossible to play with more skill, purer taste, or a better expression, than Mr Cartwright does. Dr Franklin had invented an instrument in many respects similar, called the Harmonica; it also was composed of glass bowls, but without water.

Feb. 20.—Great complaints of commercial distress felt all over the kingdom, but particularly in the manufacturing towns, have reached even this place, which is so independent of trade; and the despondency about public affairs is visible. Glasgow is, indeed, so near, and suffers so particularly under it, that individual cases of ruin and failure cannot but excite sympathy here. The causes are, in a great degree, the commercial restrictions on the whole continent of Europe and the United States, to which the reaction of the extravagant speculations in Spanish America must be added. Among the many failures of which we hear every day, I was much surprised to find there were some farmers; one gentleman only has thirteen of his tenants bankrupts! Now the bankruptcy of a farmer would appear in France just as ridiculous as the bank

ruptcy of an apple-woman or a chimney-sweeper; but an English farmer, as I have remarked before, is properly a great manufacturer, and not a peasant; he is a man of business, who has his books regularly kept, and makes his payments on the appointed day. I did not know till lately that he has his banker also, who enables him to pay with this punctuality, by making occasional advances, on his personal responsibility, on the notes of the person to whom he has sold his produce, or on that produce itself, reserved for a better market. The advantages resulting to trade from these banking facilities are no less evident in regard to agriculture than to trade, but equally liable to abuses and inconveniences. When any embarrassment occurs in any of the many branches of the great system of public credit, all the minor institutions are obliged to check their discounts, and draw in their advances; and the farmer, with notes in his pocket-book, may, as well as the merchant, not be able to meet his engagements; but this failure is only an exception to his habitual punctuality; and if the farmers in France do not fail, it is only because they are never punctual. Capitalists, being certain of their rents on the day, are the more disposed to undertake the draining of marshes, bringing waste lands into cultivation, and other extensive agricultural undertakings, requiring large advances. They are contented with a lower rent, and grant longer leases; therefore the punctuality of the farmer turns to his advantage, as well as to that of his landlord, and industry is everywhere encouraged and active. The present distresses have occasioned several forced sales of lands, at low prices. An estate of 620 acres, between Glasgow and Edinburgh, with a vein of coal estimated at L. 6000, the buildings

not in very good order, has just been sold for L. 35,000; in prosperous times it was estimated at L. 57,000.

After a residence of three months, we are going to leave Edinburgh, with feelings of regret and gratitude for the many marks of good-will and kindness we have received. Taken altogether, I do not know any town where it would be pleasanter to live. It is, in a great degree, the Geneva of Britain.

Feb. 24.—Dunbar, 28 miles from Edinburgh. In our way here we passed by the field of battle of Prestonpans, the first battle of the Pretender after his landing in 1745; 2400 Highlanders * defeated a body of troops of the line, much more numerous, carried off their artillery sword in hand, killing or taking the whole of the infantry. If with less than 6000 men the Pretender was afterwards able to penetrate into the very heart of England, and maintain himself in Scotland for nine months, what might he not have done, if, instead of landing alone, France had given him 10,000 men to encourage his adherents? and yet this prince does not seem to have been a man of much talent. England, although this was just after Marlborough's wars, had not then the military organization it has at present;—such a thing could not happen now.

As we approached Dunbar, we saw at a distance a fine foaming beach, and, taking advantage of the little remaining light, we hastened to it. It is the first time since we have been in this sea-girt empire that we have seen the surf raging on the

* Home's History of the Rebellion.

coast, although we have travelled so long in sight of the sea.

Feb. 26.—We paid yesterday morning another visit to the beach, and discovered such magnificent ruins of rocks,—saw such a promising storm approaching,—the spring-tide also was to be so high in the afternoon,—that we could not withstand the temptation, and determined to stay all day, to contemplate at leisure the beauties of the gale.

A great mass of basalt forms here a bold promontory in the sea, very black and broken, and shewing distinctly in many places their prismatic columns. This basalt rests on a stratum of red sand-stone and indurated clay. The rocks are worn by the sea into the most fantastic forms, and pierced through into arches. Extensive ruins, in the last stage of decay, appear on the outermost extremity of the promontory, uniting extremely well with the rocks, and seeming in fact a part of them; they belong to the castle where Bothwell took Queen Mary when she became his wife. Between three and four o'clock the tide was at the highest, about 16 feet, and the wind east, and right on shore. The sea rushed with inconceivable fury among the rocks, making a fair breach over some insulated ones, forty or fifty feet high, with blows like the discharge of heavy artillery,—fully equal to the resounding of Niagara. Alternately covered and uncovered, they rose every time from underneath the sea, huge, immoveable, and dark, amidst the retiring foam. The entrance of the little port of Dunbar, opening directly to the wind, received now and then such mountains of water, as threatened to overwhelm all within it. The strand, north of this rocky promontory, presented another aspect. Here the lengthened surge was seen ad-

vancing slow along an even beach, curving its green top into an arch, and pouring over in a foaming cataract; each immense line of waves succeeded by another, with grace, ever new and inimitable.

> I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
> Delighted with the dashing roar,
> Or where the North his fleecy store
> Drove through the sky.

It seemed as if we could not have enough of this magnificent view; and notwithstanding the cold damp mist, the high wind, and spray of the sea, we did not leave the spot till night. Being overtaken by the tide in a nook of the shore, from which the retreat was difficult, my portfolio dropt in the water, and I was near losing all the sketches of the journey. I annex here three of this spot. Two frigates were lost on this dangerous coast, three miles from Dunbar, last December. I cannot resist the temptation of giving here a few lines by Mr Coleridge, very descriptive of English scenery, and of its insular situation.

> O, Albion! O my mother isle!
> Thy vallies, fair as Eden's bowers,
> Glitter green with sunny showers;
> Thy grassy uplands, gentle swells,
> Echo to the bleat of flocks;
> (Those grassy hills, those glittering dells,
> Proudly ramparted with rocks;)
> And Ocean, 'mid his uproar wild,
> Speaks safety to his island-child.

Feb. 26.—We have travelled to-day along the sea-shore. The surf was moderate, meeting with fewer rocks than about Dunbar. Beyond the broad expanse of mild blue, a mist hung over the hori-

zon, through which a white sail was faintly seen here and there, gliding along peacefully between two hostile shores. The country appeared highly cultivated, in large farms, as in Norfolk:—immense turnip-fields, with flocks of sheep feeding on the green part, and scooping out as much of the fresh root as they can, the deeper part remaining in the ground for manure. The frost is entirely out of the ground, and the grass shews already a tinge of green. Farmers are at work everywhere; five or six ploughs together in the same field, each with a fine pair of horses. Farm-houses in good repair, and cottages tolerably neat, but inferior to those of England. This scene of industry and rich agriculture was suddenly interrupted near the Press Inn by a heath of several miles, appearing just as fit for cultivation as the rest of the country, where farms rent at the exorbitant price of eight or ten pounds the Scotch acre. The house of Sir James Hall (Dunglass,) is seen on a woody height, commanding an extensive view of the sea. The road crosses soon after a deep and narrow glen, by means of a bridge (Peas Bridge,) thrown across it, at a frightful height; the middle arch, for it has three, rests on two piers, or pilasters, 170 feet high; a zig-zag path takes you to the bottom of the ravine, where the prospect of the bridge above your head is as wonderful as the bird's-eye view from it. The road, lately put in complete order, was, for that very reason, the worst possible to travel on, being covered with a rough bed of broken whin, much in want of a roller, or broad wheels, to smooth it down. We meet every instant with troops of jaded and dirty soldiers, travelling north, bound, we are told, to Musselburgh, to guard the depôt of French pri-

soners formed there. Carts full of women and children follow in the rear. All this is undoubtedly very unprofitable labour, and should be avoided by all means.

Berwick passes for a fortified place, although, I presume, quite incapable of resistance. Its walls afford at any rate a dry and airy walk, of about a mile, to the inhabitants. The troops were exercising; they seemed to perform well, and had a good band of music.

Feb. 27.—We are come to Alnwick, 29 miles from Berwick, the greatest part of the way in view of the sea, still glassy and blue, and dotted over with white sails. Farms in the best possible order, and on a great scale; immense stacks of hay and straw, and out-houses without number. Windmills also innumerable, for grain and for oil; most of the large farms have one. Each of these mills has a small windmill, or rather wind wheel, behind, to work the cap round to the wind; and not as in France, by means of a long lever, or tail, moved round by the miller to suit the wind. Some of the mills are so constructed, as to reef their sails by the mere force of the wind, when it reaches a certain strength, or feather their arms of themselves.

The hay or straw stacks, sliced down all round during the winter, are now reduced to the appearance of polygonal towers or pillars, 30 or 40 feet high, which still resist the wind and rain very well. These slices are cut with surprising neatness, from top to bottom of the stack, thatched roof and all, by means of a very sharp instrument. The ploughs and harrows, carriages and harness, tools and instruments of all sorts, are constructed here with a mechanical sagacity, which avoids all superfluous weight, applies the strength precisely where

there is to be resistance, and, with true economy, spares no expence in securing convenience and duration. Man in England is, indeed, a tool-making animal.

The first appearance of the castle of Alnwick is certainly very striking, and yet ridiculous. Its walls are defended by a garrison of stone figures, shewing themselves between the battlements in threatening attitudes; some of them armed cap-a-pee,—others stark naked, recruited indifferently from antiquity and from modern times. Hercules brandishes his club, and Apollo shoots his arrows, while British crossbow-men, arquebusiers, level their pieces at the assailants, and menials throw stones. We shall visit this puppet-show castle to-morrow, more at leisure.

Feb. 28. — We went to the castle early this morning; the apartments not visible on account of the recent birth of a grand-daughter of the Duke of Northumberland's. They must be dull, surrounded as they are by high walls, and the view from the windows being confined to a court-yard. The chapel is highly gilt, and gaudily ornamented; the pedigree of the Percys is inscribed on its walls, beginning by Charlemagne, 800, the Conqueror, 1060, &c. A place of Christian worship seems the most unfit imaginable for this display of worldly greatness. Not far from the gay chapel are the dungeons, with their grated trap-doors and loop-holes. In a recess of the wall we observed a wheel with iron teeth and a chain, and shuddered at the sight of what we took for an instrument of torture!—on inquiry, however, it turned out to be only an appendage of the dinner-bell. Some of the stone figures already mentioned are corroded by long exposure to the air, and worn to half their original size, while

others appear quite whole and fresh. This led to the discovery, that this apparently old castle was in fact built only sixty years ago, but on the exact model of the old castle. Such of the old figures as could at all stand on their legs returned to their former station on the walls, while the others were made new from the chisel of an eminent stone-cutter of the neighbourhood. The Percys of the eighteenth century seem to have been bent upon shewing that they had not degenerated from those of the ninth in point of taste in the fine arts. The park and grounds were laid out by *one Brown*, as the gardener told us; they are traversed by a stream of water, magnified into a river by being dammed up; a magnificent bridge is thrown over it. The ground slopes to the river on both sides, and is covered with the usual green carpeting of smooth turf, and sprinkled over with clumps of trees, which are small, and make no great figure. The Duke of Northumberland's landed estate is said to yield the prodigious income of L. 150,000 sterling a-year.

From Alnwick to Newcastle, 33 miles; a continuation of the same rich, well cultivated country, but bare of trees, and without any beauty. The inhabitants strike us as better looking than in Scotland; the women certainly are handsomer; the men have smaller features,—are more plump and rosy than the Scotch. The houses are much cleaner. The children we meet on the road stop and make a bow, which is not the custom in Scotland. The whin also, of which the roads are still composed, is broken in smaller pieces;—everything thus bearing the marks of more advanced civilization.

March 1.—Mr J. of Newcastle, for whom our friend Dr H. of Edinburgh had given us a letter,

had the goodness to shew us the curiosities of this town;—the glass-houses, and other manufactures; a school on Lancaster's plan, recently established, for 500 male children, and already full. The master conveys his directions by means of a telegraph. This mode of education is becoming more and more general. The number of scholars under a principal master is almost unlimited, and therefore the expence much reduced, and within reach of anybody's means; the scholars are all employed at the same time, equally, and in concert, without crowd, confusion, or loss of time; and, to sum up the advantages of the method, children love the school, which accounts sufficiently for their progress.

The clergy of the established church is said not to like this novelty, and to see in it the means of aggrandizement for the different dissenting sects who have introduced or adopted it; yet these are only the means of instruction, equally applicable to any doctrine, and not particularly to those of their adversaries. The King, who is the head of that church, and all the royal family, have shewn more liberality, and protect, with laudable zeal, Mr Lancaster and his system. Instead of illuminating the town on the occasion of the late jubilee, in commemoration of the fiftieth year of his Majesty's reign, with the rest of the kingdom, the inhabitants of Newcastle resolved to appropriate to this establishment the sum which would have been expended in oil and tallow, and gave it, in consequence, the name of the Jubilee School, inscribed on the door in compliment to the King, and the meritorious wish he is said to have expressed; not exactly that of our great Henry the Fourth, who wished every peasant might be able to put *la poule au pot every Sunday*,—but, what may not be dif-

ferent in its consequences, that each peasant might be able to *read his Bible.*

The name of Newcastle is identified with that of coals, the country about containing immense strata of this mineral, which is the object of a great trade. There are farms under ground as well as on the surface, and leased separately. I know of a subterranean farm of this kind of 5000 acres, for which L. 3000 sterling a-year is paid, and a per centage depending on the quantity of coals extracted, which may double that rent. It is remarkable enough, that when the estate in which this mine is situated was sold, thirty years ago, the purchaser, refusing to pay a trifling consideration for the right of mining, this right, for which the former proprietor receives now L. 3000 a-year, possibly six or more, was reserved; not that either party were ignorant of the existence of coals, but the steam-engine was not then so generally applied to mining, and the other branches of the art had not reached their present improved state;—the consumption, likewise, was much less. Finally, what is now worth L. 6000 a-year was not deemed worth one year's purchase thirty years ago.

I accepted with pleasure an invitation to descend in a coal-mine. The mode is rather alarming. The extremity of the rope which works up and down the shaft being formed into a loop, you pass one leg through it, so as to sit, or to be almost astride on the rope; then, hugging it with both arms, you are turned off from the platform over a dark abyss, where you would hardly venture if the depth was seen. This was 63 fathoms deep (378 feet). One of the workmen bestrode the loop by the side of me, and down we went with considerable rapidity. The wall of rock seemed to rush upwards,—the dark-

ness increased,—the mouth above appeared a mere speck of light. I shut my eyes for fear of growing giddy; the motion soon diminished, and we touched the ground. Here we stopped for two other persons. Each of us had a flannel dress and a candle, and thus proceeded through a long passage,—rock above, rock below,—and a shining black wall of coal on each side; a rail-way in the middle for horses (for there are fifty or sixty horses living in this subterraneous world), to draw two four-wheel carriages, with each eight large baskets of coal; these baskets are brought one at a time by diminutive waggons, on four little wheels, drawn or pushed by boys along other rail-ways, coming down the side streets to this main horse-road, the ceiling of which is cut in the main rock, high enough for a man to stand upright, while the side streets are no higher than the stratum of coals (4½ feet), therefore you must walk stooping.

The whole extent of the mine is worked in streets, intersecting each other at right angles, 24 feet wide and 36 feet asunder, leaving therefore solid blocks 36 feet every way. The miners have two enemies to contend with, air and water; that air is hydrogen gas, continually emitted by the coals, with an audible hissing noise. The contact of the lights necessary to be used would infallibly set fire to the hydrogen gas, if allowed to accumulate, and either blow up or singe the miners severely; it is therefore necessary that there should be a continual current of air going in and out by two different issues. At the beginning of the works, and while there is only one shaft, this is effected by means of a wooden partition, carried down along the middle of the shaft, then along the first street opened, and so disposed afterwards, that the air

which comes down the shaft on one side of the partition, may circulate successively through each and every street before it returns up the other division of the shaft, a small fire establishing and keeping up the draught. As to water, the dip, or inclination of the stratum of coals being known, all the art consists in making the first shaft in the lowest part of the tract; a steam-engine at the top drains up the water, and draws up the coals. Wherever the shaft comes in contact with any stratum yielding water, it must be kept out by means of a drum, or lining of timber, made tight round the inside of the shaft. I saw a small spring of clear water issuing from the bed of coal below, near the stables where the horses are kept, and serving to water them. These horses are in very good order; their coats soft and glossy, like the skin of a mole: they are conveyed down, or taken out, with great care and expedition, by means of a great net or bag.

Some of the mines are more extensive than the city of Philadelphia, and their streets are as regular. When the whole area is thus excavated in streets, it must not be supposed that the solid blocks are abandoned; but, beginning at the furthest extremity, the miners proceed to pull down all the blocks one after the other. When a space of two or three hundred feet square has been thus left unsupported, the ceiling of solid rock begins to sag and crack, with a hideous noise; the workmen go on notwithstanding, trusting that the ceiling will not break down close to the blocks, but some way behind; and such is the case,—the cracks grow wider and wider,—the rock bends down, coming at last in contact with the floor,—and the whole extent is thus filled up. On the surface of the ground,

however, nothing is perceived; the rocks are left to manage the business among themselves below. Houses,—and stone houses too,—remain standing, and their inhabitants sleep in peace all the while.

The miners know, by the nature of the rocks they meet while sinking the shaft, when they approach the coal, which is generally found between two beds of white sandstone. They sink the shaft at the rate of about two fathoms a-week.

The consumption of London has increased one-fourth in the course of the few last years; it amounts now to about 1,000,000 chaldrons, or 1,200,000 tons annually, forming 6000 cargoes of vessels of 200 tons each; and as they perform twelve voyages a-year, the trade employs 500 ships; the crews consist of two old sailors, for captain and mate, and seven or eight apprentices, all protected from impressment; the two old men have L. 9 each a voyage. The mere coal trade between Newcastle and London is, therefore, a nursery for 4000 young sailors, and a preferment for 1000 old ones. The celebrated navigator, Captain Cook, had served his time on board a collier.

The coal drawn to the surface of the soil is conveyed to the lighters by means of low carriages, on four small wheels fixed to their axis, that their motion may be perfectly equal. They travel on rail-ways, which are composed of two bars of iron, upon which the wheels, which have grooves at their circumference, run without impediment. Ninety-two bushels, weighing about two tons, besides the waggon, are drawn by a single horse, with so much ease, that the driver is obliged, on the least descent of the road, to press on the wheel with a sort of lever, to retard its motion by the

friction, that the carriage may not run too much on the horse. The lighters, called keels, of about fifteen tons, carry the coals on board vessels waiting in deep water. It is remarked, that the men employed under ground enjoy better health than those on the surface; the regularity of temperature securing them against many disorders, and the air constantly renewed being sufficiently pure.

Farming land leases here at L. 4 or L. 5 an acre for the best quality, and 30s. for the worst; poor's-rates 5s. in the pound, or 25 per cent. on the rental!? This institution of the poor's-rates is an unwholesome excrescence, which preys upon the vitals of society, and undermines its very existence; yet a certain native vigour of constitution has enabled it so far to bear with the disease, or it finds somewhere a sufficient corrective. There is not certainly any perceivable decay of industry; vices and poverty are less apparent than in any country I know, without excepting the United States. The poor's-rates, as well as the income-tax on the rent, are advanced by the farmer, who pays also the same income-tax on his own profits as a farmer. Timber is dearer here than in any other part of England or Scotland, owing to the great consumption in the coal mines. The stratum of coals in the county of Stafford is much thicker than here; 30 feet, I understand, for an extent of 28 square miles.* The quantity extracted every week was estimated some years ago at 16,200 tons; while, one hundred years before, the whole annual pro-

* There are beds of coals in Bohemia 90 feet in thickness, *(Jameson's Geognosy.)* It would be impossible probably to work this depth, unless the coal should happen to be very near the surface.

duce of that district was only 45,000 tons,—scarcely more than one-twentieth part. Miners say there is no advantage in this great thickness. The process is more expensive, and large pillars must be left; a great quantity of small coals is abandoned, and in that state they are apt to catch fire. It is calculated, that, at the present rate of mining, the strata of Staffordshire must be exhausted in less than 300 years; those about Newcastle will not last near so long; and at no very distant period, England will find it necessary to restrict the exportation of coals, which are certainly the mainspring of its manufactures. The immense saving of manual labour by the steam-engine gives England a surplus of men for the navy and army, much more considerable than its population could otherwise afford without exhaustion. The continent of Europe draws from England, notwithstanding the war, a quantity of coals, necessary to some processes of the useful arts,* said to amount to L. 500,000 or L. 600,000 a-year; some are exported to the West India Islands; and, finally, the inhabitants of the larger seaport-towns of the United States warm themselves almost entirely with English coals, cheaper than the wood of their forests,—ten leagues of land-carriage being more expensive than a thousand leagues by sea.

March 2.—Between Newcastle and Castle Eden we passed over the iron bridge at Sunderland,

* At Hamburgh only, there are 500 sugar-houses which have stopped working for want of coal (perhaps also a little for want of sugar). The *last* of English coals, which used to be worth there 32 dollars, sells now at 300 dollars.—*Oddy's Canal Navigation.*

which is certainly a wonderful object, from its lightness and boldness; vessels with masts 100 feet high can pass under it. It was built fifteen years ago, and cost L. 36,000; a very small sum I think. A similar bridge was made and put together here, then taken down and sent to Jamaica, where it now stands, between Kingston and Spanish Town. The wind, which had been high ever since we left Edinburgh, blew to-day a perfect hurricane, and when we crossed the bridge it was really terrifying. The white crests of the waves of the ocean were visible all day in the distance on our left; the country good and fertile, but not interesting.

March 3.—Before we set out this morning, we walked to a very romantic spot called Gunner's Pool. It is an irregular valley, with fine crumbling rocks on each side, torn from each other by some violent convulsion of the earth; the appearance of the whole being that of a wide rent of the earth across an extensive plain. A beautiful little stream winds along the vale, and very fine evergreens grow among the rocks. The situation is so sheltered, that grass is quite green, and many plants begin to shoot; the buds of hazel-bushes shew already their beautiful little tassels of bright red. The wind is still so high, that many of the windmills, which are very numerous, are turning fast under bare poles, yet it was calm in the valley. Ploughs are at work everywhere, many with four horses in a line.

March 4.—To Rippon, 22 miles. We have visited to-day the ruins of Fountaine's Abbey; they cover about five acres of ground, at the farthest extremity of a peaceful and sequestered valley, perhaps 400 yards in breadth, and one mile in length, bounded on either side by rocks and trees, with a

clear stream of water winding along it. A high tower remains entire; too much so for beauty. The chapel, of which I took a drawing, is fine. The style of the ruins is, upon the whole, heavy; but their extent, and particularly their situation, render them the most striking thing of the kind we have seen. There are six or seven immense yew-trees behind the abbey,—one is 28 feet in circumference; they were there, and recorded as large trees before it was built (1150)!

This beautiful valley and ruins are a mere appendage of Studly Park, in which they are situated. The grounds are varied, and planted with great judgment, principally with evergreens, which at this season appear in full glory; several, however, lay prostrate, broken down or uprooted by the wind. The silver firs are the finest trees here. The house itself does not correspond to the magnificence of the place. It seems as if a Gothic front had been tacked to it, so as to let a Grecian pediment peep over; yet it looks well. The fine stream of the Abbey is, after leaving the valley, disfigured into some awkward, old-fashioned square ponds, in very bad taste.

March 5.—York, by Newby Hall, 28 miles. Newby Hall is one of those innumerable fine houses, scattered over this country, which are allowed to be shewn to strangers. This one, however, is distinguished from the crowd, by a collection of antique marbles of much reputation. Mr W. the last proprietor, took the trouble of collecting himself abroad, at a vast expence, these remains of Grecian art. His Venus alone, we were told, cost L. 15,000 sterling; a great price, undoubtedly; but the satire of Voltaire will not apply here, for although *achété cher*, this is not a *moderne antique*.

The attitude and size are those of the Medicean Venus, but the head is not good, shockingly stained besides, and the neck quite bad; in other respects it is a fine statue. A large draped figure is next to this most admired; the attitude nearly that of the Flora; the weight of the body resting on one leg, twists up the left hip too high, while the right hangs too low,—an affected sort of easy indolence, which would be in fact painful contortion. The drapery is well enough; the head has no beauty. The artists of antiquity have necessarily produced many statues which were not *chefs-d'oeuvre*, and I cannot help thinking that most of those which have been brought into England were of that number.

The garden of the inn we slept at last night had mezereon in full bloom, snow-drops, crocusses, and primroses; lilacs are nearly out, as also rose-bushes. This is just six weeks earlier than at New York, although the latter place is farther south than Rome and Naples. We have had for the last ten days the finest weather possible, only too windy.

York is an old town, and of course very ugly, containing about 15,000 inhabitants. Its Minster is one of the wonders of England, 50 feet longer than Westminster Abbey, which is, I think, 520 feet. The main tower over the centre is heavy; the two lesser ones are much better; the rest of the exterior is light and beautiful. The interior is very striking indeed, and superior to any thing we have yet seen, as to boldness, lightness, and prodigious high finish of the carving,—quite sharp and *à jour*. The figures introduced are in the usual barbarous grotesque style. The outside carving, originally as highly finished, having been much injured by time, is now undergoing thorough

repairs, or rather an entire new facing; the modern carving is fully equal to the old, and made like in colour by oiling the stones. Beautiful as the inside of the Minster undoubtedly is, I think it less striking than the inside of St Paul's; the latter is something less in size, but its vast airy dome, and the wide area under it, produce a greater effect. The tower of a small Gothic church near the Minster is remarkable light and beautiful. The windows of the Minster are too large, and admit too much light.

On Sunday the judges, just arrived for the assizes, came to church *en grand costume*, with their huge powdered wigs, and black robes; but all their smartness was lost upon us, who had just seen the Scotch judges dressed in white and pink satin. The mayor and corporation swelled the train, and in the rear footmen in white liveries, and large nosegays at the button-hole; the whole town was in motion. The assizes in a country town are an event; and it puts me in mind of Mad. de Stael's witty remark, "On ne s'y amuse une fois, que pour découvrir que l'on s'y ennuie tous les jours." The chanting was very good, and the voices of some of the young choristers admirable, but the organist flourished too much. The same day we went to the Unitarian chapel, where we expected to hear Mr W. preach; but the New England tone and pronunciation soon informed us that our godly instructor came from the other side of the Atlantic. Travelling as well as ourselves in this distant country, chance had thus brought us together,—he to give, and we to receive edification. The mode of worship of the Unitarians has the defect of being too rational; their service resembles in its extreme simplicity that of the French Protestants, among

whom I was born. The English sectaries, however, have greatly the advantage in other respects; they profess openly, in perfect liberty and peace, the faith of their conscience, and sing the praises of God to the sound of the organ in their own town, while those of France were obliged to meet by stealth, in secret and lonely places. I have seen in the mountains of the Vivarois a Protestant minister preach from the hollow trunk of an old chesnut-tree, and heard the rocks of the wilderness re-echo the psalms of King David, sung with the fervour of primitive zeal, in language piously barbarous.

We had the pleasure of seeing here a preacher of another sort, the Rev. S. S.[t] who has been the delight of the devout fashionables of the capital; it is not, however, in this character we have known him, but in his own house, where, among his friends, he is a most agreeable companion. He has the reputation of being one of the most lively writers of the Edinburgh Review, and serious too, when he pleases. His countenance struck me as very like that of the unfortunate Louis XVI., with more vivacity in the eye.

There is near York a retreat for lunatics, which appears admirably managed, and almost entirely by *reason* and kindness; it was instituted by the Quakers. Most of the patients move about at liberty, without noise and disorder, and by their demure and grave deportment shew they have not quite forgotten to what sect they belong. We observed, however, in a great garden or court, some men in broad brim hats, walking about in a hurried agitated manner, with their hands in their coat-pockets, where we found at last they were confined. The lowest only of the patients are allowed to be seen; for the Quakers recognize in practice some inequalities of rank. It is impos-

sible, however, to blame those who wish not to expose the infirmities of their friends to the idle gaze of the curious. The mistress of the house is a good-looking, portly lady, lately married to the keeper, both Quakers. You cannot say of this couple, with Moliere, "Du coté de la barbe est toute la puissance;" for all the consequence and the talents seem here on the side of the lady, and her husband appears merely her deputy. The frame of the windows is of iron, which saves the appearance of grates. Some of the patients are allowed to go out of the premises, and even to town alone. The directress told us, that, having been indisposed in consequence of a fall, and some little dispute having arisen some time afterwards with one of the female patients, the latter said to her, "I am sorry to see that since thy fall thee hast not been quite *right*, and if it should last we shall be obliged to take care of thee!" We heard some other curious traits; I shall mention only the following. A young and stout female patient, displeased with one of the servants, threw her down on the floor, and holding her there said, "What should hinder me from strangling thee? I am mad; they could not hang me for it!"

In fourteen years 154 patients have been admitted; of which 73 have been cured, 24 have died (three by suicide), and 57 remain. There are more women than men. The most ordinary causes are love, religion, pride, and reverses in fortune; two of these causes apply more particularly to the sex,—the other two are equally divided. I have been told by a well-informed person, born a Quaker, that there are more instances of insanity among that persuasion than among other people; the rich particularly are most exposed to this calamity. Commerce and

manufactures are nearly the only professions from which Quakers do not exclude themselves; but the sons of rich merchants, caring little about trade, and almost all kinds of amusements, the fine arts, and certain departments of literature, falling under the same interdiction, nothing remains but *ennui*, nervousness, and at last insanity. Dr Johnson, who was well qualified to judge of mental maladies, said of one of his friends, "He would not have drowned himself if he had known how to hem a pocket-handkerchief." The circumstance of the Quakers building this lunatic asylum entirely for themselves, recalled to my mind what happened to me once in travelling through a back-settlement of America. Observing in the house of a settler an apparatus to distil spirits, I asked him how he could expect a sale for the liquor in so remote a situation? "Oh!" he answered, "it is only for family use."

The Rev. S. S. who had the goodness to accompany us, said he had understood there was an undue proportion of tailors among mad people. I would not answer that this remark was to be taken seriously. The profession has a certain degree of ridicule attached to it in England, and is obnoxious to certain jokes, which, although neither very new nor very refined, genuine mirth is not so fastidious as to disdain.

Madness appears to be fatally common in Great Britain, and among the higher ranks, as well as among quakers and tailors. I have heard of three families of Scotch dukes, in which there have been, from time to time, cases of this kind, and eleven earls' families. My informant, who was not so well acquainted with the state of noble brains in the southern section of the island, could

not name more than three families of mad English dukes; and the case of an illustrious personage belongs by blood rather to Scotland than to England: Yet the Scotch talk of this calamity as afflicting peculiarly England,—seeing the mote in their brother's eye, and not the beam in their own. It has long been my opinion, said Horace Walpole, that the out-pensioners of bedlam are so numerous, that the shortest and cheapest way would be to confine in Moorfields the few that remain in their senses, who would then be safe, and let the rest go out at large.

Scorbutic affections, the scrofula and pulmonary consumptions seem more general here than in most other countries. If the first of these disorders is occasioned by the gradual abstraction of oxygen producing prostration of strength, and at last the extinction of the spontaneous motion of the muscles of the heart; while, on the contrary, the consumption is produced by too much oxygen in the blood, it seems strange that these two disorders should be equally prevalent at the same time, and in the same place. An ingenious English physician, Dr Beddoes, observed that the scurvy raged with more violence at sea after a storm or a battle; while the motion of the sea, and exercise in general, are, on the contrary, favourable to consumptions.

We were shown, at the Minster, gold-rings of tolerable workmanship, with stones in them, found in coffins of prelates, lately broken up; one had the date of 1410 upon it, another 1245. York is very old. It was a considerable town in the time of the Romans. The fort was built by William the conqueror, and the heavy tower, on a mound, is of much more remote antiquity.

Over the gates of the town, and indeed at the entrance of most towns or villages, you see written a notice, "to vagrants, and other idle and disorderly persons;—that such as may be found in it will be proceeded against with the utmost rigour of the law;" that is to say, of the poor laws, of which an account has been given.

Land rents at the exorbitant rate of 7 or L. 8 an acre near York, and a few miles farther, at 4 or L. 5, but farmers complain, and some of them fail.

March 11.—We are just returned from Castle Howard. Traversing York this morning, in our way there, we met the judges going to open the sessions, with the same wigs and the same train as yesterday. The whole town was in motion,—the streets full of misses in white muslin,—citizens in dark blue coats, carefully brushed, glossy hats, and shining boots,—and military people in red. It seemed a day of rejoicing; and in fact the whole time of the sessions is a period of amusement; yet we learn that the prisons here are unusually full. There are eight cases of murder, and among them a young couple for beating their own child, an infant, to death. One might be disposed to judge unfavourably, at first sight, of people who take this time for rejoicing; but the extraordinary concourse of people, and not their purpose, is the occasion of it. The English think very highly of their own humanity; I am willing to admit they are not inhuman, although their history is undoubtedly very sanguinary. More blood has been spilt here by the sword of the law than anywhere else—in France by the hands of the mob, or mob tribunals. There is nothing in the English history to match the French St Barthelemy, or the late phrenetic period of revolution. But England, in

times of good order, and regular government, was in the habit of shedding on the scaffold, reign after reign, the blood of her noblest and most illustrious citizens. The French have shown, perhaps, more genuine ferocity, the English a hardier and more inexorable character.

The road to Castle Howard is uninteresting; we saw nothing but flat waste lands, where "the furze" and nothing else, "its rugged aspect reared," although to appearance perfectly fit for cultivation, and farms so very dear in the neighbourhood. What an immense proportion of waste land must there have been a century ago, when the population was little more than half what it is now.*

You first see Castle Howard at the distance of about a mile; it presents a wide and magnificent front, with a dome over it—a dark back-ground of wood, and a whole country evidently belonging to it, give it the appearance of a French royal residence of Louis the Fourteenth's time. The approach, however, is poor and neglected. Paltry wooden barricades cross the road at every 200 yards, without any apparent use, and now and then a clumsy arch or gateway of massy stone, with certain pyramidal ornaments in bad taste. Within half a mile of the house carriages stop at the last gateway, where there is an inn. You then walk on through an irregular avenue of beeches, moderately fine, and planted too close together, to an obelisk, on the face of which a versified in-

* The population of England and Scotland was, in 1700, 6,500,000; in 1750, 7,870,000; and in 1801, the last census, 11,314,138.

scription informs you that an Earl of Carlisle, of the Howard family, made these plantations between the years 1703 and 1731, and lays an injunction on his posterity to be very thankful for the same. You then turn to the right, still under an avenue of beech-trees;—fat deer lying lazily all about the lawns, undisturbed by your approach, even by the noise of a pack of hounds in full cry at no great distance. The house, when seen near, loses much of its magnificence as a whole, and gains nothing in point of details. It is too low,—there are too many windows,—in fact it does not look well. It is esteemed, however, one of the best works of Vanbrugh. On one side there is a fine wood, in front an artificial piece of water of considerable extent, but not of the least beauty, the banks being flat and naked.

The inside of the house has nothing worthy of notice but the pictures. One of the first seen is covered with a curtain, which, when drawn aside, shows you an adoration of the wise men of the East, by Mabenge, a Flemish painter, whose name I never heard of before, nor wish to hear again. It is decidedly a bad picture, curious, perhaps, on account of its freshness, smoothness, and wonderful state of preservation, although 300 years old; just like (in that respect only) Leonardo de Vinci's pictures. A portrait of Henry VIII. by Holbein, very bad, as everything is of his which I have seen. A portrait of Lady Carlisle, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, quite faded. A full length one of Omai by the same artist; less faded, with a good expression. Then comes a room hung with pictures from the Orleans gallery; one of them has the honour of the curtain —the three Maries, very famous, and most justly

so; I never saw anything comparable to it. The dead body of Christ is partly supported by the Virgin Mary, who, fainting, reclines back on Mary the mother of James. Mary Magdalen looks over with an expression of distress quite wonderful, while the mother of the virgin appears divided between her own affliction, and apprehension for her daughter. All here is grandeur, correctness, profound and just feeling. Next to this *chef d'œuvre* of Annibal Caracci, is another picture by him, really very bad. Above that is a good picture of Luduvico Caracci,—again our Saviour's sepulchre. A good Dominichino. A portrait of Snyder, the painter of animals, by Vandyke, excellent. There are many more pictures of less note; and in an unfinished adjoining gallery such a collection of daubs ready to be hung up, as I never saw before; with the exception of two good cattle pieces by Rosa de Tivoli, and a large picture by Sarrazin. There are many antique busts and small statues,—very few above mediocrity. A Persian tapestry decorates one of the rooms in the Chinese taste, and is bad enough; also some Gobelins still worse,—and bad taste is less excusable there; shepherds and shepherdesses in the old fashioned absurd celadonic costume of hoops and flounces, wasp shapes, and powdered heads. The bad taste of a distant country is far less insupportable than that of your own.

March 12.—We took leave of our friends after dinner, and are settled at Leeds for the night, 22 miles, through a rich and highly cultivated country, farm-houses in sight everywhere, with their usual appendages, in great order, and the polygonal pillars of hay already mentioned. Large fields fresh ploughed, black and smooth, others

ploughing, always with horses, never with oxen. Farmers riding among their workmen,—great flocks of sheep confined by net-fences in turnip fields. The meadows are of the most vivid green, and the trees are budding, much as about New York a month later;—the weather so fine and mild as to travel with the glasses down. Stage-coaches pass us continually with their absurd lading of passengers on the top,—twelve or fifteen nodding heads. The night had closed when we approached Leeds, and from a height, north of the town, we saw a multitude of fires issuing, no doubt from furnaces, and constellations of illuminated windows (manufactories) spread over the dark plain. We soon reached streets of good-looking shops, and stopped at the door of the inn,—a large bustling one, always less comfortable than those of lesser towns.

March 13.—After breakfast a lady (Mrs R.) for whose nephew we had a letter, called on us in his absence, and offered very obligingly to show us the lions of the place, which she did with equal good nature and intelligence.

The clothiers' hall is a vast quadrangular fireproof building round a court-yard; it is the joint property and warehouse of 2000 private manufacturers, half-farmers, who have only a loom or two kept going at leisure times. Twice a-week, for one hour, they appear each at his stand, two and a half feet wide, and perhaps ten feet deep, with their stock piled up behind them, and samples in their hands. These stands are arranged on each side of a long gallery, with a passage between.

The merchants walk along the double line comparing their orders with the samples, and making purchases, generally at a uniform price. There is a great deal of business done in a very short

time, and with very few words, although many of the stands are occupied by women, as our conductress informed us. This is a respectable set of people, and a pleasing instance of domestic manufactures, so preferable to the crowds and depravity of great establishments. Cloth has lately fallen in price from 33 to 25 shillings, in consequence of the increasing obstructions to the British trade.

The men, whose business is the combing and shearing the cloth, work by the piece, and earn 5s. a-day, by working from four in the morning to eight at night. They are described as very extravagant and very poor; brutified, vicious, and troublesome to their employers. They see, with an evil eye, a machine about to be set up, to do this work by the steam-engine, and disturbances are apprehended. We have observed the mark of *Joumaux freres, de Sedan*, on pieces of broad-cloth destined for the continent.

The hospital, or infirmary, is remarkable for the good order and cleanliness of its interior; the patients are placed in rooms, not wards, from four to eight in each. The only improvement the philanthropic Howard, visiting this hospital, could suggest, was, that there ought to be a sufficient number of apartments for some of them in rotation, to remain unoccupied for some weeks, which was done accordingly.

This town has doubled in the last twenty years, therefore a great part of the buildings are modern and comfortable, with gardens, planted squares, and flowers in every window. We were shown a good library and reading-room; the librarian is a lady.

We left Leeds late in the day, and, in conse-

quence of a scarcity of horses on the road, we could not proceed farther than Barnsley (twenty miles); and here we are in the worst inn which we have met with in this country. Such as it is, I have not the least doubt it would be deemed excellent in the interior of France. The country we have passed is rich, unequal, and affording fine views. There is a coal-mine at Barnsley, the stratum of which is ten feet thick at the depth of 100 yards,—a cart-load costs 14s.

March 14.—Sheffield is another steam-engine town, all iron, and steel, and smoke, but we shall see enough of all this at Birmingham. These Cyclops, however, have very pretty country-houses, all fresh and green, round their smoky workshop,—mostly on the slope of a hill, from which the view is very extensive, over a rich and fertile country, Wentworth castle, apart from these plebeian boxes, overlooks, from an elevated situation, its extensive domains, dark woods, and lawns, and grazing herds of deer. An obelisk, a mile and a half off, shows that the grounds cover a whole country. Distant views opened every moment, covered with a grey mist, and here and there columns of smoke rising slow in lazy folds, from iron-works and steam-engines over coal-pits. The sky was pale blue, without a cloud; larks sung over our heads, and all the birds of the spring swarmed about the hedges, where the woodbine was out in leaves. Soon after Sheffield, the landscape became very wild. Immense beds of sandstone, nearly horizontal, break suddenly into spacious gaps, as if the surface or crust of the earth had sunk into some internal cavities;—the sides correspond to each other, and split into enormous square blocks. Next came extensive moors of brown heath and

peat lands. Heaps of rubbish on the slope of hills, indicate the opening of iron-mines.

On approaching Castleton, our quarters for the night, the very old castle, from which it derives its name, appears behind, on the brow of a high perpendicular rock. It was a ruin at the time of the Romans, who called it *Arx Diaboli*, and its origin was then unknown. * With a guide, who introduced himself on our arrival, we proceeded immediately to the renowned cavern, called the Peak's Hole, at the foot of the rock of the castle. I was struck, on approaching it, with its resemblance to the rock of the *fontaine de Vaucluse*. The entrance is 120 feet wide, and 70 feet high. Advancing under the spacious dome, we were surprised to see several small houses lost in its immensity, and a number of twine-makers, who have been in possession of this work-shop time immemorial. These objects, instead of degrading the majesty of the place, add to it by their lowliness. Here we received each of us a lighted candle, and, descending by a narrow passage at the extremity of the first cavern, we soon came to a little lake of very clear water, covering the area of a second cavern, the ceiling of which was so low, that, crossing the water in a boat, you are obliged to lie down. On landing on the other side, we found ourselves in the third division of this subterranean suite of apartments. This one, still more vast than the first, is 250 feet square, and 120 feet high. The guides, who understand their business, prepare here a little *coup-*

* The Romans worked the Derbyshire mines. A bar of lead has been found in one of them, with the name of one of the Emperors.—*Mawe's Derbyshire.*

de-théâtre for the curious under their protection Some children, brought up to the part they are to act, reach the spot before-hand, and, ascending a sort of natural circular gallery at a great height, place themselves in picturesque attitudes, with lights in their hands, and sing. The effect produced by these angels of darkness is undoubtedly very striking. You next come to a long passage, and a slippery descent of 150 feet, so low that you cannot stand upright without danger for your head against sharp inequalities of the rock; and, however fatal a place of this sort may be to the lustre of a new hat, I would not advise any body to leave it at the entrance of the cavern, as I had done. You meet here with a stream of water flowing rapidly along, which must be crossed several times by means of stepping-stones, or upon the ready back of the guide. The stream soon finds its way through a side-opening in the rock, where it is lost. At last, after a toilsome journey of perhaps half a mile, you reach nearly the farthest extremity of the cavern, and must make haste to turn back before the candles are burnt out, which would leave you in a distressed plight. The children and their lights surprise you again on your return in a new and beautiful situation; but the most striking part of the whole is, the distant reappearance of day-light illuminating the arch of the great entrance. The whole interior cavern is at times full of water. An internal stream rushes out of the rock, and in again at another place, but never reaches the great entrance. After the waters have subsided, stones are found of a nature totally different from the surrounding rock, as well as plants and sticks. The body of a snake, or some long shaped fish, is shown in the rock, which is calcareous.

After a hasty dinner, we set out again with our guide for another subterraneous expedition, bent upon fulfilling to the utmost our duties as tourists. The night was beautiful, clear, starry, and cool, and the hills illuminated with fires of furze and broom.

At the entrance of the Speedwell lead-mine, we were provided each with a candle, and descended 106 slippery steps in the rock; at the bottom of which we found a boat, and embarked on a subterranean canal seven feet wide, filling a horizontal gallery wholly cut in the rock, with about two feet of water. The long narrow boat glided along swiftly, impelled by the men giving a shove now and then against the rock on either side. A noise, as of a distant cataract, soon attracted our attention, and, increasing every moment, would certainly have occasioned great terror, if we had not been confident that our conductors knew what they were about. At last, when the noise was at the loudest, we emerged suddenly from the narrow gallery into open space and darkness; a cavern of immeasurable height above, and, close to us on the left, an abyss, into which the water of our canal, and a pretty considerable stream, coming from higher parts of the cavern, fell over a low stone wall, which alone prevented our boat from sliding in. It was rather a frightful sight. One of the miners, climbing up the rocks on the right a good way with some dry wood, provided for the purpose, lighted a fire, which discovered to us vast recesses; but there was still a space above which reflected no light. Sky-rockets have been sent up in the vast void without meeting the top. Miners have been let down the water-fall by a rope, and found, at 90 feet depth, an immense reservoir, into which they threw the lead, which touched only at 300

feet. An old miner who was in the boat, told us of their surprise and terror, when, after years of labour, (five or six years, I think) and, piercing about 900 yards into the rock in search of veins of lead, of which they found now and then specimens, they broke suddenly into this great cavern, and heard the tremendous rushing of water. They soon, however, not only familiarized themselves with the cataract, but thought of profiting by it; and building the low wall already mentioned, across the very brink of the fall, threw two feet of water in their gallery, which made it navigable. They then began another gallery in a line with the first, on the other side of the cavern. Five or six years more, and a progress of another half mile, brought them to a second cavern, not so high or deep as the first, but extending infinitely further. They explored it for three miles without finding the extremity. The area is very rugged and irregular, and there is no knowing exactly where it ends. But there is a sensible current of air through it; the flame of candles pointing always to one side, and burning bright, and the respiration of men quite free. All the stones and rubbish of the second gallery were thrown into the waterfall without any perceivable diminution of depth. The whole work lasted eleven years. No vein sufficiently rich to pay the expence was discovered; but it will remain a lasting monument of industry and perseverance, though unhappily not rewarded; and afford a curious insight into the interior state of calcareous rocks, which seem all to be more or less intersected with such immense caverns, and reservoirs of springs and rivers. Beautiful crystals of carbonate of lime, known by the name of Derbyshire spar, and remains of fish and plants, are dis-

covered every day in excavating the mines of this neighbourhood. There are several other level galleries in Derbyshire longer than that of the Speedwell mine;—one is four miles long. On our return, one of our miners, a dwarfish old man, regaled us with a song, "*Black-ey'd Susan*," in a voice of thunder, as little harmonious as it was powerful.

March 15.—Our first stage this morning was Chatsworth. The road, on leaving Castleton, ascends for half an hour, affording fine views.—Pounded marble and calcareous spar sparkled everywhere in the sun. It is the finest weather imaginable;—not a cloud in the horizon.

We observed a number of men peeling off the surface of a heath by the laborious process described before, burning it in heaps, and scattering the ashes. This does not answer, we are told, for peat land, which requires lime.

Our road lay through a romantic glen, called Stony Middleton. The rocks stand insulated like ruins of castles, and walls covered with ivy, multitudes of rooks flying among them. A rapid stream of very clear water runs through the glen. At the extremity of this beautiful solitude, we found ourselves face to face with a huge cotton-manufactory, six stories high, presenting nearly 200 windows; an old fashioned parterre, with box borders and clipt trees in front of it. It was a contrast, indeed, with what we had just left. The steam-engine is a good security against similar profanations in future.

From the inn at Chatsworth, we walked across the park to the house, which is extremely handsome and palace-like, more so indeed than any house we have seen in England, although not so

large as some others. It is built half way up a sloping lawn, terminated at the bottom by a very pretty lively stream, and above, behind the house, by lofty woods. Fine single trees dispersed over the lawn; a good-looking stone-bridge over the river.

The domestics of these noble houses are generally as obsequious as inn-keepers, and from the same motives. Porters, footmen, gardeners, waited upon us immediately. The apartments have nothing remarkable; gobelin tapestry, old, faded, and in wretched taste; and numerous pictures still worse. It is quite inconceivable, that a person of so cultivated a taste as the last Duchess, should have been able to bear the sight of these daubs. We hear, indeed, that, for many years, she did not come here. The household seemed to have great hopes from their young master, who, the gardener informed us, cares more about the beauties of the place than his father. Exactly behind the house, and looking up towards the top of the hill, you see, between two lines of lofty wood, a flight of colossal stone steps, straight like Jacob's ladder, terminated at the top by a temple with a metal cupola. The gardener made a sign, and water flowed over this cupola and down the sides of the temple, and burst from the ground before it, then began to fall from step to step, sweeping off and carrying along the accumulated dirt of the winter, covering the whole in due time with a sheet of foam, and sparkling in the sun. Water falling from a height among trees and verdure must be a pretty sight at any rate; but it is impossible to have the thing with less effect than here. Were I the Duke of Devonshire, however, I do not believe I should demolish the steps;—they are the curious, and perhaps unique remains of the bad taste and magnificence

of the beginning of the last century; precisely like the royal cascade of St Cloud, which used to play on Sundays for the amusement of the *badauds de Paris*, in the times of good Louis. There is here another hydraulic curiosity, still more absurd, yet strictly classical; our old royal houses had many such; it is a metal tree, of which every branch is a pipe, every leaf and every bud a syringe; the very grass round the tree hides ends of pipes, ready to sprinkle the curious unexpectedly. This practical joke is fallen into disuse, which our conductor seemed to regret. The waters of Chatsworth are finally tortured into several *jets-d'eau*, rising together from the same basin, abundantly, vigorously, and, in spite of bad taste, with a very good grace.. The gardener was anxious that we should place ourselves at the right point, to see a double rain-bow in the spray. The lawn is in some places a thick moss, so deep and elastic, that you seem to walk on a mattress;—this is quite disagreeable. The gardener told us, it was not meant to be so; and that the mere application of lime would soon destroy the moss, and revive the grass, without ploughing.

The house has two or three rooms, called the apartment of Queen Mary, although built only a hundred years ago; but the old mansion, on the same spot, had been one of her prisons, and the furniture of her apartment was transferred to these rooms. The bed in which she slept is silk, and in tolerable preservation. The edifice is built of a very beautiful cream-coloured stone, quarried on the spot;—carving is not spared; the chisel has been at work everywhere; and there is here a little of that overcharge of ornaments, observable

in the architecture of the beginning of the last century. In other respects it is very good.

Our second stage has been Matlock, (28 miles to-day;) the country varied, cultivated like a garden, and covered with gentlemen's houses; elegant cottages and farm-houses; spires and towers of small Gothic churches, some of them very beautiful, peeping over groves of trees:—The general appearance of things certainly much superior to that of Scotland. There are poor people here undoubtedly at 2s. 6d. a-day; and the 4s. or 5s. in the pound of the poor's rates are not paid for nothing; yet, I do not know how it is, these poor are not seen; and if it was not for the usual threatening notices at the entrance of towns and villages, against "*vagrants found loitering*," &c. a traveller would not suspect there were such persons. The expedient the great Frederick had adopted, to prevent dragoons falling from their horses, is well known; he had them flogged. And "certain it is," an officer said to Dr Moore, "they no longer fall." Perhaps the fear of overseers prevents the English falling into poverty.

We see, with regret, the finest hedge-row trees falling under the axe everywhere, and yet, if it had not been for the use made of them, they never would have been planted. There is still a sufficient number remaining to give to the country that woody appearance peculiar to English landscape. A large piece of timber is a mine; and, in order to dispose of it to the best advantage, a temporary shed is sometimes erected by it, particularly if it is an ash, to work it on the spot into pieces fitted for various purposes, calculating and combining so exactly, as to waste nothing.

The vale of Matlock is renowned for its beauty.

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It presents, on the opposite side of a boisterous stream, vertical cliffs of calcareous rocks, worn, broken, and cavernous, edged with trees above and below. Several mineral springs flow down to the river; and this is one of the places of general resort for people who want to be cured, or for those who want to be amused; but this is not the season; it is empty, and we have our choice of hotels. The one where we are has a tepid bath, or at least not quite cold, 20 feet wide, 40 feet long, and four feet deep, incessantly renewed by a natural spring bubbling up in the middle; the temperature of which is always 68° or 69° of Fahrenheit, and perfectly clear and pure.

The whole country about is honey-combed, or perforated with mines of lead, of coals, and other minerals. Their galleries have led to the discovery of innumerable grottos and caverns. We penetrated half a mile into one of them, which extends horizontally to a much greater distance, branching out in many directions; some of which have been walled up, to prevent some of the keener tourists being lost in the intricate mazes, and all their discoveries along with them. The rocks yawn in frightful rents above and below, and enormous blocks lie about detached, nobody can tell from where. The sides are in many places resplendent with bright incrustations and rhomboidal crystals of calcareous spar;—in low places, you may get honourable wounds from their sharp projections, if you forget to stoop. This cavern was quite dry and clean. We have seen several goitres, although not large, since we entered Derbyshire;—we did not observe any in the Highlands of Scotland.

March 16.—To Ashborn, 12 miles. On leaving Matlock, we saw, on the left, across the little

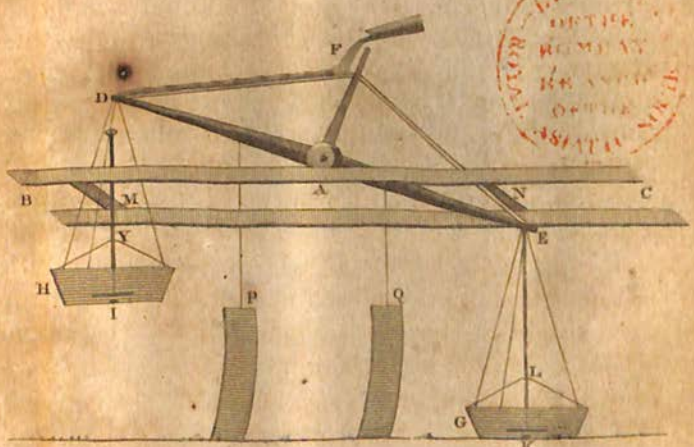
river, and in a beautiful and commanding situation, a good house, which we were told is the residence of Sir Richard Arkwright, whose name is associated with the ingenious invention of spinning-jennies. We then ascended a very long hill, treading on specimens of spar, and tempted to pick up every bright fragment we saw, till the weight of our pockets, and the impossibility of keeping all, made us throw away nearly the whole. From the top of the hill, we looked down upon the high rocks of Matlock and Sir Richard Arkwright's house, the woody valley and river at bottom, all sunk together far below the horizon and intervening landscape.

From Ashborn we went to Ilam, a show-place from which we did not expect much pleasure; we found it, however, very beautiful; rocks, wood, water, all is admirable. Two large springs burst out of the earth, forming by their junction the river Manifold. Five or six miles from this place, and about the same distance from each other, these two springs are lost under ground; and, after travelling through some of the numerous subterranean cavities, so common in this part of the country, reappear here. Light bodies thrown in where they disappear, come out here. Congreve sometimes inhabited Ilam; and a stone-seat and table are shown in the grounds where he wrote his Old Batchelor.

There is here an hydraulic contrivance, so simple and ingenious that I am tempted to give the description of it.

The point d'appui, or centre of gravity (A), of the scale (D E), rests on two beams (B C). The arms (A D) and (A E) extend about six or seven feet on each side of the centre. The basins or tubs (G) and (H), hanging from the two extremities of the arms,

have each a hole at the bottom, covered by a valve or lid, (I) and (K), attached to rods kept steady in their perpendicular position by braces in (L) and (Y), through which, and through other holes in cross bars (M) and (N), the rods or tails of the valves play freely up and down. The arm (D) being elevated, the water of a spring pouring at (F) runs down the inclined channel (F D), and falls into the tub (H), which filling, its weight (ten or fifteen gallons) brings down arm (D); but just before the tub touches the ground, the lid or valve (I), is lifted by means of its rod, which has a button at the top, being stopped in its passage through bar (M); the water therefore runs out. In the meantime, tub (G) has been lifted up and filled by its own inclined plane (F E); it now goes down and is emptied in the same manner as the other, and so on alternately. The water is received by the two forcing pumps (P) and (Q) which are worked alternately by the motion of the scale-beam, as the figure shows. The water is forced up to the house about 30 or 40 feet, in



a constant stream. The machine has been in action for the last 40 years with very little repair; and, to appearance, the original cost could not well exceed 10 guineas, exclusive of the pipes.

Returning from Ilam to Ashborn, (five miles) we stopped, and walked up Dove-Dale, about one mile and a half;—night coming on prevented our penetrating further. It is a narrow iregular dale, with a fine clear rapid stream running through it; the two sides are *herissée* with insulated rocks, standing up on end like ruins and spires. At the place where we stopped, and from whence we turned back, a high rock, thin and perpendicular like a wall, and perforated, appeared before us similar to a vast triumphal arch. Twenty paces behind that, the mouths of two caverns were seen, so dark, solitary, and desolate, as really to excite involuntary terror at the approach of night. Farther up the dale, as far as we could see, it seemed to contract more and more, and to improve in horrors. The triumphal arch was quite insulated, situated far above the water, full a hundred feet, and it is impossible to conjecture how it was formed. We regret having had only a glimpse of this extraordinary scenery, which is more Scotch than anything we see in Scotland. The name had deceived us, but it has much more of the character of the eagle than of the dove.

March 17.—Birmingham, by Lichfield, 45 miles. The approach to Lichfield is marshy and disagreeable. Its cathedral, 100 feet shorter than York Minster, is however magnificent; the carving inside as perfect; the light better, that is, higher and less of it, and the painted windows vastly superior to anything we have seen in brightness of colour, drawing, and composition. I saw the dates of

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1532, 1537, 1538, and 1539, in different parts of the windows. They belonged originally to a church in the Netherlands, and were brought to England upwards of 200 years ago. The cathedral itself was begun in the year 657, and finished in the 12th and 13th century. We assisted at the evening-service (Sunday). The chanting and organ were extremely fine.

Lichfield is become classic ground, by the illustrious names of Johnson and Garrick, and very recently the lesser ones of Darwin and Seward. I was surprised to find Johnson's, that is, his father's house, so respectable-looking; it is a corner house, four windows in one street, six in another, and two stories above the ground floor; the windows rather small, and near together:—a sort of awkward pilaster ornament at the angle. Garrick's paternal house is also a corner one, smaller, but with a garden behind, and in a genteeler part of the town;—both houses white-washed on the outside. Miss Seward lived in what is called the Palace, (the episcopal residence formerly I suppose) a good large old house, in a high and pleasant situation, separated from the cathedral by a double row of fine trees. We did not see Dr Darwin's house.

March 19.—At Birmingham, where we have been two days, we have been employed in seeing wonders of ingenuity and skill applied to the most trifling, as well as to the most important objects, with Mr W. a merchant of this place, who was so obliging as to be our guide. The manufactories are mostly of hardware and glass, and are less unhealthy, although more dirty, than those of Manchester and Glasgow, which require heat and confined air, and clog the lungs with floating particles of cotton. By means of late improvements, the

smoke of innumerable coal fires is consumed, and the atmosphere much clearer than formerly. I do not know how far the improvement is applicable to common house fires; if it was, London would gain much by its adoption.

I shall certainly not undertake to give a circumstantial account of all we have seen, having a very confused recollection of it. In one place, 500 persons were employed in making plated ware of all sorts, toys and trinkets. We saw there patent carriage steps, flying down and folding up of themselves as the door opens or shuts; chairs in walking-sticks, pocket-umbrellas, extraordinary cheese-toasters, and a multitude of other wonderful inventions, upon which much ingenuity is miserably wasted. In another place, 300 men produce 10,000 gun barrels in a month; we saw a part of the process,—enormous hammers, wielded by a steam-engine, of the power of 120 horses, crushing in an instant red hot iron bars, converted into thin ribbons. In that state they are wrapped round a rod of iron, which determines the calibre, and the edges welded together. Bars of iron for different purposes, several inches in thickness, presented to the sharp jaws of gigantic scissars, moved also by the steam-engine, are clipped like paper. Iron wire, from an inch to the tenth of an inch, is spun out with as little effort, and less noise than cotton threads on the jennies. Large mill-stones, employed to polish metals, turn with so great a velocity as to come to pieces by the mere centrifugal force, and the fragments sometimes pierce the walls or break through the roof; some means have lately been invented to prevent these accidents. Streams of melted metal are poured into moulds of all sorts; and copper is spread into sheets for sheathing ves-

sels under rollers, moved also by the steam-engine, like paste under the stick of the pastry-cook.

I have often thought that a time may come when metal ships will be cast in a mould, like kettles, or more probably built of bands of forged metal, welded together like those of gun barrels, and lined with other bands contrary-wise, the double tissue either welded or rivetted to the other; the bands of the internal tissue to run up and down like the ribs of a ship; and the external ones to run fore and aft like the planks; the masts to be tubes, formed of longitudinal or spiral bands, —no wood in the construction but for the decks. These metal ships might be built on any model without the difficulties arising from the shape of timbers; any particular part might be strengthened at pleasure by additional bands. The metal ships would have that flexibility and elasticity so essential to fast sailing; they would not come to pieces so easily in running aground; and the forged metal would probably yield to a cannon ball without being pierced. The ship would not leak, it would require no careening, and the greatest part of the thickness of the frame and planking would be gained, adding probably as much as one-tenth to the internal capacity of the vessel. Finally, it appears to me that the iron ship would not cost a great deal more than the wooden ship, certainly not in proportion to its advantages.

Flint glass is a curious manufactory. It is inconceivable with what facility so hard a substance is cut, or rather ground, by the simple friction of a wheel turning with great velocity. The workman presents a decanter, or one of the glass drops of a lustre, to this wheel, and almost as fast as he can move his hand the parts are indented, and form,

by the dexterity and justness of his motions, those regular figures we see on the useful or ornamental articles made of that substance. As we stood near the furnace, we observed a stranger approach it, and with an instrument at the end of a long rod of iron, gauge the melted matter in the crucibles. This was, we were told, the exciseman, and his visits are repeated several times a-day. No mark of ill-humour was perceivable. These people are well broken to taxation,—they complain indeed, but it is just as they complain of their climate, from habit, or as we see children continue crying, long after they have forgotten the cause of their tears.

This manufactory was lighted by hydrogen gas, and absolutely as light as day. A leaden tube runs round the apartments, with a number of cocks, which, opened more or less, let off a little stream of gas, which is set on fire, and continues burning as long as the cock is open, presenting a bright flame of several inches in length. I counted 120 of these. The gas is obtained from common coals, by mere heat, in a close vessel. This vessel or retort is a cylinder of iron, of about nine inches in diameter, and thirty inches in length; a bushel of coal only is consumed each day. The gas is made to pass through a reservoir of water, which retains the bitumen or coal-tar, and with it the bad smell. Here, however, the smell remained, and was certainly most offensive, but the workmen did not seem to mind it. The reservoir was evidently too small, and the water in it quite saturated; I was told that the gas would lose its inflammability in traversing a greater mass of water, which is I presume an error. The expence of this magnificent illumination is only 4s. 6d. each night, allow-

ing for interest and repairs of the apparatus: 240 candles, affording certainly less light, would cost about twenty times as much;—yet this method is not generally adopted, I have not been able to discover why. The manufactory of cut glass has suffered more than most others from the interruption of the trade with the United States; a greater quantity of this showy article being consumed by the *nouveaux riches* of that country than here, where there is certainly much less disposition to extravagance in proportion. Other manufactories suffer more or less by this interruption; for the demand for the United States was undoubtedly very great and increasing. A single house in Birmingham shipped more goods to the United States last year, than was shipped by the whole trade ten years ago; it was indeed after a suspension of eighteen months by the embargo. Merchants now have wholly ceased having goods manufactured for the United States.

Workmen earn from 16 to 60 shillings a week, and even L. 4, according to their skill. They work by the piece,—live well and comfortably,—have separate houses of three rooms for about L. 5 a year,—firing for about one-fifth the price of New York,—provisions nearly double. The people look healthy, and the women, of whom many are employed, remarkably well. I observed in neither sex the green hair of which Espriella speaks. This remark of his seems to have made a greater impression on the good people of Birmingham, than all the other unfriendly things he said of them.

Notwithstanding the great scale on which manufactories are conducted, the immense power and high perfection of the machines employed, which shew that nothing really necessary has

been spared, and that there is no want of capital, yet the buildings themselves are, for the most part, poor and shabby, and evidently added to at different times, as if they had grown round a common centre. It is plain they have been extended successively, and with the gradual increase of the business, and that the means have not been exhausted on external appearances. Prudence is a pledge of success, not merely by the direct saving resulting from it, but by the good sense it evinces. The exciseman I have mentioned, may certainly be considered as a blot in the picture of national prosperity ;—what an army employed in collecting the money necessary to pay the army!

Nothing could exceed the good-nature and politeness with which the chief persons at the principal manufactories showed and explained the processes; and, what is more extraordinary, the workmen stopt in many instances their work, (paid by the piece) to give us some practical explanation and answer questions. No money asked, and very little given.

There are two free schools at Birmingham, endowed in the reign of Edward VI. each with L. 30 per annum, one in money, the other in land; (they had their choice at the time) the land of the one brings now an annual income of L. 3000, likely to double soon, being close to the town; the other institution is of course destitute, and supported by private contributions. L. 30 in 1550, were equal to about L. 300 in 1811; that is to say, that these two sums would have purchased the same things at their respective periods; but the land appears to be worth now ten times, or even twenty times more than it ought at the above rate; therefore a

great part of this appreciation must be owing to local circumstances.

March 20.—We went to day to the Leasowes, and to Hagley, six miles, and twelve miles from Birmingham, places rendered famous by poetry and virtues. The Leasowes lyes in a hollow, nearly surrounded with moderate hills, and has very little view; the surrounding country pleasing and fruitful, rather than picturesque; the grounds themselves consist of 150 acres, with swells and intervening hollows, and good trees scattered about. We were introduced by a hollow way, descending and buried in trees, and soon came to a piece of water of no extent, dull and greenish. Having crossed it by a bridge, we followed the side of it, to a little lake of perhaps six or eight acres, its banks partly woody, partly naked and tame. The house appeared then on our left, at the top of an ascending lawn, with a back-ground of trees, looking like something between a mansion-house and a cottage, and more of the first than we expected; but we found it had been rebuilt since Shenstone's time. Following a pretty path among trees, we came to a damp and forlorn root-house, in a hollow, where the gardener met us, a poor, old, sickly-looking man, whose uncombed hair was stuck full of feathers. Little able to lead us the round, he gave the key and directions; and then, with a piteous look and low voice, asked "*what we pleased for the poor gardener.*" His appearance seemed to suit the neglected state of the place, and his age made me think he might have seen the days of glory of the Leasowes, and assisted in the improvements, and that we might find in him "the sad historian of the pensive plain;" but he had been there only ten years. He told us that the place had been sold or had be-

longed to thirteen successive owners since Shenstone, most of whom had been ruined; a sad prospect this for improvers and men of taste. I do not see, however, what there should be here so expensive as to ruin any body; it may produce less than a mere farm, and that is all. Before the gardener left us we were treated with water-works. Some unseen lock being opened, the water rushed through a hollow tree, and down a stony declivity, winding about naturally enough, and passing at last under the root-house where we were. The water was extremely dirty, but would be cleaner we were told after a few minutes. It came from the little lake we had past. Upon the whole this is rather a pretty place, and nothing more.

We enter Hagley by a noble avenue of elms leading to the house, a respectable-looking building, quadrangular, with slight projections at each corner like towers. A path through a very pretty inclosure of laurels and holly, brought us to the gardener's house; and, provided with a guide, we began our tour by a gentle ascent, to a piece of water, rather formal, but pretty enough,—then up hill again amongst the finest trees imaginable, not single on a lawn, as in parks, but like a forest; mostly oaks with vast limbs, mossy and fantastic, and bulging roots, anchored among rocks. Many of the stems were twelve or fifteen feet in circumference, with dark masses of ivy mantling over both rocks and trees. By degrees we came to a steeper ascent, less covered with trees, and the path led us to a ruin on the top, which is entered from behind through a spacious gateway; then a small court, and a second archway, all grey and ivy grown. Here we found ourselves on a sort of terrace or irregular knoll, extending far in front,

but narrow; the woods we had just left filling all below on our right, and on the left nearly the same sort of declivity, with equally fine trees, rather more distant from each other, and a verdant lawn below, with some very large cedars of Lebanon. The walk along this terrace or ridge, and the views from it on every side, are wonderfully fine, perhaps more so now than in summer; the thin lace-work of the trees being almost as beautiful as leaves, and hiding nothing of the prospect, which is very extensive, of the rich, cultivated, inhabited kind in the fore-ground, and lost in the blue waves of distant hills.

The ruin we had past, if, as I suppose, fictitious, is certainly a very good imitation, and I must observe that mock ruins are very rarely introduced in the *English gardens* of England; I recollect indeed but two instances, Hagley and Mount Edgecombe. Art does little more in general than simply to protect nature and give her fair play. The ground immediately round the house is indeed sodded, gravelled, and rolled, but farther art is hardly perceivable, except by convenient paths leading to the most beautiful spots, where plain rustic seats are often placed. Sheep and deer seem the chief gardeners.

At the extremity of the ridge, we had below in front of us the house and pleasure-grounds, with the fine avenue already mentioned, and a Gothic church and parsonage-house. I cannot conceive it possible that the owner of Hagley could ever have been jealous of the Leasowes, so far below this in natural advantages, and in quite another and inferior stile of beauty. This is really a wonderfully beautiful place.

We returned to Birmingham, and pursued our

journey to Warwick, 20 miles. The road continues improving as we advance south, and instead of stones in coarse fragments, is covered with gravel, always winding about like a stream of water, diverted from its strait course by the slightest obstacle. The English, it is plain, are fond of travelling, and make the pleasure last as long as they can. Gentlemen's grounds, mansions, and genteel cottages, numerous everywhere, seem more so here than ever.

March 21.—Warwick Castle is upon the list of every tourist. We stopped therefore to see it as a matter of duty rather than inclination, and without any very great expectations. The avenue to this castle is cut through a bed of rocks, forming a strait wall on each side; the effect is singular, and rather good than otherwise. You soon come to a spacious gateway, through a thick old wall covered with ivy, with a high tower at each end; then a vast court, the first view of which is most striking. On the left you see a long range of Gothic buildings, low and irregular; in front a sort of mound covered with trees, intermixed with walls, towers and old-fashioned fortifications, just such as a painter would group together for effect, with a grated hole through it all, and a fine landscape behind. On the right, a huge tower, and an old wall overflowing with ivy. The area inclosed by this romantic frame, about two acres, is covered with the smoothest and freshest lawn imaginable, contrasting with the asperity and rough antiquity of all around. Two or three immense pines with outstretched arms and bare tops, shade the walls. We were received at the door by an ancient housekeeper, very courteous and of respectable appearance, and introduced into an immense hall, perhaps 60 feet by 35, hung round with antique ar-

mour, swords, and lances, and stags' horns. We remarked in particular the head and gigantic antlers of an extinct species of quadruped, the remains of which are found sometimes in the bogs of Ireland. The horns are full ten feet from tip to tip, flat and broad, like the orignal of America.

The middle of this hall was occupied by a chimney in the old style, with a huge wood fire, the first we have seen in England. On each side were four handsome rooms in a line, forming altogether a suite of full 300 feet. We admired, as we were conducted through these rooms, the beauty and suitableness of the furniture and pictures, all old but all perfect of the kind. A piece of inlaid furniture, like a bureau, attracted our attention ; it appeared a beautiful painting representing flowers, a cock, a dog, &c. so perfect as to drawing, light, and shade, and expression, that we could scarcely credit our eyes when we saw the effect was produced solely by means of pieces of black and yellow wood, arranged side by side, and highly polished. The damask bed in which Queen Elizabeth and Queen Anne slept, and in which his present majesty was to have slept, on an intended visit 24 years ago, prevented by his first illness. A great deal of highly valued old china; 500 guineas, I think, we were told, were offered for an old jar there. Some of the windows are finely painted. Brussels tapestry, older than Gobelin, made of silk, not good. Most of the pictures are fine. I noticed two of the best Rubens I had ever seen, one a portrait of the Earl of Arundel, and two good sketches by the same. Some excellent Vandykes, particularly a portrait of Ricardo. A Guido very inferior to him. A portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, the colouring uncommonly good,

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in Murillo's manner. Good sea views by Vandervelt. Excellent sea fight by Loutherbourg. Several very fine Rembrandts. A portrait of Queen Elizabeth by Holbein, very shocking, as usual. I must, except, however, a portrait of Luther by the same. An excellent Virgin and dead Christ by Annibal Carracci. Several indifferent Salvator Rosas. Wortley Montague in a Turkish dress by Romney. The worst picture there, in my opinion, Holbein excepted, was, I am sorry to say it for my own credit, by Raphael,—the portrait of a queen of Naples. Beyond the suite of apartments is a chapel just as it ought to be, with a mild religious light, and no Percy pedigree.

Our conductress took occasion to speak, not indelicately however, of the taste and virtues of her master. The fortune of the Earl of Warwick (L. 21,000 per annum,) has been deranged by a taste for improvements and a generous disposition, and for the last five years his estate has been, what is called in England, at nurse; that is to say, in the hands of trustees for the payment of his debts. There is however, it seems, a liberal allowance made to keep up the establishment. The house, gardens, conversatories, &c. are in perfect order.

Although the buildings are low on the side of the court, and the apartments very little above the ground, the windows of that same apartment, on the outward side of the castle, are as high as a fourth or a fifth story might be, being built on a vertical bank of rocks, at the bottom of which runs a rapid river, and beyond that an extent of country, rich, but not particularly beautiful. There is a Gothic mill on the river, with the ruins of a bridge.

The grounds have nothing very remarkable in

them, except a few magnificent yew-trees and spruce-firs. The conservatory is really beautiful; the plants having sufficient space, and being perfectly accessible. We took notice of a beautiful plant in flower, *Sparmannia Africana*. Those who, like myself, have the misfortune of being no botanists, may have experienced something of the reverential awe, awkwardness, and fear, with which a collection of exotics never fail to inspire me; the learned gardener going through their names unmercifully, and your ignorance painted all the while in your looks. Such is also a gallery of pictures for those who are not connoisseurs.

An old porter at the lodge insisted on our looking at the giant Guy of Warwick's great sword, eight feet long, and at the armour of his horse,—a giant also.

From Warwick we proceeded to Woodstock, 37 miles; a fine fruitful country—avenues of fine elms,—large oaks and ash cutting down for timber. I remarked in this part of England, for the first time, the walls of houses and inclosures made of hardened earth; a mode of building very common in the environs of Lyons in France, and called *pisay*. These walls, plastered or rough-cast, last as long as brick. We saw here a company of gypsies, encamped under some ragged canvas stretched on poles. This race, formerly spread all over Europe under the name of Bohemians, is now quite extinct in France, and nearly so in England.

March 22.—Blenheim. This monument of the military glory of Marlborough is close to Woodstock. The entrance to the park is a triumphal-arch, and the *coup-d'oeil*, as soon as you have passed it, is certainly very fine. On the other side of a lake, and sufficiently above it, you see a

long range of colonnades, towers, cupolas, and fine trees, with a magnificent stone bridge thrown across a narrow part of the lake, leading to a stupendous column, 150 feet high, bearing a colossal statue of John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough.

We were first conducted to a small house on the left, containing a humble appendage to the glory of the Marlboroughs, viz. a cabinet or gallery of old china; and were made to undergo the sight of a whole series of dishes and teapots, from the earliest infancy of the art, in modern Europe, among the Romans, and in China: the specimens are, as may be supposed, mostly very coarse, rude, and ugly. Of all *connoisseurship's* this is perhaps the most childish. The guardian of these treasures is, very properly, a female. Whether she perceived our unworthiness, I do not know, but there seemed to be a sort of tacit agreement between us to dispatch the business as quickly as possible. Having paid our fees, we drove on, among very fine trees, and, passing between the palace and the water, had a full view of its front. I had heard much of its magnificence, and of its heaviness; but I saw nothing of either. The pediment of the main body is too high and narrow; the colonnade of the wings is interrupted by awkward projections. Multitudes of low towers, pointed pinnacles, and other ornaments *hérissent* the top of the edifice, which seems to want simplicity and grandeur,—some extensive surface or large parts for the eye to rest upon. The main body on this side extends about 350 feet from wing to wing..

Crossing the bridge, we admired the finely indented and woody banks of the piece of water,

which is very clear, and appears to cover about 200 acres. We drove to the column already mentioned, then across a plain, with meagre plantations, and herds of lazy over-tame deer, round the western extremity of the lake. We had been overtaken by a gardener, who came after us *au grand galop*, mounted on an ass, to direct our admiration to particular spots (all tame enough), and get his 2s. 6d. On the limits of his jurisdiction, the park, he delivered us over to another cicerone, an old servant, who descanted on the architecture, and, among other things, made us take notice of a colossal bust of Louis XIV. taken at Tournay, and placed here over the pediment, with this inscription,—

Europæ hæc vindex genio decora alta Britanno,

and below, the British lion clawing the Gallic cock to pieces;* adding, with a sigh, that things were much altered since that time. He committed us to the charge of another domestic, our fifth guide, (a great division of labour), who opened to us a small theatre, used formerly by the family and their friends. In an adjoining room are numbers of original Titians, very large, without frames, and but lately put up, after lying for near a century in a garret, being a present of the King of Sardinia to the great Marlborough, who was no virtuoso. These Titians appeared to me very bad pictures; incorrect drawing,—no shades,—and vulgar expression. A sixth man took us round the pleasure-

* This allegory of Vanbrugh has been called a pun in architecture.

grounds, and these were certainly well worth seeing; delightfully situated on a bank sloping to the lake, which appears from thence to most advantage, its terminations being lost behind various woody promontories. The outlet of the lake is an artificial fall (also in the pleasure-grounds), 18 feet high, over large rocks, brought there; the water, and plenty of it, breaking beautifully over them;—too well;—in fact it is too good to be *true*. A slight iron bridge thrown across the stream in front of the fall shews it to most advantage. We noticed two Portugal laurels of prodigious dimensions, their branches touching the ground all round, cover each of them a surface of 100 feet in circumference. Brown laid out these grounds about fifty years ago, and succeeded perfectly as to the water; a dam, 20 feet high, thrown across the narrowest part of a deep and irregular valley, with a considerable stream of water, has converted it into a lake. It is now impossible to tell how much of the beauty of the banks is the work of art, it is hid so well. I undersood here that Brown peeled off the surface of the valley before he laid it under water; this is, I have no doubt, the cause of its remarkable purity, and confirms the opinion I had already formed of the advantages of such a process. The improver has not succeeded so well in his plantations. There are very fine trees east of the house, but they were there before Blenheim had a name, and belonged to the old park of Woodstock, which was a royal residence of great antiquity. On this spot the great Alfred translated Boetius de Consolatione Philosophiæ. Henry I. and Henry II. resided here; and a spring of water is shewn bearing still the name of the fair Rosa-

mond, mistress of the latter prince in the twelfth century.*

The seventh guide was a coxcomb of an upper servant, who hurried us through the house. The entrance-hall is very fine. The apartments exhibit Gobelin tapestry, in very bad taste, as usual; a multitude of indifferent pictures, and some good ones. I recollect an excellent Vandyck, *Time clipping the wings of Love*, and a very indifferent portrait of some mistress of Charles II. by the same; a huge family picture, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in which the present duke is conspicuous for the beauty of his person; an excellent *Death of Seneca* by Lucca Jordano; but we had really no time to see them properly. Nothing can be more magnificent than the library. It is about 200 feet long, by 32 feet wide; the coved ceiling is richly worked and painted, and supported by a row of columns of the rarest marbles, each of a single block; the entablature and base also of marble. This library contains 20 or 25,000 volumes. We remarked a statue of Queen Anne by Rysbrack, the dress finished with extreme care. The fees of all our different guides amounted to nineteen shillings. The annual income of the Duke of Marlborough is estimated at L. 70,000. There are eighty house-servants; one hundred out of doors, of whom thirty are for the pleasure-

* "M. le Marquis n'a pas besoin de sçavoir la geographie, les postillons sçauront bien le conduire dans ses terres," said Voltaire; in England you need not know more than Monsieur le Marquis about the geography and history of the places you visit, the little guide-book you find at every place is quite sufficient; and the Blenheim Guide furnished me with all the learning displayed on this occasion.

grounds. Blenheim was built at the public expence, Parliament having voted for that purpose, in 1705, L. 500,000, a sum equal to about two millions now; that is, twenty times as much as was voted for Lord Nelson. Heroism is come to a fallen market.

From Blenheim to Oxford, eight miles. The first sight of this great university, the antique seat of science, renowned for the splendour of its public edifices, did not answer our expectations. It looked old, dusty, and worm-eaten,—the streets silent and deserted,—a few students walking lazily, dressed in black gowns and black caps, overshaded with a singular sort of ornament, a thin board, about a foot square, covered with black, and with tassels designating the rank of the scholars. We sent immediately for our ready friend, the little book or guide of the place, which, for two shillings, furnished us a competent allowance of science. Oxford, says the little book, was consecrated to the muses before the Roman conquest. That is certainly going far back; and I should not have supposed that the native Britons knew anything about the muses before Cæsar taught them. However that may be, we find that Alfred founded a college here in 872, suppressed afterwards by William the Conqueror; yet we find, that, under Henry III. (13th century), only 200 years after the Conqueror, this university contained 30,000 students; and, after the civil wars of that reign, still 15,000. I do not know what sort of students these might be; such, probably, as filled the monasteries in barbarous and turbulent times; the idle and the timid,—seeking an asylum against labour and dangers. At present Oxford does not reckon more than 2000 or 3000 students; and that is a great

many. Our little book describes at full length all the public edifices, colleges, libraries, &c. but we shall judge to-morrow by our own eyes.

March 23.—Sir C. P., for whom we had a letter, was absent, but Mr W., master of arts, and librarian of Christ-Church, was so good as to take us under his protection. I shall endeavour to give some account of what we heard and saw.

The principal library is called Bodleian, from the name of one of its founders, who devoted fifteen years of his life (from 1597 to 1612,) in collecting over all Europe a great number of valuable works. He was, however, not the first; Humphrey Duke of Glocester had began the building and the collection of books as early as the year 1440. This edifice, in the shape of the letter H, is considered as a model of Gothic architecture, and contains a greater number of books than any library in Europe, that of the Vatican excepted. We saw here a portrait of Charles XII. of Sweden, very like the cast I drew at Cambridge; also a picture of the death of Wolfe, so like in almost every respect to the celebrated picture of Mr West, that I had no doubt of its being a copy, notwithstanding some slight differences, such as the absence of the Indian chief; but we were told that this had been painted by Penny one year before Mr West produced his own picture, and that the latter had seen Mr Penny's picture before he composed his. This is an anecdote probably repeated to most of those who visit the Bodleian library, and which it seems incumbent on Mr West to explain, or contradict.

Dr Ratcliffe's library is a more modern establishment, bearing likewise the name of its founder, and a model of the Grecian, as the other is of the

Gothic style. It is a rotunda, of 80 feet diameter inside, about as much in height, and covered with a dome; the interior, decorated with Corinthian columns, is, altogether one of the most beautiful objects I ever saw. This edifice was finished in 1749, and cost L. 40,000. The founder appropriated, besides an annual sum of L. 150 for a librarian, L. 100 for the purchase of books, and L. 100 for repairs. The collection of books is by no means numerous, and it is not probably very rich in rare and valuable manuscripts, but very possibly contains more readable books in proportion than the Bodleian. This most munificent founder was a physician. The public is indebted to him besides for an hospital we have not seen, and for a very fine observatory. He has also appropriated an income of L. 600 a-year to defray the expences of young physicians sent successively to travel in foreign countries.

The theatre is an edifice appropriated to certain public acts and showy celebrations; its plan is very much what I had conceived as the best for a theatre, that is to say a semicircle; in this one, however, the respective order of the spectators and actors is reversed; the chancellor, doctors, &c. &c. in their proper dresses, being arranged on the circular side, while the lookers-on occupy the chord of the arc, which is about 80 feet. This room contained last year, at the installation of the new Chancellor of the University, 4000 persons. The roof over it is curiously constructed, being composed of short pieces of timber bearing against each other, on the principle of an arch, like the covering of the *Halle au Blé* at Paris, although on a very reduced scale, the latter being 200 feet in diameter

instead of 80. The semicircular shape does not look very well on the outside.

It is impossible to give any idea of the beauties of detail of all the Gothic carving lavished so profusely everywhere. A certain hall or chapel, however, struck us particularly, by the exquisite finish of its internal ornaments. I do not recollect its name, but understood it to have been used for those scholastic disputations of former times, which

> Were held much learning to display,
> When learning in her cradle lay.

The chapel of New College, which has the dimensions of a cathedral, is equally remarkable for the wonders of the chisel lately brought to light, having remained covered over during some centuries, by a thick coat of mortar. It contains also some beautiful modern basso-relievos by Westmacott, and the finest painted windows we have seen yet, without excepting those of the Lichfield cathedral. They were painted by Jarvis, only 27 years ago, from the designs of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The figures are large, and correctly drawn, the expression perfect, and colouring very bright and strong, without gaudiness, and in perfect harmony. Some of the windows are old, and very good also. There is an excellent picture in the chapel of All Souls college,—Christ appearing to Mary Magdalen, by Mengs. The mild and tranquil majesty of Christ, the expression of doubt and grief, of pleasure and surprise in Mary, are admirable, and give a very high idea of that artist's talents;—this is the first picture I ever saw of his. The windows of this chapel are not painted, but the glass only roughened, and the light they admit finely tempered.

We saw, in some one of the colleges, a fine

marble statue of Blackstone, by Bacon. At Christ-Church, one of Locke by Roubiliac; not equal to the statue of Newton by the same artist, at Cambridge. Locke had been expelled from Oxford in his youth! Christ-Church, the largest I believe, and the most magnificent of all the colleges, is mostly in the Gothic style. Some idea may be formed of its extent, in hearing that one of its four courts is upwards of 260 feet every way. It contains a very fine library 140 feet long, and an anatomical theatre; the chapel is in fact the cathedral of the diocese, very old, and Gothic of course. I observed a row of Saxon pillars, the capitals of which are all different from each other.

Most of the colleges have large gardens or planted walks belonging to them. One of those walks, on the banks of the Isis, which is here a very moderate river, is composed of elms ten or twelve feet in circumference.

I shall close here this very imperfect, and yet very long description, by mentioning an admirable picture in Magdalen college, by Guido, of Christ bearing his cross, taken at Vigo, and brought to England by the Duke of Ormond. This busy day has proved to us what I do not think is very apparent at first sight, the architectural splendour of Oxford:

"Majestic in the mass of time."

Of its system of education I know very little. A great historian, who had spent here some years of his youth, has spoken of it very unfavourably. It was in his time little else than a monkish community, sunk in ease and indolence, and the facts di closed, in the course of a sharp controversy lately carried on between a champion of the uni-

versity, and a certain illustrious literary association, tends, upon the whole, to confirm Gibbon's charges. This splendid university seems to have slumbered on since the revival of letters, ignorant or unmindful of the discoveries of modern times. It remained Aristotelian and scholastic for centuries after the rest of the world, and when it ceased to teach exploded doctrines, it taught nothing at all in their stead.

It appears, however, that important changes and improvements have been introduced within a few years, and the obstacles of antiquated forms and practices once removed, the establishment may work its own perfect regeneration. The ancient universities of Europe, founded in the times of the universal dominion of the church of Rome, have preserved, even in Protestant countries, that languor and that pride which the long possession of undisturbed power is apt to generate; which, at the same time that it clings to prerogative, knows not how to maintain real ascendancy. Considering the manifest state of imperfection of establishments, and methods of education in general,—and that of all professions, that of tutor is, perhaps, the most difficult, and the most negligently attended to, it is a matter of surprise that so many people should, after all, be well educated. But it will be found that, in general, they recommenced their education anew after it was finished, naturally, and without any formed design. The grain of corn which the unfriendly frosts of the winter have thrown out of the ground where it had been sown, strives to regain, in the spring, the situation it has lost, and its elevated root taking a short turn, dives back again into its genial element in search of food;—but there has been a loss of time and

substance, and the young plant does not always attain afterwards the full growth and maturity to which its natural constitution had destined it.

March 24.—From Henley, where we slept, we walked this morning to Park place (Marshal Conway's) which Walpole's letters had given us a wish to see, and we were surprised at the very great beauty of the situation and improvements. You see a very high bank over the Thames, interrupted by a deep valley, at right angles with it and the river;—the sides well wooded, and a fine ascending lawn, terminated at the upper end by a ruin, half hidden in trees, and by a bridge of large rough stones at the lower. We found, on the highest part of the grounds, a Druidical structure, like Stonehenge in miniature. The highest pillars not eight feet high, and the diameter of the circle not twenty feet. This trifling, and at the same time very heavy, curiosity, was sent from the island of Jersey to General Conway, as a present from the inhabitants to their *bien aimé gouverneur*, with a long address in French verse, very complimentary, of course; and in fact it was a flattering proof of the good-will of the people, to whom this could not fail to be a costly present. The house has nothing remarkable; the trees are very fine, and nothing can be more cheerful and *riant*, and noble at the same time, than the view, and the path along the bank, and over the fine lawn of the valley. The Druidical monument seems to have been discovered the 25th August 1785. For some days past we are come to the chalk country,—no more coal-mines. At Henley, coals are 14s. a-chaldron dearer than in London, whence they come. We meet now with immense waggons, on enormous conical wheels, drawn by eight, or even

ten horses, and often a poney for the driver to ride :—that singular production, the nodules of flints, in heaps along the road, and stuck over the walls of houses and inclosures. The inns are finer than in the north, but not better, and wax-candles are forced upon travellers, whether they choose or not this piece of luxury, for which 2s. 6d. a-night is added to the bill. Gentlemen's houses and good farms more numerous than ever, if possible.

The first approach of Windsor, on a height, is very great and striking. It looks like a castle of Mr Scott's own building, and that is saying enough in its praise. Terraces and towers on high, with banners floating in the wind, sketch their outlines on the sky, while the blast of warlike music comes at intervals on the ear. The Thames, which is here large and navigable, flows at the feet of this royal residence; and the park covers its banks and the surrounding country. This fine *ensemble* loses, however, on a near view. You find a small town filled with the *valetaile* of the court; a crowded and uncomfortable inn, where none of your wants are supplied, except a guide, which came readily on our first call, and with him we proceeded up the hill to the castle. Being informed the King was walking, we went that way. His majesty was on the terrace, but the public was not allowed to approach, with a gentleman (General Manners), holding him under the arm. He was dressed in a plain blue coat,—his hat flapped over his eyes,—stooped a little,—looked thin, and walked fast; talking continually, and with an appearance of earnestness. We could at times distinguish his voice at twenty yards distance;—this does not look like recovery.

The park is fine, I believe, but we saw very

little of it. The apartments have nothing very remarkable in them. A great number of pictures. I shall mention very few of them. A bad portrait of Lady Digby, by Vandyke, which is an uncommon case. Two bad figures by Guido, a thing by no means so uncommon; they are female academies, colossal, ill-drawn, and without shadows. A good Judith by the same. Another very fine Judith, by Carlo Dolce, carrying the head of her Holophernes; the heroine is young and pretty, she looks quite soft and gentle, and seems to avert her looks from the sad trophy in her hands. There is a row of Charles II.'s beauties, still more deserving their reputation than those of James II. we have seen elsewhere.

March 25.—London. Here we are once more, after an absence of nine months. This second first sight made much the same impression as the first. London does not strike with admiration; it is regular, clean, convenient, (I am speaking of the best part) but the site is flat; the plan monotonous; the predominant colour of objects dingy and poor. It is altogether without great faults and without great beauties. Suppose yourself in one of the best streets, it extends *à perte de vue* before you, in an undeviating strait line; the side walks wide and smooth; every door with its stone steps, its iron railing, and its lamp; one house differing from its neighbour in no one thing but the number on the door and the name of the occupant. Turn the next corner and you have another street as long, as wide, and as strait, and so on from street to street. At night you have eternal rows of lamps, making the straitness of the streets still more conspicuous and tiresome. This palpable immensity has something in it very heavy and stu-

nifying. The best houses in Edinburgh are very inferior certainly to those of the same rank in London, yet the difference of the materials, a bright crystallized stone, instead of dingy bricks, gives them a look of superior consequence and cheerfulness; the variety of views also, and the proximity to the country, without the fag-end of suburbs, are invaluable advantages. There is no doubt, in London a greater choice of society, the best probably, and the pleasantest; but it is, in general, out of the reach of a stranger, and of no sort of consequence to him.

April 4.—We returned yesterday from Richmond, where we had spent a few days. The spring, which appeared so early, lingers on, and seems at a stand. An easterly wind, dry, acrid, and cold, suspends vegetation. The horse chesnuts are only just out, unfolding their rich gummy bunches of cottony leaves and green pyramids of blossoms in the bud. The hawthorn, larches, and weeping willows just shooting;—neither the latter nor the Lombardy poplar grow nearly so fine as in America.

The walk from Richmond to Twickenham by the meadows, along the Thames, is pleasant; but the retrospect of the hill is very inferior indeed to the view from it. After all we have seen in the course of this long tour, this latter view appears to us as beautiful as ever; quite perfect of the kind.

Our friend Mrs D. had the goodness to accompany us to Chiswick, the favourite residence of the Duke of Devonshire, half way between London and Richmond, and consecrated by the death of Mr Fox. This miniature of a palace was built after a design of Palladio, to which, however, wings have been added. A short avenue of very

fine cedars of Lebanon leads to it; one of the trunks, not larger than the rest, measured full twelve feet in circumference;—they are only about 80 years old. Three rooms in the centre, lighted by sky-lights, are filled, as almost all the other rooms, with an excellent collection of pictures, as if to make amends for the shocking daubs hanging about the walls of Chatsworth. One of the first things which attracted my attention, was, the livid countenance and piercing eagle-eye of one of the Popes, by Carlo Maratti, who, I am well aware, does not rate very high among the great masters; two most excellent candle-light pieces by Scalkin, or some such name, which I never heard before; a very good Guido, (one feels safe in praising Guido) representing two figures painting and drawing; a large landscape by Salvator Rosa, better than usual; two or three excellent Rembrandts; several Vandykes, none good, and one positively bad,—a very uncommon thing; a crude, green, heavy, and bad Gaspar Poussin; a warm rich landscape by Both; a shocking Albano, with a raw blue landscape, and a clumsy naked figure of a woman, and cupids innumerable, under size, and certainly without grace; another Albano, two large naked figures half length, Joseph and Lady Potiphar, or something of the sort,—certainly a very indifferent picture; the foot of the cross by Bassano, very fine; another fine Bassano, the good Samaritan; two children, by Leonardo da Vinci, not so good as usual; an Andrea del Sarto, with soft outlines, and vigorous light and shade; Velasquez, Pope Alexander IX. in a rugged vigorous style; a Carlo Maratti, copied from Guido, preciously finished with a pale bluish and cold colouring; a long Venetian procession, by Paul

Veronese, very poor; a curious picture of the year 1470, in the manner of Leonardo da Vinci, although very bad, and in the same state of high preservation, by John of Bruges. There were many other pictures worth mentioning, but our cicerone, the house-keeper, was a stately old dame, very cross and surly, and we were unwilling to make her repeat the names of the painters when they were not remembered. The furniture and arrangement of everything about the house is in the best taste. There are fifty acres of park, with 300 deer, and thirty acres of garden, all on a dead flat. By digging the bed of a piece of water, and throwing up the ground into a long narrow ridge, perhaps 15 or 20 feet high, an effect has been produced much superior to what might have been expected from the paltriness of the means. This is quite a *mountain*, from which the view plunges into the deep shades of the valley and lake on one side, and on the other is *lost in the blue distance*. The trees here are majestic, the lawn smooth and green; and these two things constitute at once a terrestrial paradise. We found in the garden many cedars of Lebanon, of the age and size of those of the avenue. Their dark boughs sweep the lawn. There are some few marble statues, antique, I believe, about the garden; but the deep shades, and moist northern climate, do not agree with an exposure to the weather; and the marble is covered with mossy stains. The figures are colossal, and have fine draperies, but are noseless, and otherwise mutilated. Two good lions, modern, and likewise over-grown with moss. The rose-garden has, I think the gardener said, 120 varieties of roses. The piece of water is miserably muddy and stagnant, yet the lawn and plantations about it, the

swans and foreign birds swimming gracefully on its surface, make it a very pretty object. There is a very handsome stone-arch thrown over it. Altogether, this is a beautiful place, without any advantage of situation.

April 7.—We went to Westminster Abbey this morning, and found it, with all its merits, inferior to York-Minster, both inside and out. The painted windows are not good; and although I should not wish to white-wash the walls, yet I think them too dark and sooty. The chanting was very fine, and the organ accompaniment simple and beautiful. Of all human inventions to elevate the mind, and excite enthusiasm, I know of none so powerful as church-music. The place adds undoubtedly to its effect. Whatever sentiments of elevation and piety the music might have produced, were soon unfortunately brought down to the ordinary worldly level by the sermon it was our fortune to hear. The preacher was a purple-faced short-necked man, forcing his hollow, vulgar, insincere voice through a fat narrow passage. He told us, or rather read out of a paper in his hand, that it was wrong to wish to die, yet not right to be afraid neither; and that St Paul taught us to keep a happy medium. Among many words he pronounced in a peculiar manner, I recollect ack*now*ledge and in*no*cence, like *no* in *no*ble, which is not unusual, I think, on the stage; per*fa*dy instead of perfidy; sun-*sine* instead of sun-*shine*.

April 18.—Mr West's new picture at the British Institution is all the fashion at present; everybody goes to see it, and it is considered as his *chef-d'œuvre* after his Regulus. The society has bought the picture for L. 3000. The subject is Christ healing the sick. They, (the sick) form

he prominent part of the picture, and certainly they are what they ought to be, very sick. But that is an effect easily produced; and is only an exact likeness of a few wretched objects unconnected and passive. Christ is coming forth, his hands extended towards them all, doing good like Providence, not like a common mortal, without emotion and without effort. This may, at least be fancied to have been, the intention of the artist. Our Saviour seemed to me, however, to have only the countenance of a very handsome Jew, with a clear skin, trim beard, and rather more genteel than their tribe usually are, yet not divine at all. The extended hands are delicate;—fingers tapering to an affectation, and finically graceful;—the colouring is bluish and cold, and the outlines of all the objects as sharp and distinct as cut tin. The only figure which struck me as fine, is that of a young man who has just laid down his dying father at the feet of Christ, and, with one knee on the ground, out-stretched hands, and earnest looks, seems to pray with perfect faith. The Christ of Michael Angelo, at Mr Angerstein's, with all its defects, is far otherwise divine than this;* and, without disparagement to Mr West's reputation, I think he might have improved his colouring by the study of Rembrandt, Vandyke, or Murillo.

April 21.—Hamlet was acted yesterday at Covent-Garden, and Kemble, the reigning prince of the English stage, filled the principal part. He

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* The Christ of Mr Trumbull, in his pictu.e of the Woman Taken in Adultery, which I have just seen on the easel, (10th September) appears to me to approach much nearer than Mr West's to that peculiar character of ineffable goodness and sublime meekness which belongs to our Saviour alone.

understands his art thoroughly, but wants spirit and nature. His manner is precise and artificial; his voice monotonous and wooden; his features are too large, even for the stage. Munden in the part of Polonius, and Fawcett in the grave-digger, played charmingly. It is enough to mention the grave-diggers, to awaken in France the cry of rude and barbarous taste; and, were I to say how the part is acted, it might be still worse. After beginning their labour, and breaking ground for a grave, a conversation begins between the two grave-diggers. The chief one takes off his coat, folds it carefully, and puts it by in a safe corner; then, taking up his pick-axe, spits in his hand,—gives a stroke or two,—talks,—stops,—strips off his waistcoat, still talking,—folds it with great deliberation and nicety, and puts it with the coat,—then an under-waistcoat, still talking,—another and another. I counted seven or eight, each folded and unfolded very leisurely, in a manner always different, and with gestures faithfully copied from nature. The British public enjoys this scene excessively, and the pantomimic variations a good actor knows how to introduce in it, are sure to be vehemently applauded. The French admit of no such relaxation in the *dignité tragique.*

> L'étroite bienseance y veut être gardée;

and Boileau did not even allow Moliere to have won the prize of comedy, because he had

> Quitté pour le bouffon l'agréable et le fin
> Et sans honte a Térence allié Tabarin;

much less would he or his school have approved of an alliance between tragedy and farce.

Yet it may well be questioned whether the interest is best kept up by an uninterrupted display of elevation. For my part, I am inclined to think that the repose afforded by a comic episode renovates the powers of attention and of feeling, and prepares for new tragical emotions more effectually than an attempt to protract these emotions during the whole representation could have done. It is by no means usual for the different actors of the same scene, in real life, to be all equally affected. The followers of a hero do not feel as magnanimous as himself, and are even apt to laugh among themselves at his vices or his virtues. The hero himself is not always a hero, and does not speak invariably in the same tone. Indeed I do not know that it is unnatural for the same person to laugh and cry, within the same half hour, at the very same thing, or at least various views of the same thing; nor that this inconsistency of the human mind might not furnish stronger dramatic touches than the contrary quality. Poetical excitement cannot be maintained long at a time; you must take it up and lay it down like a flower, or soon cease to be sensible of the fragrance. If real illusion could ever take place in dramatic representation, it would certainly be produced rather by that diversity of tone and character which exists in nature, than by an artificial unity. But nobody does, in point of fact, forget for a moment, that what he sees is a fable, and, if he did, the effect of a tragedy would hardly be pleasure. We look on poetical terrors as we do from the brink of a precipice upon the yawning chasm below; it makes our head turn, and takes off our breath for very fear; but, leaning on the parapet-wall, we feel all safe. Looking on the verdure and mild beauties

around us, we enjoy the contrast; and, meeting the eye of our companion, exchange a smile.

Voltaire, D'Alembert, and many other foreign critics, agree in reproving this scene of the grave-diggers as horribly low, while they extol the soliloquy of Hamlet. Supposing, however, the sentiments of the prince had been put into the mouth of the peasant, and those of the peasant given to the prince, I question whether these critics would not still have taken part with the latter against the former. It is the spade and the jests which discredit the philosophy, yet there is a certain coarse but energetic fitness between the one and the other,—and the tone of buffoonery does not ill accord with the contempt of life, its vanities, and empty greatness. I have made a free translation of these two scenes, endeavouring to convey the ideas rather than the words, that my French readers may judge for themselves.

The tragedy of Hamlet is much more objectionable on other points,—being, in my opinion, one of the most ill conceived and inexplicable of Shakespeare's plays,—which are all of them little else than mere frames for his ideas, comic or philosophical, gloomy or playful, as they occurred, without much attention to time and place; expressed with a vigour, a richness, and originality, quite wonderful in the original, but nearly lost in any translation. We might apply to Shakespeare what has been said of our Montaigne: "que personne ne savoit moins que lui, ce qu'il alloit dire, ni mieux ce qu'il disoit." I have remarked before, that the style of Shakespeare is not old; and the inartificial texture of his plays appears the more strange on that account:—this style, just as it is, might be applied to the best conducted fable, and

most regular argument. Of the dramatic writers who followed him, some avoided his irregularities, but missed his style, or rather had not his depth, his strength and genius; while others, and there is a recent example, approached that style, and had some sparks of that genius, but adopted, in their zeal, the inconsistencies, the coarseness, and even the puns. You can excuse, in a Gothic cathedral of five or six hundred years standing, those monkish figures carved on the walls, lolling their tongues out, or pointing the finger of scorn at each other, in low derision, and others still more indecent, in favour of the wonderful art, which, in such an age of darkness and ignorance, durst conceive, and could execute the idea of building this religious grove, rearing its arched boughs, and lofty shades of hewn stones 150 feet above your head;—while the country-house of the wealthy citizen of London, mimicking that taste of architecture, excites a smile,—and if he should carry the imitation beyond the pointed arch, and painted windows, to the very indecencies I have mentioned, the ridicule would be complete.

The after-piece was Blue-Beard, which outdoes, in perversion of taste, all the other showy stupidities of the modern stage. A troop of horse (real horse) is actually introduced, or rather two troops, charging each other full speed,—the floor is covered with earth,—the horses are Astley's, and well drilled; they kick, and rear, and bite, and scramble up walls almost perpendicular, and when they can do no more, fall, and die as gracefully as any of their brethren, the English tragedians. All this might do very well at Astley's, but what a pity and a shame that horses should be the successors of Garrick, and bring fuller houses than Mrs Siddons!

April 28.—The English have had, for some weeks past, an overflowing of good news from their army in the peninsula. The house of the Portuguese ambassador, has been magnificently illuminated during several nights. These successes are very important in more respects than one,—they establish the reputation of the army, heretofore doubtful, and put an invasion of these islands out of the question. The Spanish cause is highly popular in this country,—it is a cause to which every generous feeling is associated,—and it has excited a great degree of enthusiasm. Yet, such is the influence of party-spirit, that the liberty-people of this country are quite disconcerted, and out of temper about these news. The Spaniards, they say, are fighting for the maintenance of the worst possible government, and none half so bad could be imposed upon them by the conqueror. We are shedding our best blood for an ungrateful people who detest us, and once freed from the French, whom they scarcely hate more, they will quarrel with us. The great and the rich there, it is said, fear the people nearly as much as they do the enemy, and that people is a wild beast thirsting for any foreign blood. This language of the opposition is not without some truth;—but if it were the Spaniards who had invaded their neighbours, instead of their neighbours invading them, I suspect that they would not reason so coolly on the subject; and, instead of considering whether the people of the north of the Pyrenees have a good or a bad government, they would decide at once that those of the south have no business with it.

April 30.—I have already given a literal translation of one of those lyric pieces which are introduced in many English farces, and are often sung between

the play and the farce. At Edinburgh we heard Bannister, and here Mathews, sing some of these select pieces with a great deal of true comic, and what is called here dry humour. Yesterday, particularly, Mathews delighted the public of the Lyceum in a new play, called the Bee-hive, played forty times running. The song of an inn-keeper, who enumerates the contents of his larder and kitchen, was *encored* again and again, with frantic applause. Other songs, however, which happened to be less in the popular taste, were received with coolness, and we heard some men behind us exclaim, among themselves, "Italian squalls!—What a shame, on a British theatre,—Just like the opera by G—!" Whenever I have expressed any surprise at the state of the English stage, I have been told that it was only the amusement of the vulgar, and that if I chose to partake of it, I must not complain. Admitting that people of fashion scarcely ever go to the theatre, yet the lowest of the people do not frequent it more then they do;—it is in fact filled by the middle class, neither the highest nor the lowest, and that is precisely the class where I should look for the true and legitimate national taste. Besides, if the theatres of Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane are for the vulgar, what other is there left for those who rank themselves above the vulgar? The opera,—in other words, there is no national theatre.

The bulk of those who compose the society of any country, and of this, certainly, full as much as any other, are persons of very moderate natural abilities, rather dull and stupid, or whose sense and liveliness are of that passive sort, which can receive amusement, but impart none;—they are capable of relishing a joke,—understand a

good thing,—have feelings even, and enthusiasm, when put into them, by a person skilled in the social art of conversation. It is a gift which few possess, in an eminent degree, although there are many pretenders who try, and think they succeed; and whether they do or not, they never fail to enjoy themselves a great share of the amusement they mean to bestow on others. I have observed that these amusing perons do not like the theatre, and for obvious reasons, since it deprives them of their advantages; but the interest of the amused lies another way. The actors of the theatre are professors of the art; those of society, amateurs only:—the actors of the stage know their part better, and it has been composed for them by abler men, and at leisure. You are there for your money,—may withdraw when you are tired,—are not obliged to answer or to appear attentive,—you are at liberty to hiss or to applaud. The general interest of society is clearly in favour of a good theatre.

One word more on talkers;—they pretend they do not like books, and go the length of saying that nobody reads now a-days. It is the language of those, even among them who write books, which serves to place the paradox in a stronger light, and marks the contradiction. Whatever they may say, nobody talks so well, or so agreeably, as a book, and they would allow it themselves, in regard to their own book. Where would you find so easy and discreet a friend and companion? You may interrupt the conversation when you please,—take a nap—renew it again where you left it,—go back to what interests you,—skip what does not,—and shut yourself up with that friend, sure of never hearing more of him than you like. This consciousness of safety is inestimable. To judge of

it, consider only with what avidity the printed letters of eminent persons are read, and reflect on the dread and consternation the sight of these same letters in the original manuscript would have produced;—just drawn from the pocket of the person to whom they were written, and about to be read to you in confidence! One of these readings is a task, from which you would anticipate constraint and ennui,—the other is your free act, which can be productive of pleasure only, and exposes you to no danger. The wolf does not even touch the lamb fallen with him in the same pit, which he would have devoured in the open field.

This nation is probably somewhat more thinking, grave, solid, and taciturn than their neighbours on the other side of the channel. Less, however, than is generally supposed,—for men of all countries are not extremely unlike. In the choice of their amusements, people choose naturally something very different from their habitual state, the tedium of which they intend to relieve; and this explains the English taste for buffoonery and broad humour. I have often observed that gay and lively people find no pleasure in tales of humour,—Cowper's John Gilpin for instance. I have not met with a person of the disposition above-mentioned, to whom its excellent pleasantry did not appear insipid or worse. On the other hand, these happy persons will generally be found to delight in the picture of sentimental distresses, which they never experienced,—their feelings turning always to the gratification of the mind or the senses; while, to the wounded in spirit, such fictions come too near the sad reality for pleasure. It is the probe searching a deep and inflamed wound, instead of the hand gently rubbing the scar

of a healed one to allay the itching of the new skin.

The same cause, national gravity and solidity, has a tendency to produce the affectation of thoughtless vivacity; and I have seen men of distinguished talents so praised and *fêtés* for their liveliness and *légéreté*, that I have been apt to suppose that if they did not affect, at least they encouraged this their natural disposition, and happy faculty of being different from other people. In France, on the contrary, how many solemn coxcombs I have known, who affected *d'être profonds, et de penser!*

May 1.—Having provided ourselves with a letter of introduction to Mr Lancaster, the celebrated inventor of the new plan of education bearing his name, we drove this morning to his school in the borough. We sent in our letter, which was open, and a young monitor coming out, informed us Mr L. was not at home, and we could not be admitted. We represented that we were strangers, and could not possibly come again; and at last, after consulting with other monitors, we were allowed to enter. We found ourselves under a spacious shed, lighted by a sky-light, about 30 or 35 feet wide, and 100 feet long. There was at one end of the extremities a platform, two or three feet above the general level; the rest of the room was paved, and benches arranged one behind the other, fronting the platform, the back of each bench having a shelf serving for a desk for the boy behind; a narrow passage led along the wall, all round the room. Seven or eight hundred boys, from six to twelve years old, filled these benches. They were all talking together and making a great noise. They seemed divided into classes or sections, distinguished by small flags; some of the classes

writing on sand, others on slates, that is to say had written, or might have written, for none were doing any thing but playing. Out of compliment to us, for the good of his scholars, or to show his authority, one of the monitors made a sign, and at the instant the eight hundred little heads bowed down, showing instead of a field of white faces, one of dark crops. We asked what the object of this evolution was, and were answered that it was *light and shade*,—but what for? Before we could receive a reply, another signal had been given, and all the styles or pencils were brandished in the air,—those who had none pointed their finger;—at another sign they all came down again. Several other evolutions took place of as little obvious use:—a great buz and talking all over the room, and the monitors vociferating. Two boys were lying under a sort of hamper or hen-coop, placed upon the platform; they are there, we were told, for *playing chicken*, that is to say for leaving their places, or playing during the lesson;—they did not seem to mind the punishment. Observing some young soldiers with the monitors, we were informed they were sent there to learn the method of the school (not to much purpose this morning); one of the princes, the Duke of Kent, I believe, having formed the laudable design of a school for the children of soldiers. Thirty or forty new scholars are admitted every week, and they stay two or three years. Such is the information we received from one of the monitors, who did not shew himself a good calculator, for there would be at that rate always a permanent number of 4500 scholars in the school, which is nearly six times what it can hold. There is a separate school for girls, less numerous, but we did not see it. It struck twelve,

—the monitor gave the order to clear the school,—the boys rose and filed off by benches, making as much noise, and as much dust with their feet as they could.

This is an account of what we saw faithfully reported. I regret it, for it lowers (not much however,) the very favourable opinion I had formed of the good order, the economy of time, the general application, and prodigious utility of a mode of teaching, by which a single master may direct 1000 scholars, better and more effectually than he could have done ten by any former method. It is obvious that this was not intended as a day to receive visits; but should not all days be equal, and might not there be here a little of this *charlatanerie*, for which certain critics, in the simplicity of their own hearts, did not know there existed any name in their language? Mr Lancaster was gone, we were told, somewhere to organize a new school,—his own, no doubt, might suffer in his absence. The building was undergoing some repairs when we were there, and the school was just breaking up, which circumstances may account for some of the apparent disorder. I have heard some of the best friends of Mr Lancaster say, that his prodigious success had a little turned his head,—better ones have not alway been proof against the trial. The merit of the invention, however, is of more importance than the merit of the inventor,—and the former is fully ascertained.

Mr Lancaster, like other heroes, owes something to chance,—to the evident struggle for power between the established church and the different sects of non-conformists, who have a common interest of jealousy. The established church enjoys all the worldly advantages; wealth, consideration,

and supremacy; its dignitaries throw generally their weight on the ministerial side,—no wonder they should be hated by their opponents! That spirit of inquiry, boldness, and originality of thinking, for which this country is distinguished, the liberty of the press, and a certain degree of seriousness which has been denominated gloom and melancholy, have long made it the hot-bed of religious sects, and of political factions. New apostles of the gospel rise up from time to time, who explain it different ways, and kindle at the fire of their own enthusiasm the imagination of their followers. The nature of the particular dogma is of little importance,—any thing very enthusiastic succeeds; and those who address themselves to the terrors of superstition, more certainly than those who inculcate a rational confidence, grounded on the attributes of the Supreme Being. The sect of the Methodists, who preach hell and damnation, and place faith before works, has made astonishing progress; while that of the Unitarians, who see in Christ little more than a wise man, extends very little. Enthusiasm, however, like other passions, subsides in time, and none of these sects have a very long duration. The presbyterians, the independents, and the quakers, do not increase, and perhaps diminish. Very probably these sects, even the most extravagant, are not an evil,—new converts being generally remarkable for the purity and simplicity of their morals. Sectaries, indeed, do not, in general, cultivate the fine arts nor the belles lettres;—you meet with little elegance or polish among them;—they are not men of taste; but they are generally honest and respectable, notwithstanding a slight tincture of pride and hypocrisy, mixed with Christian lowliness. The pastor among

them, holding his tenure upon the good pleasure of his congregation, must exert himself, and show some zeal; while the clergy of the established church being independent, have come at last, I am told, to fulfil their functions, merely as a professional duty, strictly perhaps, but coldly. Auricular confession, and all the practices of the Roman Catholic church, keep up an habitual intercourse between the clergy and the people. There is comparatively none in the English church, and the episcopal clergy are little else than an aristocratical body in the state. Returning from Scotland, where the clergy are particularly grave and decorous, we are the more struck with the smart appearance of the English clergy. I observed a few days ago, at the house of one of these reverend persons, a pair of sparring-gloves; and the sight put me in mind of Dr Moore's anecdote about the young man who thought he had a vocation for the church, "because he liked field sports so much." You meet in the best society a number of young clergymen, brought up in the expectancy of some good living, of which their families or friends have the presentation. Those young men have received an education which sets any talents they may have off to the best advantage,—they are idle enough to be *aimable*, and welcome everywhere, like our Abbés formerly. A well brushed suit of black, forms the essential of their establishment; nobody inquires where they lodge nor at what ordinary they eat their meal. We have in the upper part of the house where we lodge one of these young expectants of the good things of the church. From his garret he went the other day to Carleton-house to be presented,—he dines out every day,—

is of all the parties,—and comes home at two o'clock in the morning.

The church of England is exclusively that of the upper ranks, but the middle ranks and lower people are seceding from it by degrees. The clergy have taken the alarm, and with some reason, they saw with jealousy a new system of popular education, invented by a non-conformist, supported by all the different sects, and patronized by the royal family, and by most liberal-minded persons, on account of its extraordinary advantages, threatening *them* with a desertion *en masse* of the whole present generation. They first wrote against Mr Lancaster; his right to the invention was disputed; and it was proved that a method nearly similar to his own had been put in practice with great success, at Madras, by another person, Dr Bell, who published it on his return to England in a pamphlet, little attended to at the time, precisely one year before Mr Lancaster began. The latter does not seem to have known any thing of this publication, and has at any rate the merit of having first done in England what Dr Bell had done in India, and in a much more economical manner.

Mr Lancaster is a quaker, and will not teach any other religious opinions than those of his sect, but he does not refuse to organize neutral schools where religion is not touched upon at all. This neutrality is, however, looked upon as only apparent, and in fact as war in disguise. The only safe course remaining, is for the church to lay aside dignity, and indolence, and, imitating their adversaries, try who can do most good, for the sake of self-preservation at least. They have in consequence actually begun to establish their own schools on Dr Bell's plan. That organization of society is proba-

bly the happiest which, leaving thus to human passions their vivifying influence, only furnishes the means of controlling their excess, and contrives, in general, to guide, by yielding before all power of resistance is lost.

The opinion, that it is dangerous to instruct the people, has been maintained, and not without plausibility. Such shallow information as the multitude can possibly attain is only calculated to make them more discontented with their lot. The labourer has no inclination nor time for reading; and no books that he can understand, not even the Bible,—in the opinion of the clergy of the three-fourths of Christian Europe! The odium of this doctrine is chargeable to nature itself,—to the wants it has given us. No state of society, even the most perfect, can exempt more than a very small number of men from constant manual labour. The answer to this is, *first*, as to the danger, that if, as will always happen, some means of information remain within the reach of more individuals than there is room for in the upper ranks of society, or more than the labour of the rest of the people can maintain, that surplus of educated men is necessarily thrown back again into the labouring class: That, thus placed between a state of enjoyment, from which they are excluded, and a state of labour which they think beneath them, they are precisely in that desperate situation which renders men dangerous: That the less information there is among the generality of labourers, the easier it is for the small number of men of their class who have some information to mislead the others, as to their rights,—the supposed injustice of society towards them,—the means of redress,—and, finally, to make them the blind instruments of their own ambition. That such

has been, at all times, and in all countries, and particularly in France, the great cause of revolutions, is abundantly proved; when, on the contrary, all know how to read and write, it is no longer a distinction,—it confers no superiority and exclusive influence. One of the writers in the Edinburgh Review asked energetically, Whether it was supposed the disciples of Lancaster or of Bell would no longer feel hunger and thirst, or cease to dread the gallows? Will they not have the same incentive to labour, and motives for obedience to the laws, as their forefathers had, who did not know their letters? Is it not evident, on the contrary, that they will sooner discern that industry, sobriety, and good order, are the safest means to secure the comforts of life? The question, moreover, is no longer, whether it is desirable the people should be instructed, but whether they should be instructed partially,—all, or a few; and whatever doubts might remain as to the first proposition, there cannot be any as to the last. *Second*, As to utility to the common people, I own it does not clearly appear how the labouring class are to avail themselves to any purpose of their knowledge of reading, both for want of time and want of books. The latter want alone admits of a remedy; and even that does not, unless persons as public-spirited, and as able, as Miss H. More and Miss Edgeworth, would condescend to write expressly for the common people; an undertaking of more difficulty than is readily imagined, and for which no adequate reward of fame can be expected. Moral essays may easily be above the capacity and practical use of lower life; yet the intention of accommodating them expressly to the ignorant and the low must not be made apparent. A story must be simple, but not

silly,—told in earnest, and not with the air of a lesson to inferior readers, which they would feel as an insult to their understanding. Whether the lower people are ever to read or not, it is a great point gained, that the years of their infancy should be employed in some sort of exercise of the mind; a laudable ambition be excited; habits of order and discipline acquired; and lessons of morality and piety early imparted. It is worthy of remark, that the lower people in Scotland are well-informed and orderly, *—the lower people of Ireland ignorant and seditious. There is an ambition in parents, to give a better education to their children than they have received themselves, more apparent here than perhaps anywhere else; the desire and the hope of ameliorating their situation are general; and such is the proper sense every individual entertains of his rank as a man, that there is not one so low as to suffer the treatment he would have borne in former times. The usual language of masters to servants, and superiors to inferiors, is infinitely more guarded and considerate than it used to be; blows and abusive epithets are only known in old novels and on the stage,—the pictures of obsolete manners. The poor are become less ignorant, and less abject; and that they are not less industrious, is sufficiently apparent from the progress which agriculture, manufactures, and

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* The people of Scotland were in the seventeenth century in a more savage state than even the worst of the Irish of the present day. A contemporary writer (1698,) stated, that there were 200,000 people begging from door to door, living together promiscuously, and guilty of all sorts of crimes. A system of parochial education established shortly afterward, made of one of the most barbarous countries in Europe one of the most orderly. *Quarterly Review, No. XVI. page* 331.

all the useful arts have made. We may therefore conclude it is not necessary to the well-being of society that the people should be ignorant. Poor they will always necessarily be,—for poverty is a comparative state. If all were rich all would be poor, for nothing would either be done or enjoyed. The only palliative to poverty is industry and frugality, and the only specific is not to multiply too fast.

To return to the Lancasterian school,—not such as we have seen it at Mr Lancaster's, but as we know it to exist all over England. A certain number of children, perhaps 1000, is divided into classes of about 20, the lowest learning their letters, the highest arithmetic. The scholars who distinguish themselves most, become monitors of their respective classes, and repeat to them the instructions of the master. Prizes are distributed,—slight punishments inflicted,—and the well-organized mass moves forward with unity and vigour. The improvement of the scholars has been unusually rapid; and thus employed during two or three years, pleasantly to themselves, and free from bad habits, they are found to have gained as much by the harm avoided as by the good actually obtained. Finally, the whole of this education costs about fifteen shillings sterling a head. * It is asserted, that of 4000 children brought up in Mr Lancaster's own school (the very one we visited,) from its origin, belonging to the lower class of people, in a suburb of London, not one individual has, up to this period, been found guilty of any crime, or even

* I must refer the reader for ample details to two excellent articles on the subject in the Edinburgh Reviews of October 1807 and November 1810.

brought before a court of justice. On our return from this school we passed by another, a free-school, established under the walls of the prison of the Borough, for the very judicious and benevolent purpose of providing for the education of detained debtors' children.

The breweries of London may justly be ranked among its greatest curiosities, and the establishment of Messrs Barclay and Company is one of the most considerable: A steam-engine of the power of 30 horses, does the greatest part of the work; for although there are nearly 200 men employed, and a great number of horses, these are mostly for the out-door-work; the interior appears quite solitary. Large rakes with chains moved by an invisible power, stir to the very bottom the immense mass of malt in boilers 12 feet deep; elevators which nobody touches, carry up to the summit of the building 2500 bushels of malt a day, thence distributed through wooden channels to the different places where the process is carried on. Casks of truly gigantic sizes are ready to receive the liquors. One of them contains 3000 barrels. Now, at eight barrels to a ton, this is equal to a ship of 375 tons. By the side of this are other enormous vessels, the smallest of which, containing about 800 barrels, are worth, when full, L. 3000 Sterling each. This fleet of ships is hung up upon a frame of timbers so as to walk freely under them, and render all parts accessible, the whole under a common roof. The stock of liquor is estimated at L. 300,000, the barrels alone in which it is carried about the consumers cost L. 80,000; and the whole capital is not less than half a million sterling. 250,000 barrels of beer are sold annually, which would load a fleet of 150 merchantmen of the bur-

den of 200 tons each. The building is incombustible; walls of brick and floors of iron. Messrs Barclay and Company are the successors of Thrale, whose name is associated to the immortality of Johnson; and the words of the philosopher occurred naturally to us at sight of the very objects by which they had been suggested: "This is not merely an assemblage of vats and boilers," he exclaimed, "but the potentiality of becoming rich beyond the dreams of avarice." More than 100 horses are employed in carrying the beer to the consumers. We saw a number of them in a long range of stables. These colossusses are fed with a mixture of clover, hay, straw, and oats, chopped together very fine, so as to enable horses ever so old to feed without difficulty. They are often sixteen hours in harness out of the twenty-four. There was not one sick. They looked prodigiously square and heavy; more so, I should think, than is best for use. We took notice that the steam-engine did not make the least noise—not more than a clock; you might have heard a pin drop all over the building.

This establishment pays annually to the excise the prodigious sum of L. 400,000. The principal branch of the revenue of the United States is the duty on importations of rum, brandy, gin, and other spirituous liquors, from the West Indies and Europe, yielding annually, if I remember right, two millions of dollars. Here we find an individual establishment for the use of a mere suburb, (for there are twelve other principal breweries in London, besides a number of lesser ones) yielding to the government a revenue about equal to the principal branch (about the sixth part) of the revenue of a nation!

Notwithstanding the great increase of the excise duty, the rise of wages, and of the raw materials, estimated at 120 per cent. in a given time, (I have forgotten the number of years, which, however, makes no difference) the price of beer has advanced only 50 per cent. Such is the advantage of well-understood division of labour, the improvements in machinery, and particularly the introduction of the steam-engine. The saving of money resulting from this is the least national advantage, or rather is the index of an important saving in men, which gives to England a disposable force so much greater than its nominal population seems capable of affording. This economy of men in the useful arts accounts likewise for the extraordinary number of footmen all over England. I am told there are always 50,000 men-servants out of place in London;—this is not among the best results of the steam-engine. There are in other countries as many servants kept in some houses; but the number of families who keep one or more men-servants is far greater here than in any other country.

On our return from the Borough, we were shewn, at the corner of a street near Blackfriar's Bridge, a very smart shop, ornamented with silks and shawls, and other finery, the shop of Mr Waithman, whose patriotic speeches at city meetings make such a conspicuous figure in the papers. This tribune of the people, who measures calicoes by the yard to the ladies, possesses considerable weight among the reformers of the city. He speaks energetically, and with that degree of earnestness which commands belief, and, exaggeration apart, reasons very well. In other countries, the exercise of these qualities shakes or overturns em-

pires; here, the impression is short-lived; the violence of a demagogue evaporates in words, and his exaggerated opinions work their way very slowly and temperately into the public mind.

The annual exhibition of pictures at Somerset-House, just open, seems still poorer than last year. West's famous picture of the death of Nelson is there. You see, on the deck of his ship, a crowd of busy men, in the middle of whom the hero is stretched at full length, too nearly dead for any expression, and his friends around him, very little more animated than himself. The colouring is harsh, and, at the same time, without strength; a sort of dull brick-dust hue pervades the whole. The artist seems to have aimed at getting as many heads into his canvas as it could hold, every one a portrait, I dare say. This taste for portraits in historical pictures, peculiar, I believe, to England, is not without an excuse; it creates certainly a new and powerful interest; and, provided composition and expression are not sacrificed to it, I think individual likeness is a merit. The English cast of countenance, too, is rather less at variance with heroic expression, than that of most other modern races of men, being distinguished by an oval outline, and often regular features, with a certain calmness and dignified composure, which suits historical subjects, and may be carried to the canvas with very little alteration. This calmness extends to the composition of English pictures, and forms a great contrast with the show and bustle of the French school, called here *flutter*. Voltaire marked the opposition of national temper and manners in the following lines:

> Vous connoissez l'impatiente ardeur
> De nos François, ces fous sont pleins d'honneur,
> Ainsi qu'au bal ils vont tous aux batailles.

Then, speaking of an Englishman,

> Son maintien sec, sa froide indifférence,
> Donnoient du prix à son courage altier.
> Sans dire un mot ce sourcilleux guerrier
> Examinoit comme on se bat en France,
> Et l'on eut dit à son air d'importance
> Qu'il étoit la pour se desennuyer.

The ancients do not make actors of their heroes; ours are always represented in a picture, as on the stage, with an exaggerated impression; and, to their natural *impatiente ardeur*, the French artist thinks he must add artificial demonstrations of dramatic feelings beyond nature. A great revolution has taken place in the manner of the French school within a few years; the austere simplicity of the antique is now exclusively the fashion, (I judge entirely from the *Annales du Musée)* and, as it appears to me, is affectedly caricatured. Their figures well set, accurately poized, and inveterately Grecian, give you the idea of statues and basso relievos; and, in order to make their contempt of the trivial merit of variety more apparent, the French artists arrange, with unmerciful simplicity, leg behind leg, and nose behind nose, in endless profiles, like a file of soldiers, and every head is cast on the antique mould of the modern Alexander. This antique mania prevails here likewise; but, as the native taste is not so far removed from it as the French was, British artists have less to assume, and are simple, with more simplicity. As to Mr West's picture of Lord Nelson, it is more remarkable for a total absence of expression, than for calmness and simplicity;—all in it is coldness and bustle. The dead body of a hero is too like that of another man, to characterize his death:—

you want his last look and his last words, and wish to see their immediate effect on those who witnessed them, and to whom they were addressed. Wolfe's death is much more heroical.

Under this picture was placed a small one of Wilkie, the first we have seen of this celebrated artist; an old man, with a woman's cap and cloak, playing with a child, who is half-afraid, half-diverted with the disguise. The colouring is rich and vigorous. The exhibition was full of portraits, the great staple of this market;—a few very good ones by Lawrence, Philips, Raeburn, Owen; a very indifferent one of Sir Francis Burdett and Magna Charta by Northcote. We remarked a glowing landscape by G. Nasmyth; several by female artists of considerable merit, Miss Reinagle, Mrs White, Miss Rhodes. A singular bird's-eye view in India by Daniell, true to nature, and beautiful in itself, but scarcely fit for a picture. A Demoniac by Dawes, very stout and furious. Two or three light-headed compositions by Fuseli, who seems to have an indigestion of genius. A good landscape by Wilson.* This Wilson, whose pictures sell now very high, was suffered to die in great poverty. Artists, like saints, are not canonized till a long while after their death. The exclusive taste for old pictures affords very little encouragement to living painters; and the English particularly seem unwilling to believe in native and contemporary talents, which is one of the reasons of their paucity.

The water-colour artists are proportionally much superior to those who paint in oil. There are two

* Understanding that the pictures of living artists only are admitted, I think this picture of Wilson's must have been a mistake.

exhibitions wholly appropriated to the former. Heaphy is admirable; his subjects are of the *memoire* kind described last year, in speaking of Cossé's picture; but his selections are not always equally good. He is a most fruitful artist. I counted seven or eight of his productions at the Spring Garden exhibition, and all sold very high. Glover is a very good *paysagiste*, but his foliage is too spotty, and wants breadth. I like Reinagle better. The figures of men and animals he introduces are also much superior. His Furness Abbey is excellent. I observed some good things by Havell, by Nicholson, and by Payne; the interior of a library by Pugin, of a prodigious effect; some good sea-pieces by Pocock, although of a very cold colouring. The superiority of the water-colour branch of the art in England may be accounted for, by the influence of female amateurs, who encourage it in preference to oil-painting, being their own style. They use body colours and wash, and the effect is wonderfully vigorous, except the dark shades, which are poor and dusty. It is a *desideratum* in painting to find some *menstruum* having the advantages of oil, but not liable to be transformed into an absolute coal by age; and the matter is well worth the attention of chemists.

Knowing, from experience, the conditions of admittance to see Lord Stafford's collection of pictures, we procured the requisite introduction, and received not only the common ticket of admission, but a more general permission, liberally granted to artists. This is one of the finest collections in England; the best pictures are from the Orleans gallery. We remarked eight of Nic. Poussin, No. 68 to 75 of the catalogue, much superior to any we have seen of that artist, except the

one of the Plague of Athens, at Mr Hope's. The *Extreme Unction* is the best. The grief of the friends of the dying man is wonderfully well expressed. The *Eucharist* has some very fine figures, but they eat their God too heartily and irreverently;—the colouring is fine.

Nos. 9 and 10, two Raphaels. One is ranked among his *chefs-d'oeuvre*, the other is acknowledged to be not in his good manner;—the latter is the holy family, as hard as cut tin, and the figure of St Joseph positively very bad. As to the *chef d'oeuvre*, known by the name of the *Belle Vierge*, of which there are numerous copies, I am astonished, and truly mortified to find myself so totally blind to its merit. The infant Christ has the forms and the attitude of a plump little man, and the infant St John is likewise a miniature of a man, and not a child. The virgin herself is perfectly insipid,—the landscape through the window is shocking, as usual. This picture cost 4000 guineas.

No. 11. A descent from the cross, by Lud. Carracci. The mother of Christ fainting is quite wonderful.

A Vandyke (not numbered) the virgin and child, admirable. The virgin looks up with sublime piety, and the child is an infant God.

No. 7. Aonibal Carracci. A great colossal Danae, in bad taste.

No. 14. Giulio Romann. An infant Hercules, certainly bad.

No. 30. Guido. A very beautiful child asleep.

No. 31. Carlo Maratti. The Virgin learning to read;—fine expression, and rich colouring.

No. 49. Tintoretto. A fine portrait in Rembrandt's manner.

No. 50. Claude Loraine. A highly esteemed

landscape, which appeared to me very cold, and the trees singularly lumpish.

No. 94. Titian. Venus coming out of the sea; ill drawn, and the colouring of a dull white.

No. 255. Two fine Vernets.

No. The finest Berghem I ever saw. The colouring, a prevailing tint of olive green, seems glazed over with a rich warm haze. Several good Rembrandts and Vanderveldens, and the inside of a cottage excellent, by *Victor*, a name unknown to me.

When I speak unfavourably of French artists, I may depend on having those of England on my side; and against the latter, those of France would join readily,—for artists are very national, and do not, in general, spare each other. But, to fail in respect to Raphael, to Titian, and Guido, is indeed an offence, the heinousness of which is sure to meet with general and unqualified censure. I do not mean to defend my taste; but I cannot help suspecting that it is not so singular as might be supposed, and that many think as I do, without being so rash and imprudent as to confess it.

The windows of the Marquis of Stafford's house look over the green park, most delightfully fresh and luxuriant at this season of the year. A friend of mine, describing his house at Paris, in a letter I received here a few days ago, and the prospect from his terrace over the distant country, added, "Voilà une vue que vous chercheriéz vainement dans toute la ville de Londres." I could not help wishing my friend, who has never seen England, had been before these windows, to cure him of his prejudices.

English travellers, shut out of their accustomed track, have been obliged to shift their ground, and

the shores of the Mediterranean are come into fashion. There is not a classical nook unexplored by these restless wanderers:—they dispute with each other for the remains of Greece and Egypt,—purchase antique marbles for their weight in gold,—pack up and ship home a Grecian temple as other people would a set of china. We have just visited one of the learned cargoes, recently landed from Athens, no less than the spoils of the Parthenon, brought by Lord Elgin, late ambassador to the Porte. The first object which commanded our attention was a colossal head of a horse, full of life and fire, and superior to any antique horse I ever saw. This indeed, is not saying enough, for the antique model of a fine horse had more of the bull make in it than of the stag. The eyes of this head are, however, far too prominent. We saw next a headless colossal group of two women seated, and leaning upon each other,—the draperies very fine, and a noble simplicity in the attitudes. Mrs Siddons is said to have burst into tears in contemplating this group. She may have been so affected,—there is no knowing what idea might arise in her mind,—but certainly it was more what she thought than what she saw: Phidias,—the Parthemon,—so many centuries,—and those precious remains of the arts of Greece transported into regions which had hardly a name in the days of glory of Athens! Another female group, colossal likewise;—seated, leaning, without heads, yet very beautiful. Two single statues of men reclining, and colossal, much mutilated, but equal, I think, to any remains of antiquity we possess, and shewing a perfect knowledge of anatomy. All these statues were taken down from the pediment of the temple of Minerva at Athens, and are thought to

be the work of Phidias. They are finished in all their parts with infinite care, although placed against a wall, and one side, at least, entirely out of sight. This temple was nearly entire only 150 years ago, when the Turks, using it as a powder-magazine, it blew up; but the portico and the two ends of the pediment remained standing. Stuart has given a view of the temple as it had been, and as it was in his time, where the statues taken down by Lord Elgin are seen. There are, besides, many marble basso relievos taken down from the architrave, and many more casts of those which could not be removed, but none of them appeared to me very good. The Turks are in the habit of burning into lime such marbles as they can reach, and by degrees will destroy the whole. To impress these barbarians with a high opinion of their value, is the most effectual means of stopping the work of destruction; and a statue, a vase, or a column, bought and carried away, save many from the lime-kiln;—yet Lord Elgin is blamed as a despoiler. There are also some Egyptian specimens, such as a colossal beetle of green porphyry, and two or three barbarous heads of gigantic size. A great part of Lord Elgin's marbles was lost by a ship-wreck.

Mr Davy's lectures at the Royal Institution are still more crowded than they were last year, and the lecturer himself more than ever sought after by the great and the fair. It would be a matter of great regret if the allurements of science should at last prove inferior to those of fashion, and if future fame should be sacrificed to ephemeral successes. The elocution of this celebrated chemist is very different from the usual tone of men of science in England; his lectures are frequently figurative and

poetical; and he is occasionally carried away by the natural tendency of his subject, and of his genius, into the depths of moral philosophy and of religion. The peculiarities of great and original writers, or speakers, have often introduced a vicious affectation in the language of their numerous followers,—and English simplicity runs some such risk at the amphitheatre of the Royal Institution. The voice and manner of Mr Davy are rather gentle, than impressive and strong; he knows what nature has given him, and what it has withheld, and husbands his means accordingly. You may always foresee by a certain tuning or pitching of the organ of speech to a graver key, thrusting his chin into his neck, and even pulling out his cravat, when Mr Davy is going to be eloquent,—for he rarely yields to the inspiration till he is duly prepared. It is impossible to study nature, and penetrate into the secret of its proceedings, without discovering at every step such evidence of a plan, such fitness of things to a general purpose, and that purpose so benevolent, that conviction flashes at once on the mind of an omnipotent intelligence, and further hopes are inseparable from that conviction. If ordinary spectators experience an involuntary impulse of enthusiasm, what must be the feelings of him, who, penetrating the first into regions hitherto unknown, has raised a corner of the thick veil, and untied one of the last knots of the great tissue of wonders? I have heard the moral digressions of the illustrious naturalist, and his solemn appeals to the supreme wisdom severely criticised; but the greatest part of his audience hears them with delight and applause, and I think Mr Davy would disarm criticism, if he abandoned himself more naturally to his spontaneous feelings,

which are legitimately called forth by the occasion. I must say, however, that I think the satisfaction of Mr Davy's audience is sometimes expressed with more zeal than delicacy. Where clapping is allowed, hissing may follow.

May 7.—Although artists enjoy here very little personal consideration, and pride is a principal feature of the English manners, yet we find a copartnership actually existing between certain persons of fashion and a company of public singers. The Duches of D. Lady C. Lady K. and Lady S. B. allow a concert for money to be performed in each of their houses successively. In return for the trouble, refreshments, wear and tear of the house, lights, &c. &c. the ladies distribute a certain number of tickets on their respective nights, all given away I should hope;—but I would not answer for that,—for shabbiness and gentility are often found together. The last night was Lady S. B.'s night; constables and door-keepers received the tickets at the door, just like any other public concert. The crowd was prodigious,—few could reach the room where the singers were, (Bianchi, Bertinolti, Tramezzani, &c.)—but music was not what they came for; and the true enjoyment does not, in fact, begin till the concert is over. The going away is the thing, that is, seeing other people go away, not going away one's self. Therefore, although there is a general heaving and rolling of the well-dressed mob towards the door, the tide returns many a time, "loth to leave such scenes." Meanwhile, as carriages drive successively to the door, the names are vociferated, but vociferated in vain;—none will go first;—they drive away empty to take their turn again;—the footmen swear and scold, and speak rudely to the mob of masters;

—at last some of them depart,—but it is hours before the house is empty. The prime situation all that time is at the top of the stairs, whence you have a full view of all the heads,—four-fifths are women. Men have not the same keen relish for this sort of pleasure. The Bishop of B. and W. was distinguishable among them, and seemed to enjoy it all, calling aloud, "*well, well, only build churches.*" *

Those persons who have a box at the opera by the year, may fill it with whom they please; and they actually retail out their seats when they do not go themselves. There is a bookseller's shop in Bond Street, where tickets of private boxes are always to be had, sometimes below, and sometimes above the standing price, as it happens to be a good or a bad day. Saturday, for instance, is a fashionable day, and you are asked sometimes two guineas for a ticket, while, on a vulgar day, it is eight shillings only, (the established price is 10s. 6d.). On benefit nights every body pays; fashionable people do not go then, and their boxes are filled with plebeians. Luxury, to use an apt expression of the *essay on population*, seems to multiply in a geometrical ratio, while riches increase only in an arithmetical ratio, and the former treads incessantly on the heels of the latter. There is another sort of shabby saving sanctioned by fashion. It is not uncommon for fine people going out of town to let their houses furnished for the time of their absence. This profanation of the household gods furnishes a few guineas more to spend in vain ostentation the following season.

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* There is some subscription going forward for building a church in this part of the town.

Nobody thinks of writing to a friend without a frank, and letters are received with a perceivable expression of surprise, at least, when there is postage to pay. You may pay the postage of your own letters; and I had availed myself of the expedient, as infinitely preferable to that of begging a frank, but I found it was considered as a great impropriety.

The last time we were at the opera, we had *Cosi Fan tutti, or Soglia Degli Amanti*, a most stupid composition:—the music by Mozart, very excellent; the actors equally so, particularly Naldi. When listening to this delightful music, to which words have been tacked *bon gre mal grê*, the remark of Corinne recurred to me; "les musiciens (Italien) disposent des poetes; l'un déclare qu'il ne peut chanter s'il n'a dans son ariette le parole *felicità*, le tenor demande *la tomba*, et la troisème ne sauroit faire des roulades que sur le mot *catene*." Vestris, Deshayes, and his fat lady, danced *à ravir*, elevating repeatedly the proud limb, majestic and slow, to a perfect horizontal position, absolutely at right angles with the other leg, and describing a circle in the air with a stiffened foot, pointed successively to the whole circumference of admiring spectators; this lop-sided attitude is a *tour de force*, without grace or elegance, and particularly ludicrous when exhibited by a woman.

May 9.—There was yesterday a masked-ball at Lady W.'s where only part of the company were masked; little dancing; it was like most other parties, a mere collection of people, without apparent object, and, to judge by their looks, enjoying but little pleasure. The masks of Miss Burney (Madame d'Arblay,) are the only ones who know

how to act their parts. A real masquerade is everywhere a most dull and insipid amusement.

Astley's is an equestrian *spectacle.* I supposed that a thing of that sort would be particularly good in England, which is a sort of island of the Houyhnhnms. I found, however, that the horses were but indifferently trained, and the men performed only common feats; and, instead of equitation, we had dramatic pieces and Harlequin tricks,—battles and assaults,—Moors and Saracens. The horses performed as actors, just as at Covent Garden; they galloped over the pit, and mounted the boards of the stage covered with earth, storming walls and ramparts. The interval between the exhibitions being very long, a parcel of dirty boys *(amateurs),* in rags, performed awkward tricks of tumbling, raising a cloud of dust, and showing their nakedness to the applauding audience; the vociferations from the gallery were perfectly deafening, and the hoarse vulgar voice of the clown eagerly re-echoed by them. Looking round the room, meanwhile, I saw the boxes filled with decent people,—grave and demure citizens, with their wives and children, who seemed to take pleasure in all this. It is really impossible not to form an unfavourable opinion of the taste of the English public, when we find them in general so excessively low and vulgar in the choice of their amusements.

May 11.—Wishing to see the lions of Westminster Abbey, we went there this morning. It was near the end of the service; there was only *one* person in the church,—a woman. After the service, a sexton collected the curious, who had come on the same errand as ourselves, and led us the accustomed round, enumerating the various monuments in his way, ancient and modern, in marble, in

wood, in brass,—most of them very bad indeed. The one of Sir Isaac Newton, by Rysbrack, is fine. Some genii under his reclining statue are employed in suspending the different planets, at stated distances, upon the long arm of a lever, forming an equilibrium, with the sun at the end of the short arm. Addison, by Westmacott, is a good statue, the attitude rather affected. There are two good figures in front of the Duke of Argyll's monument. Gay's, by Rysbrack, is only remarkable by the two following lines engraved on the marble.

> Life is a jest, and all things shew it,
> I thought so once, but now I know it.

However contemptible worldly cares and pursuits might appear to the poet, life itself could not well be deemed a mere jest by him, since he found it to lead to a place, whence he looked down with so much contempt upon the world he had just left! To affect levity on such a subject, if not absolutely criminal, is at least in very bad taste; and, like other affected sentiments, tend to establish their opposites. I should therefore suppose the poet to have been a very worldly man himself, and, moreover, exceedingly afraid of dying.

Two old coffins are shewn in a corner, on the pavement of the church. They contain the remains of Ambassadors, one Spanish and the other Sardinian, seized for debts, and left there unburied for the benefit of their creditors. A singular custom and privilege; half-solemn, half-ridiculous.

We were also shewn the two chairs of state in which the kings and queens of England sit at their coronation; one of them contains a stone brought from Scotland by Edward I. The curious, in whose company we were, indulged themselves in

merry speculations on the ceremonies at the next coronation.

There is an odd collection of antique personages of illustrious fame or royal rank, of their natural size, in wood and wax, and covered with tawdry and tattered garments, as shabby as possible; the whole quite barbarous. At last, however, the door of one of the presses being opened, shewed us Lord Nelson, his size and make and habitual attitude well imitated, dressed in the clothes he had worn, to the very shoes and buckles on them, and a perfect likeness. We had just been reading his life by Clarke and Macarthur, and this figure of the hero was so like life,—so much more so than sculpture or painting could make it, that it struck us deeply. There was in that little body, so worn out and mutilated,—in the shrunk, furrowed countenance and melancholy aspect,— something wonderfully impressive.

In an obscure part of the church, on a stone of the pavement, the letters C. J. F. are seen rudely engraved, and not far off W. P.; no other monument to PITT and FOX!—They lie under these stones. Near them we perceived the name of Parr, who died at the age of 152 years, literally of old age; the arterial system having been destroyed by ossification.

In the crowd of illustrious names we distinguished Pascal Paoli, the Corsican patriot, who died here only three years ago, at the advanced age of eighty-two. His bust in marble is there; a bald head,—large and regular features,—marked countenance,—and good expression.

Sir Francis Burdett had made us miss the Tower last year, and, proverbially vulgar as it is to see the Tower and its lions, we set off to go there

early this morning, being a journey of full six miles, through the whole length of the town. The Tower is an irregular assemblage of buildings of various sorts, surrounded by a wall and large moat full of water, in a circumference of about 1200 feet, forming an area of three or four acres. The principal tower, which gives its name to all the rest, was built by William the Conqueror, as a place of safety in case of insurrection. Its site being rather elevated, it overlooks the town and river. Since that time state criminals have been put there. When condemned to death they were executed on Tower-Hill, and buried in the chapel, but without their heads, which were reserved to sweeten the air of Temple-Bar. If ever the tradition of this was lost, and ages hence the place should be dug up, people would be surprised to find so many skeletons without heads, and there would be speculations innumerable on this curious fact. The last traitors who paid here the forfeit of unsuccessful rebellion were the Scotch lords who joined the Pretender in 1745.

The armoury is certainly a striking sight, from the admirable order of the arms; 100,000 muskets, each in sight, and come-atable, without touching the rest, with the least possible space lost; it is 345 feet long, and has been emptied six times in the course of this long war. The ground-floor contains chests of artillery-tools and implements, ready for use, and the contents written on each. The spoils of the Invincible Armada are preserved here. Banners and crucifixes, instruments of torture, and strings of beads, battle-axes, and poisoned daggers, &c. The axe which struck off the head of the beautiful Anna Boleyn, the mother of Elizabeth, in 1526, and afterwards that

of the Earl of Essex, the favourite of the same queen. One whole side of a gallery is occupied by a long line of warriors on horseback, armed cap-à-piè,—neither more nor less than the sovereigns of Great Britain, from William the Conqueror to George II., in their real armour. This chronological series of military accoutrements is not without some interest. The jewels of the crown or regalia are kept in a strong room by themselves: —we escaped them, and our last station was the menagerie, which is small, ill-contrived, and dirty. The animals look sick and melancholy. The most curious of them was a white tiger, lately brought from India by Sir Edward Pellew, and so tame, that the sailors used to pare his claws regularly during the voyage, and on his landing, he was led through some of the streets of London, or rather followed like a dog.

Returning from the Tower, we stopped at Guildhall. The entrance-hall is disfigured by the two huge barbarous figures, called Gog and Magog, and not much ornamented by a recent monument to the memory of Lord Nelson. How many monuments to this hero we have met in England, and not one in America to the memory of Washington! This one to Lord Nelson is composed of a great colossal figure of Neptune lying down; another great figure of a woman holding a small medallion of Nelson in her hand, "*and looking at it as at a bad penny*," somebody said; then a third female figure, her back turned, and writing on the wall, Nile, Copenhagen, Trafalgar,—like the artist who wrote under his picture, "*this is a cock*." It certainly would be difficult otherwise to understand the object of this monument. Lord Chatham has one in the same hall by Bacon, 1802, overloaded likewise

with thread-bare allegories, but you have at least here the figure of the illustrious man whose memory is intended to be honoured, which is certainly better than the *bad penny* of Nelson.

One of the city courts was open, and the recorder sitting, strikingly like Mr Fox in countenance, in person also, I believe, and voice. It was a paltry-looking court, better, however, than the high courts of Westminster Hall. Justice does not pique itself upon its exterior in this country.

May 16.—Mr Brand's motion for Parliamentary reform was to come before the House of Commons yesterday.—I went there very early (12 o'clock) with Mr S. We took our stand on the stairs, expecting a crowd. A postponement of the question being, however, soon after whispered about, many of the expectants went away, and at near four we got in without much difficulty. I had an order of admission from a Member of Parliament, but it was easy to perceive that a bank-token (a silver piece worth 5s. 6d.) was more welcome to the door-keeper. This payment is done openly, and you may change a bank-note at the door of the gallery of the House of Commons as you would at the door of the playhouse. There is in this an appearance of indelicacy certainly, but the object is to throw some difficulty in the way of mere idle curiosity, and check the concourse of the lower class. This payment of money answers the purpose nearly as well as the necessity of obtaining an order from a member. Mr B. did, as was expected, postpone his motion till next month. After some previous business, a short debate took place respecting public schools in Ireland. A dapper little man, with a very sharp nose and chin, spoke most, and in a confused man-

ner, from behind the treasury-bench,—he stated some curious facts about a shameful evasion on the part of the English clergy in Ireland, who, although bound to have schools in each parish, got off by paying 40s. a-year to some person, unable often to read himself, who pretended to keep a school. This disclosure seemed candid on the part of a supporter of the English hierarchy. Another little man, as thin as a shadow, and drawing one side of his body after him, as if paralytic, hurried across the floor with a tottering brisk step, and awkward bow, and said in substance, that schools in Ireland were most desirable, and should be organized by all means. These few words were extremely well spoken; with peculiar energy of feeling, and in a manner graceful and impressive. This was Mr Wilberforce. Nothing can surpass the meanness of his appearance, and he seems half blind. Next, another shadow (and well they may be shadows, who work all day in the cabinet, and wrangle all night, baited like bears at the stake) the chancellor of the Exchequer, very small features, and sallow complexion, his voice low, but distinct, and flowing smoothly on without hesitation, and without warmth,—the subject indeed required none (something about duties on foreign spirits.) Lord C., as thin as his colleague, and something taller, sat near him, but did not speak.

The bullion business came next,—a worn-out subject, upon which I did not expect anything new, nor, in fact, did I hear much new argument. I was, however, much pleased with the moderation and great good sense of what was said. Mr T. spoke most, in an easy, fluent manner, with a slight degree of irony, mixed with good humour. In his

opinion, the malady is over-issues; and he wanted the bank *to be made to regulate their issues on the same principles as before the restrictions on cash-payments.* Mr M. a bank-director, shewed, with clearness, in a speech of much matter of fact, that, the former *regulator* of their issues being removed, (the calls for gold) they had no certain rules left, and would be much obliged to the House for one; but that the injunction proposed would be of no practical use, and had, in fact, no meaning. Another bank-director, Mr B., spoke next, with great awkwardness, great hesitation, and tugging hard for words, but ably, and even with some humour. He said nearly the same things, only more disposed to allow the fact of some degree of over-issue. Mr H. who has written a very good pamphlet on the subject, went through the arguments of his book, on the over-issue side. He spoke at great length, and much in the drawling tone and manner of our yankee orators. A Scotch member put the honourable house in good humour, by a fanciful speech, in which he maintained that paper is as much better than gold, as it is lighter, and that they cannot have too much of it. I saw, with pleasure, Mr W. rise on this question; it was to say, that they who wanted to guard against over-issues were the true friends of a paper currency. This, and a few more things to the same purpose, were delivered in a manner which pleased me extremely.

Parliamentary oratory is a thing totally different from the style of public speaking in France, not at all haranguing or reciting, but rather like an argumentative and uninterrupted conversation. Eloquent appeals to the imagination or the passions, seem to arise spontaneously from

the subject, without being sought for,—a momentary burst, rather checked than encouraged. The speaker returns, as soon as possible, to a simple unimpassioned style, and to the business before the House, or rather never loses sight of it. Plain facts are the elements of his eloquence. He brings them together, places them in a strong light, and lets them speak for themselves. He aims at a vigorous and correct sketch:—not a laboured picture. Mr Whitbread made a sortie against the Scotch member. I was glad of an opportunity of hearing one of the most formidable champions of liberty in the British senate. He spoke of course against the excessive issue of paper-money, and in favour of specie payments, which are the dogma of the party. I found Mr W. much as I expected, a stout man, brisk, rather rough, with more force than taste. His irony borders on invective.

The house was very thin. I counted several times only 20, never more than 70 members;—the quorum is forty; but the deficiency is not noticed by the chair, unless a member points it out. The two clerks of the House, in black gowns and powdered wigs, sat at the table before the speaker. Full half the time of one of them was taken up in placing the mace upon the table when the speaker of the House took the chair, and under the table when he left it; the chairman of the committee then taking his seat at the table by the clerks. When he does this, first leaving his seat at the treasury-bench, he goes half way down to the door of the house, then, turning back, makes a bow to the chair, and, retracing his steps, reaches his *chairman's seat* at the table, close to his other seat, as member, which he had just left. Seen from the gallery, this looks much like a boy practising before the dancing-master. Members moving or go-

ing away, but not on coming in, make bows also, generally very awkward ones. A message was brought from the upper house by two personages in gowns and wigs. One of the clerks took the mace and went to receive them at the door, and brought them to the table, bowing; when, after delivering some papers, they retreated backwards the whole way, and bowing, clerk, mace, and all. It was a great relief to me to see them reach the door in safety, for I half-expected they would, by treading back upon their trains, tumble down upon the floor; but they went through their exercise like practised *figuranti* at the opera.

'About half after two in the morning, the gallery was cleared;—that is to say, the public ordered out, which we could not be very sorry for, after eleven hours of the same constrained attitude. We adjourned to the kitchen, a very clean and spacious one, much frequented by the honourable members. Small tables stood along the wall; a cloth was laid for us on one of them. Three successive beef-steaks were broiled under our eyes, over a clear strong fire, incessantly turned, and served hot and hot, tender, delicate, and juicy. This is a national dish, rarely good; but under this national roof it proved excellent. Duly restored by this and a bottle of port wine, we were about returning to the House, when we found it had adjourned, after negativing Mr T.'s recommendatory amendment to Mr Vansittart's resolutions. In fact, there will be nothing done about the resumption of cash payments by the Bank. All parties agree that it is impossible for the present. Gold in sufficient quantity cannot be had, or rather cannot be kept; it disappears as soon as it comes out of the mint, and must necessarily do so as long as there is a profit of 15 or 20 per cent.

in melting it. The party in opposition maintains that there is too much paper, and that it is *depreciated*;—the ministerial party, that gold is *dear* as merchandise. I shall give a short account of what has been said and written on that subject, which those to whom it is familiar, and still more those who feel no interest in it, will skip, of course, whether I advise them to do so or not.

When bank-paper is first issued in any country, and circulates freely and generally like gold or silver, the precious metals which were in circulation before are soon exported to foreign countries, for the purchase of foreign produce or manufactures, which are brought home, and may be considered as a gratuitous accession of property;—a dead capital having been exchanged for an active one. Paper is a cheap tool, and gold a dear one; but if every nation had banks, and a paper circulation instead of specie, the advantage would cease for all, for it is merely comparative. The substitution of paper for gold, of a promissory engagement for the thing itself, supposes the most implicit confidence,—it rests on the conviction resulting from long experience, that Government will respect private property, and that the state of public morals secures a faithful administration of the establishment. Public credit is, in every respect, like individual credit, and is productive of the same advantage, in all transactions in life, which the man who is trusted has over the one who is not. Gold is hidden under-ground in Turkey,—in France it is used as a *pledge* between man and man, and is the *necessary* medium of exchange. In England no such *pledge* is required,—the mere faith of a public institution proves sufficient.

Trade, or rather traders, are ever greedy of

capital, and inclined to draw from the bank more paper than the circulation requires. Their object is to speculate, that is to say, to purchase commodities, and the result must be, that there are more purchasers than things for sale; thence a competition, and a rise of prices. Under such circumstances the produce of other countries will quickly find its way to the one where it bears high prices. The gold alone, however, and not the merchandise of the *dear* country will be taken in payment;—bank-notes will be returned to the bank to be exchanged for gold to be exported. The bank, when exhausted of specie, must purchase bullion and have it coined to answer the demand, and must draw in its capital. Both paper and specie being thus diminished, and the sum in circulation reduced to its due proportion, while, on the contrary, the stock of commodities is increased, prices will fall, of course; some commodities may still remain above the rate of other countries, while others may descend below. This being the usual and natural state of things which occasions the transfers of commerce, balances will then be liquidated by the medium of bills of exchange, without any more exportations of specie.

The first symptom of an exportation of specie is an unfavourable exchange with foreign countries; and the bank knowing, from experience, that this state of the exchange is the forerunner of a call for specie, and that the remedy is a reduction of discounts, acts accordingly in its own defence. Thus a paper circulation is without any danger or inconvenience; it is evidently beneficial, and the abuse carries with it its remedy, provided that paper is exchangeable for specie at the will of the bearer,—and provided Government does not med-

dle with the management of the institution. It may, indeed, be a customer of the bank like any individual, with much mutual advantage, but even this sort of connection is liable to danger, and threatens the credit of the bank under an arbitrary government, or under a very popular one.

The immediate consequence to England of the general war kindled all over Europe, at the beginning of the French revolution, was, an increase of expenditure abroad, far beyond all former example. The only possible mode of providing the requisite funds in foreign countries was, a commensurate excess of exports over imports; but the circumstances of the times tended to reduce the one, while inveterate habits of luxury continued to encourage the other. Gold being the readiest mode of remittance, was, of course, exported, lawfully or not, and by Government itself, if not by individuals. The Bank, under such circumstances, would find its notes returning as soon as emitted, to be exchanged for specie, and might think itself reduced to the alternative of bankruptcy, if it did not immediately draw in its capital by a great and sudden retrenchment of discounts, or of occasioning a universal supension of payment if it did. Such was the crisis, hastened, probably, by an alarming insurrection in the fleet, and fears of an impending invasion, which determined Parliament, in 1797, to restrict or suspend the payment of specie by the Bank of England.*

* There was a sum of two millions sterling coined in 1797; three millions in 1798; and during the two preceding years less than a quarter of that sum. But in 1787 and 1788, a period of profound peace, greater sums passed through the mint than in these very years of extraordinary demand, 1797 and 1798. It

The possible consequences of this measure seemed at the time to appal Mr Pitt himself, who carried it; yet for ten years afterwards no real inconvenience was felt,—no difference between paper and specie. It is not more than three or four years since the depreciation complained of began at all.

There is something apparently inexplicable in this memorable event; for if the increasing demand for specie in 1797 was occasioned by the want of the means to provide for expences abroad, how have these expences been met during the thirteen succeeding years, with all their enormous increase? If a want of confidence produced the run on the Bank, how could the failure of payment, the very confirmation of all fears, restore confidence? The obvious answer to the first part of the dilemma is, that there was no real want of means, as the event has proved; since armies have continued to be maintained abroad, subsidies paid, &c. &c. The demand for specie arose from the circumstance of gold being the most convenient mode of remittance, but not from its being the only one. It seems, likewise, that the call for specie in 1797 was not occasioned by any doubt of the ultimate solvency of the Bank,—of its possessing property fully equal to the amount of its notes in circulation, but from an apprehension that gold could not be procured in sufficient quantity, and every one wished not to be the last. The intervention of Government stopped this general rout. The public saw that there would be neither first

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seems as if the crisis of the run was met very early by the restrictions on cash payments, before any absolute necessity could probably exist.

nor last; no inequality; no salvation, but in the salvation of all; and made a general stand. This perilous situation revived public-spirit; and, by universal consent, the paper of the Bank was held equal to specie. This energetic act alone would not have upheld the credit of the Bank for any length of time, without a general conviction of its ultimate solvency; which, in fact, was not questioned. No country exists, or probably ever existed, where such a stretch of power, as that of suspending by law the performance of private contracts, would not have destroyed at once all confidence; none, where the most serious alarm and jealousy would not have been excited by the singular fact, of a company of merchants being vested with the power of coining money with their simple sign-manual for its standard; and the extent of this coinage, so easy at once, and so profitable to themselves, without any other limitation but their own discretion and honest forbearance. It must be acknowledged, that this confidence does honour to all; to those who trust, and to those who are trusted; to the people, to the Bank, and to the Government. The act of Parliament of 1797, restricting the cash payments of the Bank, did not constitute its notes exactly a legal tender; but as the tender of bank-notes precludes an arrest of the person of the debtor till the period arrives when the Bank shall pay specie, there is in fact no very great difference. The measure was considered at first, by the minister, the Parliament, and the people, as a temporary expedient; and it was not until after a certain time, and no material inconvenience appearing to result from it, that its permanency ceased to excite any terror. Merchants, indeed, were easily reconciled to a state of

things, under which the Bank might oblige them by liberal discounts, without apprehension of a call for specie; and the directors yielded to the pleasure, almost a duty, of enriching the institution confided to their management; a duty which has been faithfully discharged, since the stock of the Bank is now nearly three times the price it was in 1797.

From the year 1797 to 1806 no material difference existed between specie and bank-notes; foreign exchanges were but little against England,—not more than the expence of transporting specie, which is estimated at 6 or 7 per cent.; and the price of bullion remained about L. 3, 17s. 10d. an ounce. In 1806-7, however, it rose to L. 4.; and, towards the end of 1808, continuing to rise, the Bank ceased to buy any more; it is now arrived at L. 4, 14s. There is a profit of 20 per cent. in melting guineas, and they have accordingly disappeared. A state of things so alarming determined the Parliament, last year, to appoint a committee of twenty-one members to examine into the cause, and the committee reported, that there was a real depreciation of bank-notes, occasioned by over-issues, the directors having fallen into the error of supposing that they may safely discount all the mercantile notes offered to them, provided the signatures are good, and the notes issued in consequence of real purchases and sales; and also that they may discount all those promissory-notes of the Government, called Exchequer-bills, which may be offered to them, without any limits; a doctrine of which the committee has shewn the fallacy. The directors of the Bank admit, that, prior to 1797, they did not discount all the paper which was offered to them, but were obliged to restrict their discounts whenever there was a demand for

gold; yet they do not perceive that this restriction had any salutary effect. The report of the committee advised fixing a period for the resumption of payments in specie,—say two years,—but the Parliament did not concur. Nothing was done,—and, according to appearances, nothing will be done. The administration dreads meddling with a copious spring, for fear of drying it up; the loans are filled, and that is the main point.

If it was possible to ascertain in all cases the origin and circumstances of a commercial note offered for discount, this knowledge would furnish the Bank with a perfectly safe rule, even in the absence of the natural check, of a call for gold. Every promissory-note, issued in consequence of a real purchase of some commodity, about to be consumed or exported, or remaining deposited, and at any rate not sold again till after the time of payment of the first sale, might be discounted, without any other limitation than the solvency of the parties. This is an anticipation of capital, made active, not created, and the very object of the institution of banks. But when the same commodity is resold ten or twenty times in the interval between the date and the payment of the first promissory-note, it is evident, that, if all the notes resulting from all these were discounted (and the rule acknowledged by the directors of the Bank extends to that), a fictitious capital, ten times, or twenty times greater than the thing it represents, would at once be thrown into circulation; and this must necessarily happen, more or less. As to exchequer-bills, the Bank may also throw a great deal too much capital into the market by discounting them indiscriminately; yet, immense as their sum total is, it is at least

known, and represents a productive stock, while the amount of commercial notes is indefinite; * and, whenever issued for resales of the same article, they represent in fact nothing at all. The fictitious capital thus created, and increasing continually, produces a gradual rise of price, and all purchases payable at distant periods are sure of affording profits; a system of gambling is encouraged, in which the first sellers and the last purchasers must necessarily be ruined.

The sum of notes of the Bank of England in circulation, compared to what it was in 1797, seems much less than might have been supposed under existing circumstances; considering, 1st, The mass of property accumulated in England during the last thirteen years; 2d, The increase of the national debt forming so much commercial property in the market; 3d, The lessening of value of the circulating medium all over Europe, by the gradual influx of gold and silver; 4th, The disappearance of the gold and silver in circulation in 1797, which must have been replaced by an equal sum in bank-notes. Sir William Petty estimated the specie in circulation 120 years ago, at six millions. Dr Price in 1773, at sixteen millions. This latter sum, added to the ten or eleven millions of bank-notes then in circulation, would alone give 26 or 27 millions for the sum total required for the circulation of the country at that period, and much

* The Bank of England holds generally fifteen or sixteen millions of Exchequer-bills, and three or four millions of commercial notes. By its constitution it cannot hold more than three millions of government securities. I do not understand how Exchequer-bills come not to be considered as government securities.

more now; whereas the circulation of the Bank of England is now only 21 millions. The fact is, that the sum of bank-notes issued, affords no criterion of the real circulation of the country. The checks drawn on banks are, to all intents and purposes, part of the circulating medium, as well as those transfers of balances among merchants and bankers, which have been so extended of late years. The sum of discounts affords better data by which to estimate the real circulation of the country. There are about fifty banking-houses in London. Clerks from each of them meet every evening at a particular place, where the checks they have received upon each other, in the course of the day, are exchanged, and payments to the amount of five or six millions are effected in an hour, without touching a guinea or a bank-note. The number of private banks all over the kingdom is not less than eight hundred; an accurate estimate of the grand total of paper they furnish to the circulation can hardly be formed. It is well known, however, that they are very industrious in extending it to the very utmost, and by every species of contrivance. These private banks contribute more than the Bank of England to the excess of circulation; but it is from the latter only that a remedy can be expected; for every time the Bank of England restricts its discounts, correspondent restrictions must follow in all the others which are bound to give Bank of England notes whenever required, in exchange for their own; this check operates upon them in the way the call for gold did formerly. The board of directors of the Bank of England have been elevated, since 1797, to the functions of statesmen; a most important branch of the Government is confided to their

care;—no less than that of regulating at pleasure the standard of the currency of the realm. They may, if they think fit, lower it to half its nominal value, or to no value at all, and cause all public and private debts to be discharged with a worthless piece of paper, at the risk of relaxing the bonds of society, and of materially impairing public morals. The nation has a right to expect from these directors more enlarged views and higher motives than the mère consideration of profit and loss.

The directors confess their ignorance of any safe rule by which they can regulate their issues, and call on parliament for one. Is the price of bullion to be that rule? No, says the ministerial party, gold, like any other commodity, is liable to be more or less in demand; it may be rare and dear, and bear a higher price than the par* in bank-notes; the contingences of an army in foreign countries cannot be discharged with bank-notes, nor grain imported without gold in time of scarcity, and when trade is abridged of its usual channels.

To this the party of the opposition answers (for all is party here, and truth itself is told sometimes without veracity), we do not admit that gold is scarce, and dear, or can ever be so for any continuance;—it preserves its level throughout the world. If it was scarce in England,—if, for instance an ounce of gold could buy in England what would sell for two ounces of gold in another

* 44½ guineas, weighing 12 ounces, are equal to L. 46, 14s. 6d., therefore one ounce of gold should sell for L. 3, 17s. 10½; and whenever more than that sum in bank-paper is required to pay for the ounce of gold, the paper is certainly not worth as much as it is meant to represent; it is under par.

country, gold would come so fast as quickly to raise prices to the par of the other country. You cannot maintain that foreign markets being shut against your commodities, gold cannot be procured, for there is plenty of bullion to be had in England, although not *at the par* price.

If gold alone was above par, above its usual price, it might be called dear, but when everything else bears an advanced price, we must conclude that it is the currency which is in fact cheap, by an excess of quantity. The universality of this advance of prices is indeed disputed. West India produce, for instance, is very low, as also cotton goods, and other articles of exportation. On the other hand, the commodities consumed in England are high; all the necessaries of life, and the wages of labour have risen higher in proportion, than the stated advance of about 20 per cent on gold. The price of gold alone does not appear to me to afford a much surer test to regulate the issues of bank-paper, than the price of cloth or of wheat;—that test is not to be found in the price of any single commodity, but in the average price of all commodities. Finally, I would venture to propose the prices-current once a month, as a rule for the sum of circulating medium required. In order to be understood, I shall first suppose that, in consequence of bad crops, the price of grain has doubled, and assuming that the value of the stock of grain is one fifth of the value of the stock of all other commodities, I would in that case diminish the issues * of

* By issues of paper I mean discounts, for a credit given to an individual produces an issue of checks, just as if the bank itself had issued notes.

paper one tenth, and *vice versa* in ease and plenty, and consequent low prices. * The less the quantity of exchangeable commodities is, the less the sum of currency, or medium of exchange, ought to be. Such a diminution precisely would have taken place, if, instead of paper, gold had been in circulation; for the high price of grain would have caused the gold to be exported to purchase supplies in foreign countries. In case of stagnation of trade, let us suppose the merchant's warehouse full of sugar and coffee, and the manufacturer overstocked with cloth and calico, I would then increase the issues in the twofold ratio of the depression of price of these articles, and the proportion they bear to the estimated value of the general stock of commodities. Such again would have been the natural course of things, as in the case of grain above stated, if the currency had been gold

* I may be told that, if an article is doubled in price, in consequence of its quantity at market being diminished one-half, it requires exactly the same sum of currency to represent it. Also, that by diminishing the sum of currency, the rise of prices resulting from scarcity would be prevented, importations discouraged, and the natural remedy to scarcity counteracted. A moment's reflection must however shew, that, as the withdrawing of a part of the currency would operate on the prices of all commodities equally, the relative dearness of the scarce article would not be altered, and the inducement to importations of that article remain the same, as also the inducement to reduce its consumption.

I am aware that it does not follow from an article doubling in price that its quantity at market is reduced one-half in quantity; and it is very probable that a deficiency of one quarter, one-eighth, or even less, in the crop of grain for instance, would prove sufficient to occasion a rise in the price of 100 per cent. Therefore, the doubling of price of wheat in the case assumed, might not require a reduction of one-tenth in the sum of currency in circulation, perhaps not more than one-twentieth, or even less. I only meant to indicate the general principle I had in view.

instead of paper. It is worthy of remark, that the British government had recourse to a temporary expedient, similar in principle to the permanent rule I propose, in several cases of great commercial distress; when loans of exchequer bills were made to merchants and manufacturers with the most salutary effect. The bullion committee itself recommended these extraordinary issues of exchequer-bills in such cases of commercial distress. There is only one step from the temporary expedient, to the permanent rule of the prices-current I propose.

I am far from imagining that the sum of paper in circulation, or its depreciation by over-issues, has any influence on foreign trade. Whether an ounce of gold is worth L. 3, 17s. 10d. in bank-paper, one half more, or one half less, exportations and importations of both gold and merchandise will not be interrupted in the least by that circumstance; and the notion that a dear country is undersold in foreign markets, must be an error. As long as a bale of cloth, exported to Portugal for instance, shall command there a cask of wine, it matters not what the nominal amount of the invoice and of the sales may be,—the name of the vessel in which these articles were transported could not be of less consequence. The bale of cloth in question cost formerly in England L. 50, —we will suppose the cask of wine bought in Portugal, out of the proceeds of its sale, used to sell in England for L. 70. Now, perhaps, the cloth costs L. 100, and the cask of wine sells for L. 140, therefore the operation yields 40 per cent in either case. If, instead of wine the merchant brings back gold, it will make no difference, for gold will have advanced in the same proportion

as wine. A bill of exchange, likewise, will bear a proportionate premium. This is supposing importations equal to exportations, and, in point of fact, they must be, and are always so. A permanent balance of trade in favour of any country, is impossible, or would be in reality a permanent loss. Commerce, said very justly an intelligent writer, is nothing but the interchange of reciprocal and equivalent benefits. *

As the preceding position respecting the balance of trade might appear paradoxical, I shall explain it as shortly as I can. The ultimate balance of trade is usually estimated in money, and its profits reckoned by that scale. Yet, as the accumulation of money never fails to raise prices, the annual returns in specie of a balance of trade *permanently favourable*, would become quite nugatory. Supposing the quantity of specie was doubled every year, the price of everything doubling likewise, no real advantage whatsoever would result from the imaginary profit; and the labour required to produce the surplus of commodities exported over those imported, forming this balance called favourable, would, in fact, be just so much labour lost.

It may indeed be urged, that this accumulation of money affords the means of commanding the labour of a proportionate number of men in foreign countries whenever you choose to send it there. But what is to be done with the produce of this foreign labour;—is it to be brought home in the shape of commodities, and consumed? I grant that something real would, in this case, have been obtained by the former favourable balance of trade,

* Huskisson on Depreciation, p. 69.

but then it would be only by ceasing to be a favourable balance. As permanent, it was a positive loss,—a loss of labour for which no real return was made.

This command of labour may be applied to the support of military establishments abroad, or subsidies to foreign princes, and contribute to the aggrandizement, or to the safety of the state; but the accumulation of money in the country, from a preceding favourable balance of trade, would go a very little way towards such an object. I do not suppose that in England, for instance, the accumulation of treasure would have been able to defray the expense of a single year of the last eighteen or twenty years war. The future favourable balance of trade may, indeed, be mortgaged by means of loans; but here again, I should think, lurks a fallacy. If the loans were filled by foreigners, the future balance of trade, or future surplus of exports over imports, might indeed be applied directly and effectually to the discharge of interest, and extinction of principal; but, if the lenders are English, and you distribute among them annually this money brought home in consequence of a favourable balance of trade, you give them a nominal value, representing less and less every year. If you import foreign commodities instead of money, and, with these or their proceeds, pay the public creditors, the operation will indeed have been productive of positive benefit; but, in as far only as it was a direct relinquishment of the *favourable* balance of trade, as defined above, and generally understood.

Unimportant as the state of the currency must be, as to external relations, the permanency of its standard is of the utmost consequence in all inter-

nal concerns. Gambling,—mistrust,—breach of faith,—individual distress, and ruin of those who live on small fixed incomes, are among the obvious consequences of the depreciation of the currency. People of capital dare not lend, nor the owners of land grant long leases, and industry is discouraged.

The rule of the prices-current appears to me to meet the difficulty at all points; yet it is an expedient liable to errors and mismanagement, while the exigibility of gold for paper, at the pleasure of the bearer, is an absolute specific against over-issues,—participating of the simplicity and certainty of the laws of nature, compared to the fallibility of those of man.

It has lately been made penal to pay or receive more than twenty-one shillings in paper for a guinea,—this is the French maximum over again! I cannot help thinking that if two prices were freely allowed, one for gold, the other for paper, the melting and exporting of guineas would immediately stop of itself, and such hoards of money would be brought to light, and thrown into the circulation, as might enable the bank to resume her cash payments in a very short time.*

Whether parliament will interfere or not in the bank's issues of paper, or restrict their discounts,

* A friend of mine, while on a visit to a gentleman in the country a few weeks since, went to a small shopkeeper in the neighbourhood, on purpose to try whether he had a hoard, and pretended to want a few guineas. The petty dealer inquired how many: twenty, he said. In a few minutes he brought the gold from a back-room, and in all probability might have produced more. These hoards are not, perhaps, the consequence of alarm, but of an idea (not wholly unfounded) that guineas are really worth more than twenty-one shillings.

the discussions called forth, both in and out of doors, have thrown such light on the subject, —awakened the attention of the public so thoroughly,—and put the bank so much on their guard, that there is every reason to hope that the progress of the depreciation will be checked in time.

May 16.—The loan for the present year is to be contracted for on Monday next. The business is managed as follows. Yesterday the chancellor of the Exchequer informed the parties intending to bid for the same, that the sum of 12 millions would be required;—that for every L. 100 lent, the Government would give L. 100 in 3 per cent. reduced, L. 20 in the 3 per cent. consols, and L. 20 in the 4 per cent. (all these are new stock, issued under old names; it would certainly be simpler to offer L. 100 of a stock, bearing 4 per cent. interest, or L. 146, 13s. 4d. at 3 per cent.) the bidders will have to signify how much more they require of a stock called long-annuities, and those who require the least will be entitled to the loan. The L. 100 in money to be paid at the following periods:

24th May, 1811,	L. 10	deposited at once.	
12th July,	10	22d Nov.	L. 10
16th August,	15	20th December,	10
20th September,	10	14th Jan. 1812.	10
16th October,	15	21st February,	10

The offer of the minister comes to this:

L. 100 } 20 }	3 per cent. producing annually L. 3, 12s. and worth, at the present market-price, (L. 64 sterling) - -	L. 76	16 0
20	4 per cent. producing annually 16s. and worth, at the present market-price (L. 80 sterling) - - -	16	0 0
L. 140		L. 92	16 0

Therefore the lenders are to receive for every L. 100 they pay, a stock which yields L. 4, 8s. interest, and would sell in the market for L. 92, 16s.; they must have therefore as much in *long annuities* as would sell for 7s. 4d. before they get the par of what they are to lend.

May 20.—The bidding took place at 6s. 11d.; —that is, the lowest offer was to take an annuity of 6s. 11d. besides the stock offered by the minister; and, as the long annuities sell at the rate of L. 18 for every 20s. annual interest, this bidding of 6s. 11d. is equal to L. 6, 4s. 6d. Finally, the lenders are to receive altogether,

Stock producing annually	L. 4	8	0	as explained above,
and	0	6	11	long annuities,
	L. 4	14	11	or very nearly 5 per

cent. and as that same stock

would sell in the market for	L. 92	16	0	as explained above,
and	6	4	6	long annuities,
	L. 99	0	6	

they will lose very near one per cent. equal to L. 117,000, on a capital of twelve millions, unless the price of stock rises, which they no doubt expect. Mr Perceval boasted in Parliament of having made a very good bargain; and it certainly does seem so.

The profit of these wholesale lenders to government was formerly very considerable, (8 or 9 per cent.;) but the method devised by Mr Pitt of disposing of the loan to the lowest bidder, has reduced the ordinary profit to one or two per cent. at least. The proposals of the bidders are delivered under seal, and are all opened at the same time.

The attention of the public has been occupied lately by various criminal prosecutions for libels; and it is observed that these sort of prosecutions have been uncommonly frequent the two or three last years. There is a sort of half-prosecution more particularly obnoxious. The attorney-general informs, *ex officio*, against the author or publisher of any writing deemed a libel against the government. The accused is obliged to give a heavy bail;—he is put to considerable expence and inconvenience;—has to retain counsel, and prepare his defence. Meanwhile, the attorney-general, by not bringing the trial to an issue, leaves the sword of the law hanging over the head of the culprit. If he went on with his prosecution, the judge, or at least the jury, might clear the prisoner; but, this sort of prospective punishment, depending merely on his will, answers his purpose completely, which is to silence troublesome writers. Of seventy libellers against whom informations were filed by the attorney-general, in three years, seventeen only have been prosecuted to judgment; and it is asserted that the thirty years preceding had not produced any more. Lord Holland, in the upper house, and Lord Folkestone, in the lower, introduced some motions, the object of which was, to restrict arbitrary proceedings, so contrary to the spirit and general practice of the criminal law of England,—but they were rejected.

The liberty of the press is the palladium of English liberty, and, at the same time, its curse;—a vivyfying and decomposing principle, incessantly at work in the body-politic. The censorship of the Romans was not half so efficacious as this modern one of the press; but its abuse is intolerable; and it is quite right that those who undertake the

office should be made responsible for their acts. Nothing can be more vague and variable than the laws, or rather the customs, restricting the publication of those defamatory writings called libels, and consequently nothing more defective in English legislation. The constitution, or at least the oldest charter and statutes, are silent respecting a thing hardly known in former times. And, when the invention of printing gave rise to frequent libels, the Roman law became naturally the first guide of the courts of justice respecting them. They might find there precedents of great severity; but, as proof of the imputations contained in the libel was admitted in justification among the Romans, it appears to have been so likewise among the English to the time of Elizabeth, and even under her successors. The arbitrary court, known by the name of the Star-chamber, established censors of the press, without whose permission nothing could be printed; and offenders were punished with the greatest rigour, and without a jury. These regulations continued till after the Revolution, which brought William III. to the throne; and the liberty of the press was established in England in 1694, by the simple expiration of the laws which repressed it. Since that time, it has had no other limits but those resulting from the gross abuse of this liberty. To define the abuse is, however, a nice and difficult undertaking; and there is on this subject an interminable controversy between the party attached to power and the party attached to liberty. In every criminal trial the jury decide not only on the act, but on the intention of the act, which alone constitutes criminality; for homicide itself may, according to circumstances, not be a crime; yet, in cases of libel, the judges,

in their zeal against an offence particularly obnoxious to power, availing themselves of a precedent furnished by the Star-Chamber, introduced a strange distinction:—They charged the jury to look to the simple fact of publication, without inquiring into any of the circumstances tending to ascertain the intention, reserving to themselves alone to judge of that, and, consequently of the criminality. The jury have not always submitted implicitly to the arbitrary dictates of the bench, and, in many instances, have acquitted the author of an injurious publication, justified by circumstances. At last, Parliament put an end to this scandalous conflict of power, by deciding, on a motion of Mr Fox, that the jury should proceed in cases of libels as in other criminal cases.

The individual accused of publishing a libel is not admitted, however, to plead the truth in his defence. The greater the truth the greater the libel, seems to be an axiom in law; and there are some very good reasons in support of it. The public has nothing to do with the weaknesses, the infirmities, or even the vices of private individuals, and those who suffer from them have their remedy in law. Great vices are sufficiently known, and inferior ones had better remain in obscurity; all men have their share of them, and the knowledge of those of others has a tendency to reconcile us with our own. Publicity degrades, but does not amend. Should the legal remedy against libellers be rendered more difficult to obtain, and the truth be allowed to be given in evidence, the party aggrieved, instead of seeking protection from the law, would protect himself by personal violence, and perhaps assassination. The first object of the laws is the safety of the individual; they are a sort of treaty

of peace between enemies, rather than a system of pure morality, and their test is public utility alone. Possibly the characters of public men, or candidates for places should be excepted, and a libel against them deemed no libel, if true,—provided the criminality was made the greater if the truth was not fully made out. The jury knows very well the state of the case as to people in conspicuous situations; and in reality the accused runs very little risk if he has spoken the truth with good motives, and may trust to the unanimity of twelve disinterested men.

The English constitution is pliable in its nature; it yields to circumstances, and has not always held the same language respecting libels as we have seen. Duels, which are another kind of extra-judicial process between individuals, were rigorously punished with death in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, because they were then too extravagantly common to be tolerated; in the nineteenth the law is suffered to sleep,—it is disregarded; and if the motives of the duel are such as public opinion sanctions, they are tacitly admitted likewise by the law; and a premeditated duel passes now for an accidental *rencontre*, or any thing but murder, because the cases are few, and are deemed a useful corrective of manners. Libels, on the contrary, are at their maximum; they form the main dependence of the public papers,—an important branch of the book trade; and there is scarcely a political pamphlet published which is not a downright libel. What is to be done in a crowd, where everybody throws stones? Shall we suffer the innocent to be bruised and knocked down because there are some who have deserved the pelting? And is it not better to stop all hands,

without distinction, or at least those who fling the largest stones, than to listen to the reasons they may allege for their proceedings, which, however good they may be, do not prevent the abuse.

The most enlightened lawyer and the greatest statesman of whom the United States have to boast, as well as the purest patriot after Washington, defined the liberty of the press, "The right of publishing the truth, with good motives, and to a useful end, whether it inculpates the government, the magistrates, or private individuals," &c. &c.* This right of insulting publicly private individuals, and subjecting them to this ordeal of the press, at the good-will and pleasure of any adventurer of the pen, appears to me extremely questionable in itself, and, at any rate, very likely to do more harm than good. Consulting Hume respecting the practice of old times as to libels, I happened to meet with the following very curious passage.† It is a conversation between two most illustrious personages; no less than Queen Elizabeth and Lord Bacon, told in the words of the latter. "The Queen was mightily incensed against Haywarde, on account of a book he dedicated to Lord Essex, being a story of the first years of King Henry IV., thinking it a seditious prelude, to put into the people's heads boldness and faction. She said, she had an opinion that there was treason in it, and asked me if I could not

* Hamilton had studied the law too late in life to be properly a learned lawyer; but he possessed eminently the spirit of the law, soon mastered by his comprehensive genius. His definition of the liberty of the press may be seen in Johnson's Reports, Vol. III. People *v.* Croswell.

† The Writer of this Journal would not have thought it necessary to extract these passages from Hume, if he had originally intended to offer his book to the English public.

find places in it that might be drawn into the case of treason. Whereto I answered, for treason sure I found none, but for felony very many. And when her Majesty hastily asked me, Wherein? I told her the author had committed very apparent thefts; for he had taken most of the sentences of Cornelius Tacitus, and translated them into English, and put them into his text. And another time, when the Queen could not be persuaded that it was his writing whose name was to it, but that it had some more mischievous author, and said, with great indignation, that she would have him racked to produce his author. I replied, 'Nay, Madam, he is a doctor, never rack his person, but rack his style; let him have pen, ink, and paper, and help of books, and be enjoined to continue the story where it breaketh off, and I will undertake, by collating the styles, to judge whether he was the author or not."

Hume was not an *esprit fort* in matters of government as in religion; his object here was to shew that the English constitution had no very ancient claim to liberty, and he must not be trusted implicitly on the subject. He observes further, that the English government of that period resembled much that of Turkey in our days. "The sovereign," he says, "possessed every power, but that of imposing taxes; and in both countries, this limitation, unsupported by other privileges, appears rather prejudicial to the people. In Turkey, it obliges the Sultan to permit the extortions of the bashaws and governors of provinces, from whom he afterwards squeezes presents, or takes forfeitures. In England, it engaged the Queen to erect monopolies, and to grant patents for exclusive trade; an invention so pernicious, that had she gone on, during a tract of years, at her own rate, England,

the seat of riches, and arts, and commerce, would have contained at present as little industry as Morocco, or the coast of Barbary."—The historian is, however, obliged to admit, that this very necessity of obtaining the consent of Parliament to raise subsidies, had been the means of *extorting* successively all the *privileges* which constitute the liberty of the people; and, notwithstanding the complaints of corruption and ministerial manœuvring in Parliament, the people share in all the victories of its representatives in Parliament; they cannot extort for themselves, without having first made themselves of consequence by extorting for the people, in the sense of Hume. And however paradoxical the position may appear, the corruption, or rather the selfish views of the representatives of the people, are in fact, taking mankind as they are in general, and with few exceptions, the best pledge of the faithful discharge of their duty.

I cannot take leave of this subject, barren as it must appear to those who do not interest themselves particularly in the curious mechanism of this singular government, without mentioning a late pamphlet, already quoted, on the influence of the Crown as connected with public expenditure and public patronage, and comparing the past and present times. The great anger of opposition writers against this book, induced me to read it, suspecting a work so disliked by the contrary party must have some merit. Mr Rose, a member of several successive administrations, is the author,—of course well acquainted with his subject; and although this is *ex parte* evidence, yet the zeal of his antagonists is to be trusted, and what they do not disprove, may be taken for granted. This author

shews, that Mr Pitt, the great corruptor, instead of disposing of the loans to his friends by private contracts, as had been the custom with his predecessors, put them up to the highest bidder, in the manner already stated, and the savings resulting from this change are estimated at half a million sterling a-year. Another improvement of Mr Pitt's brought the revenue of the crown-lands from L. 4000, in 1794, to L. 63,000, fifteen years after; and now probably L. 400,000,—there being, in 1794, eighty members of Parliament who held leases of these lands! Finally, Mr Rose presents to the public a grand total of two millions and a half of annual savings, resulting immediately from the great financier's measures.

He next shows that, by certain reforms in the civil list in 1782, nine members of the House of Peers lost places they held before; and 37 members in the House of Commons, including 15 contractors; and that there are at present 40 members of the House of Commons in possession of places during the pleasure of Government, while in 1739 there were 72, and in 1762, 96.

Notwithstanding the prodigious increase of the army and navy, he enumerates only 44 persons in the army, and 19 in the navy as members of Parliament, being about the same number as formerly.

The public revenue of 10 millions in 1783, employed 9068 persons; in 1808, 54 millions employed only 10,495 persons; these 1427 new clerks cost L. 880,000, which for 44 millions of additional revenue, makes the expence of collection less than two per cent.

Finally, "The whole revenue of Great Britain is more than 60 millions a year; the charge on

which, of L. 242,000 for pensions and sinecure employments at home and abroad, is between three farthings and one penny in the pound; by their extinction, therefore, a person who pays L. 50 a-year taxes would save only 4s. * Mr Rose finishes his pamphlet by an anecdote honourable to Mr Pitt. When in 1789, he was about retiring from the ministry, without fortune, and in debt, a number of gentlemen of the city resolved to raise a sum of L. 100,000 to be presented to him as a free gift, —the well earned reward of his meritorious exertions;—each subscriber engaging never to divulge the name of himself, or of any other person contributing. Mr Pitt refused this magnificent present; and his reply was, that if he should at any future period of his life return to office, he should never see † a gentleman from the city without its occurring to him that he might be one of his subscribers.

The oppositionists, admitting these savings in whole or in part, say that the annual expenditure of 70 millions a year, the fruit of a war wantonly provoked by Mr Pitt, creates at any rate an influence vastly greater than the former expenditure of 24 millions. It is almost all for salaries, securing a more extended and absolute dependence than any other expenditure could do. Admitting, likewise, that there are not a greater number of army and navy members in Parliament, they maintain

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* The very words of Mr Rose are here quoted, but I cannot help thinking there must be some mistake in this very small total.

† *See* must have been meant *on official business*, otherwise, instead of a sentiment of delicacy, it would been have one of mere pride.

that the immense war establishment enlists under the banners of government an infinitely greater number of individuals than it did formerly. They enumerate, besides, several new departments of police,—half-a-dozen special commissions,—new military and judiciary departments in India,—Prince of Wales islands, &c.—in short, such a mass of influence working innovations, as threatens to overwhelm Mr Rose and his pamphlet. Mr Cobbet and Mr Waithman, joining in the cry, tell us that one out of every five persons you meet in the streets, is in the pay of government, and this is of course a fine text for them to preach a thorough reformation. I am not, however, at all sure that this state of things would secure necessarily the influence of government; the greater the number of favoured individuals is, the more discontented those who are left out must be. Every friend gained, creates four enemies; and unless government, reversing the present system, should resolve on retaining in future four men out of every five, its influence must still be precarious; jealousy being a much stronger and more active stimulant than gratitude.

May 16.—The Hay-Market Theatre is precisely of the proper dimensions to hear and see. Elliston, who is an excellent actor, filled the principal part in an indifferent play, the subject of which is taken from the story of Cardenio in Don Quixote. There is, however, a very affecting scene in it, that in which the unfortunate madman meets the mistress he had lost, without knowing her. Some faint recollections seem excited by her presence, and awaken his attention;—he contemplates her long in uneasy silence;—remembrance, at last, and reason beam upon his disordered mind;—he rushes towards his

mistress and falls senseless at her feet. The shades of returning intelligence and sentiment,—the passage from stupid indifference to passionate feelings, have been represented with great skill. The hysterical laugh is a legitimate means of expressing what could not be expressed half so well otherwise; but that heart-rending sound must be introduced very sparingly, and may easily become ridiculous instead of affecting. Elliston repeated it three different times: it was once, at least, too often.

Among the curiosities of London, the cabinet of Natural History, known under the name of the Liverpool Museum, deserves to be mentioned. The boa constrictor is a gigantic snake, which makes the story of Laocoon quite probable. This one crushes a deer in its ample folds, and tears it to pieces with its teeth; it is about 35 feet in length, and as large as a man's thigh. The giraffe is another prodigious animal. A quadruped 16 feet high, with a very pretty head like a horse, and mild innocent look, at the top of an immensely long, yet graceful, crane neck. This animal is singularly gifted to discover all approaching danger from his tower of observation, and to fly from it with his seven league boots. A moderate-sized elephant near him, looked quite small.

There are new panoramas this year at Mr Parker's, as admirable as those he exhibited the last. We have just seen Malta. The gairish light of day, white and dazzling;—the strong and perpendicular shadows;—the dusty land;—the calm and glassy sea, paint heat to the eye. The inhabitants overcome, lie about in the shade of narrow streets;—a sentinel alone is seen pacing his watch before the gate of the arsenal. The smallest details are cha-

racteristic, and represented with perfect truth, and, at the same time, with poetical taste and feeling. We learned, with much regret, that the panorama of Dover, which we admired so much last year, was painted on this identical cloth. Malta is laid over Dover, and Dover covers half-a-dozen more *chefs-d'œuvre!* I should be much tempted to rescue a few of them if I could, and carry off some of Mr Parker's canvas as Lord Elgin has done Phidias's marbles. The circumference of the panorama is about 270 feet, the height 30 feet, the surface about 900 square yards. Unfortunately the American Government is *brouillé* just now with British arts and manufactures, and void of sympathy,—for my feelings on the occasion would lay violent hands on Malta.

May 22.—The expected meeting between Molineaux, the black, from America, and a Lancashire pugilist (Rimmer) took place yesterday. These sorts of combats being peculiar to the country, I wished to be present at one of them, and repaired early to the field, (Molesey Hurst, near Hampton Court, 15 miles from London,) with Mr S. who had the goodness to accompany me. We found an immense ring already formed,—a sort of Scythian entrenchment of carts and waggons, arranged side by side in double and treble rows, without horses. This is a contrivance of the country people, who speculate on the curiosity of the Londoners, and let their elevated vehicles to the amateurs of the fist. We made our bargain, and mounted a cart, whence we had a full view of the immense crowd already assembled inside the ring of carts, in the centre of which we could see a smaller ring, perhaps 40 feet across, surrounded with stakes and a rope. About half after twelve o'clock, Rimmer

appeared in the ring, a tall, good-looking young man, with a high colour. The black arrived soon after, mounted on the box of a barouche and four, with some young men of fashion; he was muffled up in great-coats, and seemed a clumsy-looking fellow. Here began a scene quite unexpected to me, the clearing of the ring. All the boxers in town, professional and amateurs, charged the mob at once, which giving way in confusion, formed a sort of irregular circle outside the rope-ring, but not large enough. With sticks and whips applied, *sans cérémonie*, these champions of the fist pressed back the compact mass. I expected every moment a general engagement,—nothing of the kind; the mob shrunk from the flogging, but without resentment. Tis true the blows appeared to be directed mostly over the heads of the first ranks, and fell on those five or six deep; the weapons being mostly coachmens or carters long whips. These rear ranks, assailed by an invisible hand, had no resource but a retreat, and made way for those in front; the latter, squatting down on the turf, formed, at last, a sort of barrier over which the crowd could see. The combatants soon stripped; the black exhibiting the arms, breast, and shoulders of Hercules, with the "head, scarce more extensive than the sinewy neck;" his legs also extremely muscular, and not much of the negro make. The Lancashire man, taller, and broader, but not so deep,* square, and muscular, appeared undaunted, and had lost none of his colour. They shook hands and stood on their defence, shy to

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* Pugilists consider the depth of the chest as a surer indication of strength than the breadth.

begin for some minutes. I could not tell who gave the first blow, so quickly was it returned. The Lancashire man fell and fell again. One of the rounds he closed with the black, threw him, and fell over himself. Twice more, I think, he attempted to wrestle, with various success, but was often knocked down. His left eye appeared closed, and he was all stained with blood;—I could not well distinguish where it came from. The blood was not so visible on the skin of the black, but I observed that he was much more out of breath than his adversary.

> C'est un plaisir de les voir se baisser
> Se relever, reculer, avancer
> Parer, sauter, se menager des feintes,
> Et se porter les plus vives atteintes.

At every round, which is generally terminated by a fall, the seconds raise their friend,—wipe the blood,—bathing his temples with a sponge dipped in vinegar and water. The champion who did not fall sits in the meantime on the bended knee of one of his seconds, leaning upon him, to take as much rest as he can, and is refreshed also by sponging. The battle had lasted half an hour,—about twenty rounds,—the Lancashire-man always thrown; when all at once the barrier was broken,—an irruption of the mob took place, and soon became general, rushing towards the centre, and overwhelming the ring and its occupants. I lost sight of the combatants. Whips and sticks were lifted up in vain,—there was not even room to strike. All was clamour, and struggle, and confusion, for twenty minutes. At last we saw the ropes and stakes taken away, as if any further battle was out

of the question, or an adjournment intended to some other spot. Unwilling to lose their sport, the mob seemed to give way a little, and had no sooner made an opening, than a desperate charge drove them back to their former situation, where squatting again, order was restored, and the combatants stood. The white man seemed still able and stout, but fell like an ox under the club of the butcher at the first round,—at the second,—and so on, from bad to worse, rising each time with more difficulty. It became a shocking sight. Victory was out of the question, and had been so almost from the beginning. His better wind might have afforded him a chance,—he had lost it by the interruption. The black was now fresh,—he pressed his exhausted adversary, retreating before him. At last a knock-down blow laid him prostrate near the ring of spectators (for the rope-ring was gone). In vain his seconds, exerting themselves about him, raised him from the ground; his head hung on his breast,—he could not stand,—he appeared *hors de combat*,—and the prescribed time to face his adversary having expired (two or three minutes), victory was declared on the other side. Hats flew,—cries rent the air; the black, meantime, grinning over his fallen adversary in savage triumph! The mob rushed in from all parts; and we rushed out; not wishing to see any more,—and, finding our vehicle, drove back to London.

This was not deemed a good battle. Young Rimmer overrated his own strength, and has received a good lesson for his temerity. The black will not meet with many pugilists equal to him in point of muscle, but he wants wind and coolness; he puts himself in a passion, and will be beat by

the professors, if he dares try them.* A pleasing reflection softened the brutality of this sight; it was the impartiality with which the populace observed the *loi du combat*, and saw one of their own people thus mauled and bruised by a foreigner and a negro, suffering him to enjoy his triumph unmolested; for the interruption had been a mere ebullition of curiosity and enthusiastic admiration for the art,—not ill-will or unfair interference. When I call this collection of people populace, I do not mean that they were all low people; there were no ragged coats in sight, and half the mob were gentlemen.

Passing from one extreme to the other, I went the same evening to hear Madame Catalani in a comic opera, for the first time,—*Il Fanatica per la Musica*,—something like the French Melomanie, but not comparable as a composition. It is dull, and too long, but Naldi is an excellent comedian, and Madame Catalani is much greater in the comic than in the tragic department. Her voice,—so full, so strong, and so sweet,—is the least of her charms; the modest playfulness of her action,—the tenderness and sweetness of her expression, are bewitching beyond anything I had imagined. I have not seen the character of a gentleman introduced on the English stage; there are rakes, humourists, philosophers, and odd gentlemen of all sorts, but a mere finished † gentleman has not, I

* In October following, after we had left England, this black man fought with the champion of England, Cribb, and was well *punished*.

† Lord Ogleby, in the excellent comedy of the Clandestine Marriage, approaches the character; yet he is too much what

believe, been introduced, and there would nôt be anybody to act the part. Now Madame Catalani was to-night a finished lady,—polite, delicate, and refined, without any eccentricity or originality to disturb the harmony of her expression.

We have spent a few days with some of our friends in Hertfordshire, 20 miles north of London. For half that distance you travel between two rows of brick houses, to which new ones are added every day; their walls are frightfully thin, a single brick of eight inches,—and, instead of beams, mere planks lying on an edge. I am informed, it is made an express condition in the leases of these shades of houses, that there shall be no dances given in them; and, as if to destroy the little solidity of which such thin walls are susceptible, they generally place a window above the pier below, and a pier above the window below. London extends its great polypus-arms over the country around. The population is not increased by any means in proportion to these appearances,—only transferred from the centre to the extremities. This centre is become a mere counting-house, or place of business. People live in the outskirts of the town in better air,—larger houses,—and at a smaller rent,—and stages passing every half hour, facilitate communications. Certain parts of these extremities of the town are, however, exposed to a great nuisance; the air is poisoned by the emanation from brick-kilns, exactly like carrion, to such a degree, as to excite nausea, and the utmost disgust, till the cause of the smell is known; when the immediate

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would be called in France an original. Sir Charles Easy, in the Careless Husband, comes nearer to it.

relief experienced, shews how much imagination and association have to do with what seems mere sensation. As soon as we got beyond the sight and the smell of bricks the country appeared to great advantage. Green fields and hedge-rows all around us; and on the right, at some distance, a range of very pretty hills, well wooded, and with gentlemen's houses here and there on the slope. These hills are, I believe, part of the site of Epping Forest, as it is called; of which, as of most other English forests (the New Forest excepted), not a vestige seems to remain. The groves we see are modern plantations, made by London citizens round their country-boxes. Mr Gilpin, who was very fond of the New Forest, describing it, said exultingly, that it was "not like a French forest, planted in rows." Mr Gilpin did not know that there are forests in France as large as two or three English counties, and as old as the creation. This is an instance, certainly rare here, of that ignorance of foreign countries so common in France.

The environs of Hertford present really some appearances of forest, though without the name, and the surface of the country is very agreeably diversified with woody hills and grassy dales, offering fine distant prospects. We have heard here the nightingale for the first time in England. Fancy had embellished the faded recollection in my mind. I imagined it a long uninterrupted tale of woe, the note deep and strong, but soft, tender and melancholy; instead of which, it is a quick succession of strong, sharp, brisk notes. Shrill whistling occurs very often, not unlike the blackbird. There is indeed a sort of water-note, which is very beautiful, approaching what I had imagined, but it is so soon interrupted by another quite different, that

you have not time to enjoy it. Upon the whole it is a lively, pleasing, vulgar sort of melody, inferior perhaps to the singing of other birds of less fame. The circumstances of night and silence, and the trite allusions of the poets, have contributed to this adventitious fame of Philomel. Contrary to what I should have supposed, the nightingale is heard to more advantage near than far off.

The East India Company formed here a few years ago a magnificent establishment, for the education of young men destined to its service. The college is a quadrangle, about 400 feet every way, inclosing an area of four acres of grass, around which the apartments of the students and halls for the lectures are distributed. The principal front presents a long low line, adorned with three pediments; the one in the middle, supported by six columns, is tacked to a dead wall, and leads to nothing; the two end ones are, on the contrary, all open, and the light is seen through. Neither the one nor the other look very well. This edifice is built of Portland-stone, on a rising ground, with a gravelled terrace before it,—a sloping lawn,—and a background of trees.

There are at present ninety young men in the college, from 15 to 18 years of age, and the number increasing, who all have an appointment in the Company's service. They pay L. 100 a-year:—board and lodging in the house, and even washing, are included. They have each a small room with a fire-place, and a recess for a bed;—no fees to the professors, whose lectures they attend three hours a-day. The rest of their time is taken up with reading and preparing themselves for the lectures, or rather for the examinations, which seem to be very strict and effectual. They have to answer

questions on their different studies in writing, without leaving the room, without consulting any books, and without knowing beforehand the precise questions, although they know the subjects in general upon which they are to be examined. I saw in the hands of one of the professors (the author of the celebrated Essay on Population,) a number of these manuscripts, passing every day under his eyes, containing often twenty or thirty pages, on political economy and history, some of them extremely good. The corrections and comments of the professor are also in writing; and although he does not, upon the whole, lecture more than five hours in a week, his time is fully employed. There are eight professors, besides the principal. The professor of Sanscrit, Mr Hamilton, is first-cousin of our General Hamilton, the most distinguished character in the United States after Washington.

The first cost of this establishment was L. 60,000. It was undertaken, I believe, in opposition to the one in India.* The East India directors begin to think it very expensive, and the parents of the young men complain also of the loss of three years in the race of fortune which their children are destined to run, as a great hardship; but all parties are gone too far to recede, and they will continue to do good, and to receive it, in spite of themselves. The good is undoubted; and India will have in future magistrates and legislators better fitted for their situation, by their general education

* The annual expences of the college at Calcutta exceeded L. 100,000 sterling, and every student cost the Company nearly L. 1000 sterling a-year.

and knowledge of the Eastern languages, than they were formerly. The power of this singular empire is, more than any other, founded on opinion, and it would not long survive the contempt of the people.

The English empire in the East Indies is a political phenomenon, so recent in its present extent, that little is known about it out of England; and there never was, perhaps, any event half so important, or half so extraordinary, about which the contemporary generation were equally ignorant. The wonderful events of the last twenty years, nearer us, and of such paramount interest, have taken off our attention from what passed in the antipodes. About a hundred years ago, the Mógul empire had reached the summit of greatness under Aurung Zeb; it included the whole peninsula of India between the Ganges and the Indus,—that is to say, nearly the present dominions of England in the East. The revenue of that prince amounted to thirty-two millions sterling,—equal to four times that sum in our days,—and he commanded an army of 1,200,000 men.* The Tartar dynasty was overthrown thirty years after the death of Aurung Zeb, by 100,000 Persians; and after them, the Mahrattas became, in a great degree, masters of the peninsula of India. Alexander, with his 30,000 Greeks, overran it formerly without difficulty. A detachment of French troops made a revolution in the Decan with less than a tenth part of the forces of Alexander. In 1756, Colonel Clive avenged his countrymen smothered in the black-hole of Calcutta, and with

* Histoire Philosophique et Politique, &c.

500 men dethroned the tyrant of Bengal. India belongs to whoever chooses to take it

The English began their establishment in India later than the other European powers, yet they possessed, in 1792, a province of about 100 leagues square, at the mouth of the Ganges, the capital of which (Calcutta,) has acquired, under their empire, a population of half a million of inhabitants. Thence to Madras they had only a strip along the sea, interrupted in two different places, but, since 1792, they have quintupled their acquisitions, either by absolute conquest, or by subsidiary treaties leading to possession; and have at last found themselves masters of a territory peopled by sixty millions of subjects. The first step has generally been, granting a permanent assistance of troops for a certain annual payment or tribute. The friendly power, thus released from the care of self defence, was detached from any other alliances. The enemies of that friend were in due time subjugated,—next himself, because of his ingratitude. He had been asked for an increase of tribute, or a security for the regular payment of it; or for a compensation in territory, or a formal cession for a valuable consideration; and these terms being rejected, the friend was forthwith dispossessed. The intercourse of the British government in India with the native powers, whether it began in friendship or enmity, seems to have ended uniformly in this manner. A very intelligent writer in the opposition (Lord Lauderdale,) compares the accusations against the native princes, which have generally preceded the seizure of their possessions, to the libels of the French government against the oppressed powers of Europe during the very same period. This awkward and contemptible juggling, by which a semblance of

right is attempted to be given to mere might, is, however, much older than our own times; and even Æsop's wolf and lamb, probably, did not furnish the original precedent.

The fact, of a country becoming permanently the master of another country, situated on the other side of the globe, and the population of which is four times its own,* is quite without an example in history; and the astonishment increases, when we consider that it is not even a sovereign state, a prince, or a people, but a mere company of merchants, which became possessed of this vast empire, without intending it,—without their knowledge,—and almost against their orders.

Parliament established, in 1784, a Board of Control, to superintend the measures of the Company, and declared solemnly, that it was repugnant to the wish, the honour, and the policy of the British nation, to pursue schemes of conquest, and to extend the possessions of the Company in India, enjoining, at the same time, the strictest observance of moderation and justice towards the native princes. It is notorious, that the Company itself has always been averse to a system of conquest, yet conquests have been made by their governors and generals, and sanctioned by this very Board of Control, appointed as a check; once made, they have been kept, and no inquiry instituted into the proceedings. In a complicated government, like this of England, it is often difficult to trace irregularities to their true cause, and find where responsibility is to rest.

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* The population of British India is estimated at one man to fourteen acres; in England there are five acres to a man; in China, according to Barrow, two acres and a half.

Conquests are very expensive. The British had in India, in 1803, an army of 125,000 men; viz. 25,000 Europeans, 90,000 native troops, and 10,000 invalids, irregulars, and Lascars. The consequence of this enormous establishment has been a twofold debt, in Europe and in India, amounting altogether to thirty-five millions sterling. The annual revenue of the country (fifteen millions,) is more than absorbed by the civil and military establishment, and the debt increases annually. The Company has necessary remittances to make to Europe, for the fitting out of vessels, shipping of troops, salary of agents and officers, pensions, presents,* dividends to the stockholders, and finally, for the half million they are bound to pay annually to the government. Therefore they are obliged to import annually from India a certain quantity of merchandise, greater than the consumption of England requires, its own manufactures supplying the same goods cheaper, and the vent being otherwise very much reduced, by the circumstance of the ports of the Continent being shut against British commerce. The amount of the annual importation of India goods, which had been, in 1798, L. 4,667,000, was, in 1808, reduced to L. 1,191,000; that is to say, reduced three-fourths in ten years; and the declension of prices was still more remarkable, since the importation of 1798 gave L. 298,000 profits, while that of 1808 gave L. 264,000 loss! The Company sends no more silver to India for the purchase of goods, as it did formerly. These sove-

* The pensions allowed by the Company exceed L. 40,000 sterling a-year; and the presents to various persons, from 1794 to 1806, amounted to L. 359,000.

reign merchants do not in fact carry on any trade, or at least it is a trade of pure remittance.* They merely bring home a portion of their territorial revenue necessary to defray their disbursements in Europe, shipping for that purpose Indian goods to a losing market. That loss is such, that the Company finds its interest in borrowing at 8 per cent. in India, rather than at 5 per cent. in England. The sum of interest, at 8 per cent., invested in goods in India, and shipped to England, would not net there a sum equal to the payment of interest at $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; which shews a loss of about three-eighths, or $37\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Exclusive of the indispensable remittances of the Company, its agents have remittances to make on their own account to an amount not much inferior. One out of ten of the young adventurers going to India every year as Company's servants, survives the climate and returns. Of this tenth a few individuals realize large fortunes. These fortunes are brought to England; and, as private concerns are conducted with

* Lord Lauderdale mentions in his work on India, already quoted, two traditional anecdotes of the Gentoos, in proof of the former perfection and present degeneracy of Indian manufactures, ascribed, of course, to the exclusive regimen of the Company. There was a sort of muslin, called abrovan, which was manufactured solely for the use of the Emperor's seraglio, a piece of which, costing 400 rupees, or L. 50 sterling, is said to have weighed only five sicca-rupees, and, if spread upon wet grass, to have been scarcely visible. The Emperor Aurung Zeb was angry with his daughter for shewing her skin through her clothes; whereupon the young princess remonstrated in her justification, that she had seven jamahs, or suits, on. Another of the tales was, that a weaver was chastised, and turned out of the city of Decca, for his neglect, in not preventing his cow from eating up a piece of the same sort of muslin which he had spread, and carelessly left on the grass.

more activity and care than public ones, these rich men find generally indirect means for the transfer of their property, less chargeable than those of the Company's ships, under the flag of the United States, or other neutrals. These private remittances swell, however, ultimately, the quantity, already too great, of Indian goods in Europe.

If we consider the East India Company under the point of view of trade, we have already seen that it is worse than nothing. As a means of bringing home the territorial revenue, the charges attending the operation absorb or exceed that revenue; and, as to physical force, so far from England deriving any from her 60 millions of Indian subjects, she has to ship European troops annually, to keep up the complement of 20,000 or 30,000 men, whose ranks are rapidly thinned by the climate. India enables a few individuals to amass large fortunes, which are brought home, and help to fill the loans. That seems to me the extent of the benefit derived from its possession. The Company employs and feeds, it is true, 50,000 persons in the city of London; but, if it should be shewn that they are employed unprofitably, then, in fact, they are fed at the expence of the public.

Such is then that mine of wealth and power from which England is supposed to draw her resources; —the object of so much jealousy on the part of her enemies, and of which they would deprive her at any cost. Should they succeed, they might find, after all, they had achieved little against her, and still less for themselves. The natives of India would be, as far as I can see, the only losers by the expulsion of their present masters, their condition being undoubtedly improved. Liberty is out of the question with them, at least what is under-

stood in Europe by that name; but they live at least under a government of laws, administered impartially, and strong enough to keep out foreign invaders. These are the essentials of liberty, and much more than India ever enjoyed before. The country has not been brought to its present state of peace and security without bloodshed and misery; and some individuals among the new masters of India have been accused of great enormities. The charges brought forward for party purposes were probably partly true and partly false; but the accidental and transient evils they exhibited were but the habitual state of the country under its former conquerors. Revolutions were so frequent, that thirteen years had seen thirteen successive emperors dethroned and murdered; and Raynal quotes, on that occasion, an atrocious but energetic line of an oriental poet:—"Fathers, during the lives of their sons, give all their affection to their grandsons, because they see in them the enemies of their enemies!" Sir Thomas Row, traversing some of the provinces to go to Surat, about 200 years ago, observed that he had met more rebels than subjects, and that the roads were lined with the heads of victims to an irregular and ferocious policy.* Those ferocious and profligate military despots, known by the name of Mahrattas, raised tributes on the people by force of arms. They once overran the province of Bengal with 80,000 horse, committing the most horrid cruelties, under pretence of collecting the tax called *chout*;* and such inroads were generally followed by famine and pestilence. The country was at all times

* Tennant's India.

so infested with banditti, that the husbandman durst not go to his labour in the fields without arms to defend himself.

This disgusting enumeration of calamities and wretchedness might be extended much farther; but it is already sufficient to shew, that the unfortunate natives of India could not but gain by the change of dominion; and, notwithstanding their prejudices, I understand they are sensible of European superiority in general.* Christianity has hitherto made very little progress among them; but they rather wish their children to be taught reading and writing in English, and this may, in time, work great improvements. On the other hand, the late confederacy of the Mahrattas shews that the Indian princes have but too well profited by the lessons of European tactics, which the English have given them of late years; † and, to use the words of the celebrated Governor-general Hastings, "*the touch of chance, or the breath of opinion*, might overthrow the British power in India." It would not, however, be any great misfortune. The British North-American colonies, forming now the United States, were likewise supposed of vital importance to the power and commerce of the mother country before their separation, yet that power never was so great before as it has shewn itself since, nor that trade anything like so extensive. ‡ The navy of Great

* The governors-general of the Indian empire have been very extraordinary men. It is enough to name Cornwallis, Wellesley, and, certainly, Hastings.

† Edin. Review, April 1810.

‡ At the close of the American war, the amount of the exportation of domestic produce and manufactures from England was about nine millions sterling; at the commencement of the French

Britain has doubled since it lost 40,000 American sailors. Her revenue has increased fourfold since she relinquished for ever the right of taxing America. If England has shewn itself so little vulnerable on that memorable occasion, it cannot reasonably be supposed that the loss of a far more distant territory, furnishing neither men nor money, and consuming none of her manufactures,* could be felt essentially.

It is extremely probable that the importance of the general foreign commerce of England has been likewise exaggerated. I have under my eye an official report of the inward and outward tonnage of the port of London in one year. The two-thirds of this tonnage appears to have been employed in the coasting-trade, that is, 1,250,000 tons out of 1,779,826 tons. One-fifth of the value of the goods shipped appears also to have belonged to the coasting trade, and when it is considered that the colonial trade employs 170,000 tons, or one-tenth of the above total of 1,779,826 tons, and in value $\frac{2}{5}\frac{3}{5}$, or nearly the two-fifths, the

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revolution, 15 millions; and the average of the three last years (1807 to 1810) has been 26 millions sterling, in official, or about 42 millions in actual value, notwithstanding the recent obstacles. The part of these exportations to the United States was, in 1807, L.7,264,000, and, in 1808, L.3,798,000.

* The adversaries of the company assert, that, if the trade of India was thrown open, individual industry would soon find a market for British manufactures, and would know how to lead the people of that country into temptations, and create a consumption for new articles. They say also, that "ship-timber of a quality vastly superior to any that grows in Europe, and ships themselves, would form valuable remittances." The evidence of the persons examined before the committee of the House of Commons in 1809, confirms, in a great degree, these opinions.

conclusion is, that the internal trade of England and its colonies (supposing the trade of other ports to be similar to that of London) employs about four-fifths of English tonnage, and three-fifths of English capital. It is true that a part of the coasting-trade is occasioned by the foreign trade; but, as a very considerable part of the transportation of commodities is effected by canals, of which notice is taken here, we may still suppose the coasting-trade belonging solely to internal consumption, not to have been overrated.

I find, from another official document, that from sixty to eighty * thousand tons of shipping are built annually in Great Britain, and that two-thirds of that tonnage are composed of vessels from three tons to two hundred. Most of the vessels employed in the coal trade for internal consumption, exceed 200 tons; and I believe the generality of coasting-vessels are between one and two hundred tons, therefore we may fairly suppose the above two-thirds to be exclusively applicable to the coasting trade;—a calculation which agrees nearly with the preceding.

These data are certainly not sufficiently precise and accurate to authorize alone any decided opinion; yet they contribute to show the superior extent and importance of the internal trade, compared to the external. As to the revenue accruing to the state from foreign trade, † as it comes ultimately

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* In 1790, 745 vessels were built, amounting to 63,285 tons.

1791,	672	60,588
1804,	714	80,146
1805,	713	71,256

† The duties on importations, forming the direct revenue from foreign trade, amount to nine or ten millions sterling a year only.

from the pockets of the consumers, it might undoubtedly be drawn from the same repositories by a direct instead of an indirect tax, although with more unwillingness on their part, if this foreign trade did not exist. The revenue it affords is not very different from that of lotteries, which assuredly do not give the people the power of paying, but only the inclination. The wealthy Englishman, who drinks claret and Burgundy, would have been able to pay the duty equally, although the wine had never been imported; he would have been able indeed to pay more in that case, viz., the first cost of the wine remitted to France.

The wealth of England is due essentially to an active internal circulation,—a judicious division of labour,—and an extensive application of ingenious and powerful machines, to almost every purpose requiring strength. A plentiful stock of commodities of all sorts is produced by these means. Comforts and enjoyments are diffused among the people in greater abundance, and with less inequality than in any other country in the world. England might nearly do without any external trade; even without that of her colonies, if her defence did not require a nursery of sailors for the navy to be kept up. Colonies are wanted for the navy, and a navy for the colonies,—as husbandmen for the fields, and fields for the husbandmen. A population of fifteen millions of men, on a territory capable of supporting, with proper management, double that number,—living under a government of laws,—defended by the sea, and

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while the excise, a tax wholly internal, produces alone twice that revenue.

by the most powerful navy in the world, may exist and prosper, although it should not manufacture cloth and calicoes for all its neighbours, nor consume their wine, their oil, and their silk. It is invincible, however numerous its enemies, and solvent, whatever the amount of its debt be, if due to its own citizens.

The examination of witnesses, now going on before a committee of the House of Commons, respecting the causes of the distresses of manufacturers, and the means of relief, has produced the disclosure of some curious facts. For instance, the wages of weavers at Glasgow are now reduced to one-fourth of what they were nineteen years ago, although the price of provisions and other necessaries has doubled in the mean time! This is not wholly occasioned by the late interruptions of trade, but has been gradually coming on. The system of throwing a number of small farms into a few large ones,—the various improvements in agriculture, saving labour,—and above all sheep-farming, had, for many years past, tended to reduce the demand for men in the country; while the rapid increase of manufactures created a demand in the towns, and a consequent rise of wages. At last the extended application of machinery, particularly the steam-engine, to manufactures, and the continual influx of population from the country to the towns, reduced successively the great difference there was nineteen years ago, between the respective salaries of town and country, and the late crisis of commerce has added to the existing causes of distress, but has not been the only one. Labourers, placed between the steam-engine in town, and sheep in the country, are threatened with starvation amid systems of real plenty. The

remedies proposed by the deputations of workmen are all absurd, such as a *minimum* of prices for their labour,—taxes on machines, &c. &c. The fact is, there are too many labourers; and the only remedy is, for a less number of young men to take to the loom, and a greater number to shoulder the musket, and to go on board ship. These commercial difficulties have an evident tendency to increase the effectual force of England.

I am far from being disposed to "mock the misery of a stinted meal," or to treat with levity any particular class of men. It is no doubt very easy to tell a weaver to choose another profession for himself or his children;—What other is there that is not full already? Nor is it any great alleviation to his distress to point out to him the recruiting-officer ready to put the king's money into his hand, as a fair compensation for the liberty of his whole life; and the sea-service may appear to him a still worse alternative. These forced migrations of individuals from one profession to another, indifferent in a national point of view, and even salutary at times, never take place without inflicting severe distress upon those individuals. The evil may be balanced by good to the nation at large, but it bears, without alleviation or equivalent, upon the individual thrown out of employment,—the whole loss is his,—the whole benefit another's. No profession is so liable to vicissitudes of this sort, as that of a manufacturer.

The Marquis of Salisbury has a fine house, or rather palace, about ten miles west of Hertford (Hatfield house). Its first appearance is quite baronial, and very striking. Elizabeth resided there some time before she came to the throne, and the architecture is in the taste of that age. A great

brick quadrangle, with windows innumerable, round, square, or in a bow, and of all colours; the top *herissé* with turrets and belfrys; but, upon the whole, and although there is a want of breadth of surface and simplicity, it is a magnificent edifice. As we reached the door, and looked back, the vast lawn descending every way, and the prodigiously fine trees,—the remains of an avenue, —and dispersed everywhere, had as great and pleasing an effect as any thing of the sort we have yet seen in England. There was some doubt whether we should be admitted, as the Duke of Clarence was expected next day on a visit, the Marquis of S. being already come to receive his noble visitor, and the whole house in the full tide of preparation. But the servants, good souls, are very unwilling to disappoint strangers, and we saw all. The apartments are good, and there are some very handsome rooms; but I never saw such a collection of miserable sign-post pictures any where before. A good many of Albert Durer's, very hard and flat as usual. Some of Leonardo de Vinci's nearly as bad, and of Vandykes hardly better. Portraits by Sir Godfrey Kneller, very bad also. One would suppose the object of the collection had been to show how badly great artists could paint. We read the name of *Mabeuse* on the frames of a number of very old and very shocking pictures, purporting to be portraits of Henry VI., Henry VII., and Queen Elizabeth. I do not know who *Mabeuse* was; a wretched artist at any rate, who seems to have been the painter in ordinary of the court during about a century. We walked afterwards about the lawn, and among the fine old trees. One of them, an oak, was quite hollow, a mere shell; we stood, six of us, round the

inside, and there would have been room, besides, for a small table in the centre between us. Outside it measured 24 feet in circumference. On our return, we walked through Lord Cowper's grounds. The sloping lawn before the house and overhanging woods are highly beautiful. There is an oak there, the trunk of which is 18 feet in circumference,—no enormous size, but then it is quite a young subject, retaining still the conical shape, and likely to grow for centuries to come. The boughs cover 28 yards across, and the height of the tree, guessed at by comparing it with the known breadth, is about 140 feet.

May 30.—We spent yesterday in London. The heat was intense, and proceeding late to Richmond, I arrived there quite ill, with a great headach and fever. It could not have happened to me in a better place than where skill and friendship unite to hasten my recovery. Another of our party was attacked with an intermittent fever last year. It is somewhat singular, that, after living more than twenty years in the country of the yellow-fever with impunity, we should not be proof against the heat of this northern climate.

June 2.—We had the pleasure of being present to-day when the widow of a hero (Sir Ralph A.) received the news of the safety of her son, after the dreadful battle of Badajos, where every fourth man, and more than that proportion of officers, were killed or wounded. This happy mother heard, at the same time, of her son having greatly distinguished himself, in this his first action. The English are in a fair way of showing to the rest of Europe that they are not that *nation boutiquière* they were taken for. Their enemies have *dechalandé* the shop, and its *courtands* have turned sol-

diers. I have often thought, that, if France had been allowed, at a certain period, to take to the shop again, that is to say, to resume the arts and occupations of peace, it might have proved the best security for the rest of Europe.

June 8.—Our friends have conducted us to Osterley House;—the country-house of the first banker of his time (Robert Child) † and before him that of the most eminent English merchant, Sir Thomas Gresham. Queen Elizabeth paid a visit to Sir Thomas, and slept in this house. The following anecdote is recorded in Mr Nichol's progress of that queen, copied into the *Ambulator* or *Pocket Companion*, for the circuit of twenty-five miles round London, and from this humble source I draw it. "Her Majesty found fault with the court of the house, affirming it would appear more handsome if divided with a court in the middle. What does Sir Thomas, but, in the night time, sends for workmen to London, who so speedily and silently apply to their business, that the next morning discovered the court double, which the night had left single before. It is questionable whether the queen, next day, was more contented with the conformity to her fancy, or more pleased with the surprise and sudden performance thereof. Her courtiers disported themselves, with their several expressions; some avowing it was no wonder he could so soon *change* a building who could build a *change*. Others, reflecting on some known differences in the knight's family, affirmed, that a house

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* Francis Child, a goldsmith, and an ancestor of Robert, was the father of English bankers. He began the profession soon after the restoration of Charles II. amassed a great fortune, and enjoyed the most respectable character. *Pennant.*

was sooner *divided* than *united*." Such was the punning spirit of the time, of which Shakespeare himself caught the fashion.

The house has been rebuilt very magnificently since the days of its glory under Queen Elizabeth. The great court (not divided now) is surrounded by a gallery leading to all the apartments, and to a very handsome stair-case of white marble, the ceiling of which was painted by Rubens, and represents the apotheosis of the Prince of Orange, (the one who was shot by Balt Gerard) with a profusion of allegorical figures, as usual. It is quite wonderful how many pictures of Rubens you meet with everywhere, mostly of the largest size. If they were all measured, I really believe they would make up a surface exceeding what a common house-painter would be able to daub over with his big brushes in the course of a long and industrious life.

Tables, sofas, and chairs, were artistly *derangés* about the fire-places, and in the middle of the rooms, as if the family had just left them, although the house has not been inhabited for several years. Such is the modern fashion of placing furniture, carried to an extreme, as fashions are always, that the apartments of a fashionable house look like an upholsterer's or cabinet-maker's shop. All around the house a level green spreads far and wide, shaded with lofty trees. I never envied those who possess several beautiful houses in the country. It seems to me I should regret extremely not to be able to enjoy the beauties of them all; and it would be quite a relief if any body would but inhabit them for me, smell my flowers, and sit under my shades.

There are some good pictures in this house. A

large one, (Abel, piping) which we were told was Mich. Angelo's, in the broad and vigorous manner of Rembrandt, and certainly a very fine picture. Two good Vandykes. Two good Murillos,—boys, as usual, of the *ingrat* age of twelve or fifteen;—it is nature itself, Spanish nature, spare and dark; the expression always so simple, spirited, and true, that I am never tired of looking at them. A Correggio, (Jupiter and Io) bad drawing, bad colouring, and worse expression. I cannot comprehend the reputation of Correggio. Two or three very indifferent Rubens. A good picture by one *Lorenzo Lippe*, much in Rembrandt's stile. One or two of the rooms are hung with much-admired Gobelin tapestry, which appeared to me gaudy, and in wretched taste, as are, in fact, all the Gobelins I have seen in England, and yet I think I recollect having seen in France, some Gobelins admirably executed:—perhaps I should think otherwise now. There is in one of the bed-rooms a small picture of a little girl, with bilberries in a basket; her hands crossed before her, her face down, yet trying to look up, with such an exquisite expression of shame, and simplicity, and graceful awkwardness, as none but Sir Joshua Reynolds could have hit. Our cicerone could not tell who it was by.

June 10.—Grand review on Wimbledon Common. The Prince Regent was to be on the ground at eleven o'clock. We arrived a little after nine, and wedged in our carriage among innumerable others, which, with carts and waggons, formed a circle of full six or eight miles in circumference. The troops were drawn up in two parallel lines across it, of about two miles in length. The Prince did not appear till near twelve. He was on horse-

back, looked fat and fair, but was too far off to be seen distinctly. The sun being extremely hot and some heavy clouds portending rain, the people were impatient, and murmured at the delay. The effect of the running fire beginning at one end of the line ending two miles off, and returning, and then again repeated, had a fine effect; the review was not otherwise worth seeing, the distance being too great, and no manœuvring. The troops were about 20,000, and the spectators full 200,000. Some light-horsemen rode continually around the circle, and repressed the intruding multitude with some degree of unavoidable rudeness, though much less than the keepers of the ring at the boxing-match the other day, nor would the people have borne so patiently similar discipline. The idea of military power appears here very revolting, while, with other people,

> Such as do build their faith upon
> The holy text of pike and gun,

it is the sort of power they submit to most cheerfully.

The general orders for the review, printed and published, enjoined the troops *to avoid as much as possible giving any offence to individuals.* There were a few accidents from horses taking fright at the firing.

June ....—Albury. We have been here for some days, in a very pretty country, already described last year, and where the kind attention of other friends, and the virtue of strawberries, are likely to complete my recovery. Before a stranger ventures to pass final sentence on the anti-social manners of the English, he should see them at home in the country. London is not their home; it is an en-

campment for business and pleasure, where every body thinks of himself. You might as well look for humanity in a field of battle, as for urbanity and attentions in a busy crowd.

This is sheep-shearing time, which in England is a sort of festivity, like the *moisson* in the north of France, and the *vendange* in the south, and the principal harvests in all countries. The sack of wool, on which the Chancellor sits in Parliament, is well known to be emblematic of the importance of this production. The mirth and festivity of the people here is quite calm, and a *fête* after their manner might, in Languedoc, be mistaken for a funeral. If the country people dance, it is without elasticity, vivacity, or ardour; if they sing, it is far worse. Nothing ever was less musical than the indigenous English music, with its jerks and starts, jolting along its rugged way, without either dignity, liveliness, or tenderness;—so different from the native Scotch music, which possesses at least one of these modes of expression, and from the Italian music, which unites them all. Italian music is now naturalized in England; but it will not supersede the old tavern music so entirely as it did in France the flat old style; and, so far as it is connected with naval enthusiasm, it is perhaps better it should be so. The native music of the southern extremity of France formed an exception to the dulness of the national musical taste, as that of North compared to South Britain.

A good sheep-shearer dispatches four or five sheep in an hour, or forty in a day; three pounds is an average fleece,—five or six pounds a very large one. The sheep is not tied during the operation, and does not struggle much. The body is placed in such a situation as to stretch the skin of the

parts under the shears, which might otherwise inflict wounds. The animal is kept covered for a few nights afterwards. The people abused Merino sheep, and said they would not do with them. There is probably a great deal of prejudice in this opinion, which must, however, have gained ground, as the price of that breed has fallen as much too low as it had perhaps risen too high before.

I shall not undertake to describe the rural taste of the country, the beauties and the comforts, the luxury and the magnificence. Pine-apples and grapes at this season from the forcing-house; abundance of cherries and strawberries from the garden; the green lawns and tufted trees; the woods and fountains,—having already said perhaps too much on the subject. The passive beauties of nature and art are not to be described successfully,—at least the description cannot be varied.

Agriculture is here a universal pursuit, and either a passion or a fashion with all country gentlemen, even with those who inhabit the country only part of the year. Every one has planted, or is planting, his thousands and his millions of timber trees; has his flocks; talks of turnips, clover, and lucerne, drains and inclosures. These labours may not always be most conducive to private advantage, but they are so to the country at large; and the emulation leads to a state of society and manners eminently respectable and happy. I have seen here larches, planted only sixty years ago, the trunks of which were nine feet in circumference, and 80 feet in height, the sweeping boughs extending full 30 feet every way. An oak, 25 or 30 years old, is worth L.3, at the rate of four or five shillings a cubic foot, and in 15 years doubles its value. I have

seen an oak for which the sum of L. 140 has been refused.

The soil is chalk, and not very fertile, renting on an average at 20s. an acre; good meadows rent at three times that price. Estates sell at thirty years purchase. Labourers earn 2s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. in summer, 2s. in winter. Poor's rates 4s. in the pound! The peasants look very decent in their manners, dress, and appearance. No marks of poverty about them; but they are certainly very diminutive in stature, and thin. They seem better clothed than fed. One might suspect that a certain native pride in them disdains to wear the livery of poverty, although they suffer in secret. The quartern loaf of bread (4 lb. 5 oz.) costs 1s. 0½d.; it was, in 1794 and 1795, 1s. 10½d.; that is, nearly double the present high price! The highest price of bread in scarce years in France has been, I believe, six sous a-pound, equal to about half the highest price above mentioned, yet the people suffered more there; they were, and they are poorer than here.

June ....—This is haymaking-time. Hay is worth L. 6 a load of 18 cwt. The sky is clear, and the air dry; the thermometer 76° to 78° in the shade at noon, 60° to 65° morning and evening. There are strawberries in abundance; cherries are beginning; gooseberries not ripe yet; green peas in season; roses blooming, and Portugal laurels, covered with their fine conical clusters of flowers, perfume the air. We have seen here, for the first time in England, the glow-worm, which recalls to our mind the American fire-fly, but is, however, very inferior in beauty.

The pursuit of agriculture does not occupy so exclusively the minds of the people in the coun-

as not to admit of a very keen relish for town news. The Prince Regent has given a very magnificent fête, which was the object of general conversation for a fortnight. It was computed that 1600 persons invited, supposed, at least, 400 carriages; and that allowing two minutes for each, more than 13 hours would be required for the whole number to be delivered at the door; and that beginning at eleven o'clock at night, it would take till twelve the next day! His Majesty having heard of the intended fête, is said to have asked whether he might not be permitted to go as a private gentleman. This raillery is in the same spirit with another *bon-mot* of this august patient. "*Here you see me*," he said, to a person who approached him, in a moment of personal restraint, indispensable in his situation, "*check-mated.*"

June 21.—The fête went off very well. The difficulties had been obviated by opening several avenues;—the Prince was most gracious,—he spoke to all, and delighted everybody by the courtesy of his manners, although courtesy is out of fashion. He is said to have received, with marked attention, the Duchess of Angouleme, who seemed the queen of the fête. This princess expressed herself highly gratified; the more so, she said, from her long habit of retirement, and newness to honours.

A sort of decoration, on the good taste of which I shall not pronounce, led to a tragi-comic occurrence. There was a stream of water, real water, which had been made to flow, I do not know by what means, along the middle of the table, in a meandering channel, with proper accompaniments of sand, moss, and rocks, in miniature, and bridges across. Gold and silver fishes frisking about in

the stream, exhibited the brightness of their scales, reflecting the light of 500 flambeaux, to the infinite delight of the guests. When at the height of their honours and glory, the greatest any of their kind ever attained before, they were seen, with astonishment and dismay, to turn on their backs, the one after the other, and to expire, without anybody being able to guess at the cause. We have heard a ministerial person, present at the fête, tell the story in a sneering manner, which we constructed into a symptom of imperfect conversion on the part of the Prince, and that he is not yet deemed quite theirs. His party (the opposition) will not believe or own, at least, that he has abandoned them; but the ministerial party observe, significantly, that the delay occasioned by the uncertainty of the state of health of his Majesty, has afforded time for the Prince to become acquainted with people he did not know before, with a party who had been misrepresented to him; and to get rid of the prejudices of his youth. It is plain he wavers;—a woman who wavers (on her virtue) is deemed lost;—a prince who does so (on the article of power) cannot remain long in suspence. Whatever the decision of this Prince may be, he is sure of hatred and determined opposition from one of the parties; from his former friends, particularly, if he abandons them. The people seem pretty indifferent between the two parties, and not to have much faith in the patriotism of the most patriotic; but there is an idea that if the whigs were in power, they might, with a better grace, adopt pacific measures about America and Ireland. People, are consistent out of pride and out of obstinacy; therefore the whigs are bound to consistency, and the ministerialists to be proud and intra[illegible]

I am not at all surprised that hatred should beget hatred. America and Ireland have manifested theirs towards England unequivocally; but that of the first appears appears to me without an adequate motive, while that of the last seems but too well justified; the latter may have very fatal consequences, while the other is, for the present, nearly impotent;—the most urgent case every way is Ireland.

The apartments where the fête was given, were open to the public the next day. Curiosity was extreme, quite as much so as it might have been at Paris. The people, and not the low people, went in crowds to Carleton-House. This affluence had not been foreseen, nor any precautions taken; and there have been many very serious accidents. People have been thrown down and trodden under foot,—arms and legs have been fractured,—ribs forced in;—and, it is said, some lives lost. Many a delicate female was extricated from the *mêlée*, nearly *in naturalibus*, and obliged to hide herself in a corner till petticoats could be procured; as to shoes no lady pretended to keep them; and after the event, they were swept in heaps, and filled, we have been told, several hogsheads.

June 26.—Winchester. We took leave of our friends this morning, and are come here to sleep, (42 miles). I am astonished at the prodigious extent of waste grounds in a country depending for food on the granaries of its enemies, and having 50 or 60 thousand idle prisoners of war to support, who, I dare say, would be very glad to work for a small salary, besides innumerable paupers, supported by means of an enormous tax on the public. We traversed to-day several extensive downs, used only as sheep pastures. The chalk stratum is

covered with a few inches of vegetable mould, and would be well worth cultivating. When the general inclosure bill was before parliament in 1793, the quantity of waste land was estimated at 22 millions of acres, about two-fifths of the surface of the whole island. Supposing one-half to have been inclosed and cultivated since that time, there would still be one-fifth waste. If the present population was perfectly at their ease on the other four-fifths, I certainly would not wish to see these fine green downs furrowed by the plough, and vulgar lines of property disfigure their surface; but if the generation wants bread, it seems very absurd not to let them grow it here. I know the next generation will not be better off, and that twenty years hence they would again want space; but for the men of the present day, the palliative is a complete cure.

The first stage after Albury was along a high ridge, like an immense causeway, with a very extensive and beautiful view on each side. We took notice of a large number of fine old yew trees growing wild on Lord Onslow's estate. The large knobs or protuberances on the sides of the trunks, have been cut off for the purpose of cabinet-makers work, having beautiful veins and a hard grain, which takes a fine polish. It does not injure the trees.

Near Winchester, we passed several depôts of French prisoners,—the officers on their parole, wandering *désœuvrés* and tired about the streets and roads. Winchester is of course old, and ugly; —the cathedral is fine.

June 27.—Southampton. The country near this place begins to look *forestish*. Cottages, as usual, neat, and overgrown with roses and honeysuckle, though ever so poor; a bit of lawn and

gravel-walk to the door, in imitation of gentlemen's cottages. Southampton has only one street of any consequence, and a walk planted with stunted trees along the bay. Nothing can surpass the dirt and bad smells of the bye streets; the tide leaving putrescent quagmires all about the lower parts. A very singular edifice proudly overlooks this dirty town. It is a castle, large, Gothic, prodigiously high, surrounded by lofty walls of hewn stones. It cost L. 40,000, and is not finished. Not an inch of ground beyond these walls. The meanest hovels crowd around them, and the view extends over a field of red-tile roofs and chimneys, to the slimy banks of Southampton bay; the New Forest, forming a long, low, unpicturesque strait line beyond it. Lord Lansdown, lately dead, built this castle. He was a very tall and thin man, riding on a long lean horse, and had following him a very little page, called his dwarf, mounted on a diminutive poney. The knight, the dwarf, and the castle, seemed made for each other. He must, in the main, have been a good sort of man, as the people about here, although they laugh at the castle and castle-builder, all speak well of him, and are hardly willing to admit that he was mad; but then, as I have observed before, the qualifications required for acknowledged insanity, are by no means easily attained in England, where a greater latitude is granted for whims, fancies, and eccentricities, than in other countries.

June 28.—Leaving our carriage at Southampton, where we intend to return, we proceeded this morning in a common post-chaise through the New Forest to Lymington, turning round the head of the bay by Redbridge, Cadnam, Bramble Hill Lodge, Castle Malwood, and Lyndhurst: the road, a per-

fect gravel walk; the soil being in fact a bed of hungry gravel. This circumstance is visible enough in the growth of the trees, mostly oaks, which are stunted and twisted into all sorts of picturesque sharp elbows and fine knees for the navy, moss and ivy mantled over most of their stems. Clusters of wild roses, broom, and sweet-briar, perfumed the air. Tufts of luxuriant fern, surmounted by the showy spires of the foxglove, waved their green plumes over the smooth lawn, for the trees leave great spaces between them of fine pasturage, close shorn, and of the liveliest green. The distant sound of the bells of grazing cattle, alone, interrupted the profound silence of this solitude. About Castle Malwood there are fine extensive views to the east and south, over the tops of the trees of the forest, and "boundless contiguity of shade."

A shower prevented our stopping to see the monument, erected a few years ago, over the remains of the oak, against which the arrow glanced which killed Rufus, the son of the conqueror. From Lyndhurst to Lymington, the road is quite strait, and has very little beauty. The trees standing are poor, the best having been felled for the navy, as the stumps, level with the soil (not breast-high as in America) sufficiently show; and many of the trees themselves lying about ready for use. There is still, however, an immense stock of timber standing, and enough, I should think, to serve the purposes of the navy for many years. There are, however, extensive tracts quite bare, and no new plantations. It is living on the capital instead of the revenue.

Just before we reached Lymington, we stopped at the Buckland ring, or Roman camp, a square intrenchment in great preservation; it is situated on a hill, the ground thrown up on each side of the

ditch, and enclosing about six acres. The country-woman, our guide, told us that this was the work of the French.

From Lymington we made a short excursion east, to finish the day, which ended fine; first, to Vicarshill, Gilpin's parsonage-house, which is an extremely pretty spot; then by St Leonards, where we saw the ruins of a building said to have been a barn of the monks of Beaulieu, 60 paces in length, and 20 broad; one corner of it is still used as a barn, and makes a very large one. Our ride extended as far as Bucklershard, through a very pretty country, with many gentlemen's houses and cottages, and very little remains of forest. From Bucklershard, back to Lymington, through a very uninteresting, flat, heathy tract, where we observed a little enclosure for the purpose of planting oaks,—the only instance of renovation in this decaying New Forest. Lymington, as indeed almost every place in England, is full of troops; but these are, it seems, foreigners, and mostly French. I could hardly believe my ears when I heard all these red coats speaking French among themselves, officers as well as men. They are embarking every day for foreign service. The people of the town complain bitterly of this quartering of troops, which, as a watering-place, prevents the usual resort of company. There are salt-works here which we have not seen.

June 29.—We set out this morning in a wherry rowed by two men (no wind,) for the Needles, and Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight, the distance about 12 miles; the direct passage across would have been only four. The sea was as smooth as a mill-pond. We boarded a vessel (a large and good-looking schooner,) full of crabs and lobsters; it

had a double bottom,—the inside one tight, the other with holes, and the interval, of course full of water, acting as ballast, and as a reservoir for the crabs, taken in and out by means of a well. This vessel had been cruising as far as the Land's-end for crabs, and was bound to London with her prize. We bought two live crabs, larger and heavier than American lobsters, for two bottles of porter. Rain compelled us soon after to put into Yarmouth, where, after dining plentifully on one of our crabs (the other given to our boatmen), and a basket of strawberries, raspberries, and cherries, and the weather clearing up, we resumed our navigation to the Needles, where we arrived about seven in the evening. They appear at a distance more like thimbles than needles. These famous rocks are arranged on a line with the extremity of the island, of which they were formerly a part. They are perfectly white, with a black base, and streaked with black dots, from the alternate strata of flints. The sea was so calm, that we could pass through the rocks and touch them. The chalk is rather more compact than usual, yet soft enough to break under the nail, and whiten your coat. It is difficult to conceive how they can resist the assaults of the sea in a storm. They are in fact continually undermined, and the

fallen fragments, soon dissolved, leave behind only the nodules of flints, forming the black base already mentioned, *en talus*, sloping to an angle of 45°. As the work of destruction proceeds, the *talus* of course rises higher, and retards the destruction of the rest. One of the needles, the farthest out, (C.) about 100 feet high, fell about forty years ago; the base is still visible, and forms a dangerous shelf in bad weather. Our boatmen pointed out some lesser changes within their time, such as the gateway, (A,) being repeated in (B.) The sketch above is taken broadside; but turning the point, or passing between the rocks, they appear like mere walls, tapering upwards, and so thin at the top, as to be *percés à jour* in many places; the sharp edge at top covered with birds, who make it their resting-place. Beyond the Needles, and turning the westernmost point of the Isle of Wight, we rowed along chalk cliffs of prodigious height, nearly 700 feet perpendicular, overhanging in some places; perfectly white, with narrow streaks of black flints; inclined to the horizon at an angle of nearly 45°. These cliffs absolutely swarmed with birds. Not only the white sea-gull, but a black bird, apparently about the size of a duck, with a longish neck and red head, said to yield the eider-down. We pursued a young one swimming; he could not fly, but dived so dexterously, and stayed so long under water, as to evade all pursuit, although under our hand all the time. Flights of these birds skimmed the air in endless circles around our heads, on wings that seemed without motion, and with a cry like a horse-laugh. The perfect calm of the sea enabled us to push the boat into a cave at the bottom of the cliff, so low that the least surf dashes against the roof. It appeared to penetrate 50 or 60

yards into the chalky rock. The water, as clear as possible, allowed us to see the bottom of black pebbles, being rolled flints, polished by the friction of ages. Our boatmen wanted us to visit Hurst Castle, at the entrance of the channel, which, understanding it to be garrisoned by foreign troops, I thought had better be avoided. We arrived late at Yarmouth (a small neat place), and made a bargain for a light carriage to go round the island to-morrow.

June 30.—First to the Needles point, where our situation of yesterday being reversed, we looked down upon the spot from which we looked up yesterday. This point is extremely narrow, resembling, on a larger scale, the Needle rocks below, and destined to become insulated, like them, when the ocean, at work on both sides, shall have quite broke through the narrow partition. We observed, with some terror, a long crack along the margin of the cliff, cutting off a slice of the downs (sheep were quietly feeding upon it), of full one acre. This slice has settled down already two or three feet, and must soon fall. The next heavy rain, or frost, or high wind, may detach it,—and down it slips, 660 feet perpendicular. We had landed on the flinty beach precisely under this cliff, twice as lofty probably as those of Dover, and more exposed to an open sea. They have samphire, too, growing in fine green tufts, inaccessible but by a rope from the top.

> The murmuring surge,
> That on the unnumb'red idle pebbles chafes,
> Cannot be heard so high.

The Needles light-house is built on the highest spot of the point,—715 feet above the

sea. The building is a truncated cone, only 20 feet high; the top, glazed all round, contains eight argand lamps, very little larger than those commonly used in apartments, arranged in a vertical circle; each has a plated copper reflector of 26 inches in diameter. There is an iron stove to preserve the oil liquid in cold weather. The light is seen 11 leagues at sea from the deck of a ship, like a large star, and is visible much farther from the masthead. An old man and woman, who live in the light-house, and sit up by turns all night, afford a good proof of the salubrity of the spot, having never been hindered a single night by sickness from attending in the space of 19 years.

Returning from the point, we passed by barracks full of soldiers, mostly foreigners. Then by *Freshwater-gate*;—soldiers there too, and we heard them speaking French. Then by Comptondown, Westbrook, Mottestow, Briaton, to Niton, where we slept (22 miles to-day). Fine views of the sea on the right the whole way. Our track was mostly over extensive sheep-walks, fragrant with thyme, crushed under the wheels of the carriage. Rich farms and neat cottages adorned the vallies. The meanest of the cottages, and those inhabited by the poorer class, were buried in roses, jessamine, and honeysuckle; and often large myrtles, which, on this southern coast, bear the winter out of doors. Vines everywhere against the houses, and often fig-trees. We thought the women remarkably good-looking. Children and grown people took off their hats, or gave us a nod, as we passed along.

Near Niton begins a very singular track of country, called the Under-cliff. A stripe of about five miles in length by half a mile in breadth, seems to have settled down, and slipped towards the sea,

presenting a jumble of rocks, overturned and broken,—mounds of earth,—deep hollows,—and numerous springs, forming falls of water, collecting into pools, and hurrying to the sea. The land side presents an abrupt steep, or cliff, two or three hundred feet high, composed of horizontal beds of sandstone; precisely the same stone forming the jumble below. It is evident that the sunken track was formerly a continuation of the high cliff. A new land-slip took place in 1799. A part of the high cliff, perhaps 20 acres, was seen sinking, and sliding towards the sea, the surface breaking into strange shapes and yawning chasms, shutting and opening again. We walked to this spot from Niton, about one mile south of it. It gives a very good idea of a country overturned by a dreadful earthquake. We were shewn the remains of a house which had been partly swallowed up. It appears probable, that the numerous springs which run now over the surface of this sunken tract, from the high cliff to the sea, must have flowed under it formerly, and may have worn wide passages through some soft under-strata to the sea, which, penetrating into these passages, may easily have undermined the foundation of the superincumbent mass, so as to make it give way, partly settling down, partly spreading out into the sea.

July 1.—From Niton (the troops quartered here are English,) we proceeded along the Under-cliff, by Mirables, St Laurence, Steep-Hill, Bon-Church, —a succession of very beautiful spots.

The crisis of this part of the Under-cliff is evidently of no recent date, and the earth has had time to grow young again; for, contrary to the laws of organized life, inert nature loses with age original deformity and barrenness, and is [illegible]

to the very dissolution of its substance for beauty and fecundity. The hand of art has indeed come here in aid of nature. A few rich citizens have built their marine villas, and planted their groves, removed the littery *debris*, spread their green carpets among the rocks, and made them accessible by convenient paths. Yet the pleasure of improving once over, they are become indifferent about the improvements themselves, and most of the masters of these beautiful places are absent at this season, either in London, or spending their time at public places, or travelling about. *All England for a country-house*, is an expression in vulgar use among them. The arrangements of the road, and giving directions to the servants,—settling the bills, and looking at the map; have in them a semblance of business and occupation, and the slight jolting of the carriage creates at least something like a sensation, and more pleasure than the passive contemplation of the Under-cliff.

> ——————— And little cares avail
> To ease the mind when rest and reason fail.

It is a singular circumstance that the trees, although planted so near the sea, along this Under-cliff, have succeeded perfectly. I had observed before, that a screen, a high one at least, placed on the land-side of trees, protects them nearly as effectually as one between them and the sea. It seems as if the sea air, forced by the obstacle beyond the trees to take a direction upwards, passed over their heads without injuring them.

Shankley chine came next; a pretty place, with a deep ravine cut through the cliff, by an inconsiderable little rill. Then Sandown bay, where

extensive barracks are built and building, and soldiers all about, basking lazily in the sun. They wore dark green dresses and mustaches. We inquired for the house that had been Mr John Wilkes's, and were shewn, under some very shabby apple-trees, a low square wooden building,—then a little farther, an old little brick building, with a wooden addition turned from the prospect. We saw the interior of the first building, which the woman in it told us had been Mr Wilkes's *smoaking room* or *Truscan* room, as she expressed it, and which used to be hung with fine tapestry, &c. &c. If the place had been ever so beautiful, it would be now quite destroyed by the barracks close by, and the road between it and the beach. But I am sorry to say (my companions being near relations of the patriot) that it can never have been otherwise than extremely paltry, and in the worst possible taste. The beach is flat, and it seems in fact the only part of the shore quite divested of beautiful accompaniments. From this to Ride, the country is rich and varied,—a good deal of wood, and many gentlemen's residences. Ride is a neat little town, from which you see Portsmouth at seven miles distance, and the road full of ships of war. There is a good shore to bathe in, covered carts, and warm-baths also.

July 2.—Corres and Newport. We learnt here the unfortunate rencontre between the American frigate President, and the Little Belt. This event, and the condemnation of the American ship the Fox, deciding the fate of a great number of other prizes under the orders in council, seem to render war inevitable. It is not a new remark that those great political measures, upon which the fate of nations depend, are rarely determined

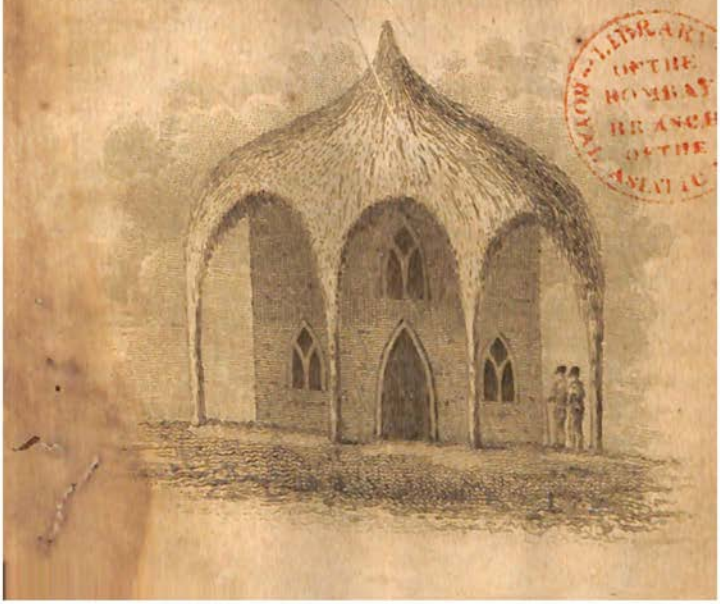
by the common rules of reason, or the obvious interest of the parties. If that is really the case, we may indeed have war.

Cowes is a pretty place, with many gentlemen's houses near it as usual. One of them is a gothic castle,—bran-new,—stuck round with towers and battlements. Not far from it a poorer neighbour has erected his own Gothic thatched cottage.

The Gothic style is considered here as national, and certainly they use it freely, and as their own. Horace Walpole contributed, I fancy, to spread the taste and the misapplication of it.

Traversing the island through the middle of it, we are returned to our beautiful Under-cliff, with an intention of spending a few days there. The middle of the island by Newport, its capital, is, like all the rest, woody, fertile, and flourishing.

July 6. Steep-hill.—We have taken lodgings for a week in a fisherman's cottage,—a sort of an ale-



house. It has been a perfect calm at sea for some days, which is unfavourable for fishing. Five or six boats have, in consequence, come to an anchor near here, and the men, who are idle, have spent their time in a room adjoining ours, drinking, or near the house playing at bowls. They sung frequently, two or three voices together, sea-songs in the true sailor style,—sometimes extremely well, oftener very badly:—altogether it was not to be borne long, and we were going away, when the wind arose, and they disappeared. This gave us, however, an opportunity of observing a new class of people, and, much to their credit, we found them remarkably well-behaved, and decent, although noisy;—no quarrels among themselves, and no absolute drunkenness. I was surprised to find their fishing-tackle were made of osier, but not exactly the sort with which baskets are made.—the withy rope, as they call it, lasts good two years, although continually wet and dry; a hempen rope would hardly last so long, would cost ten times the price, and be much heavier. It makes also very good cables for light boats, and fastened to posts, makes inclosures. Taking advantage of the opportunity, I learnt the art of withy rope making, and shall carry a sample of this economical manufacture to America.

July 7.—Lord D. has a beautiful cottage within a short mile of us, buried in trees and rocks, towering above the house in successive natural terraces, each carpeted over with short green turf, and edged with trees and shrubs, and creeping plants, clymatis I think mostly, in wild luxuriance,—just a drest wilderness,—terminating above in a perpendicular wall of rocks. A short avenue of large old elms, leading to the house, forms a pointed arch, dark

and lofty, of great effect. We observed a lamp placed under the trees, the light of which, in a dark night, on the trunks and branches, must be extremely fine. The rooms are hung with sea-views, some of them from the pencil of the noble owner; which show him to be a painter among lords undoubtedly. We might have quarrelled with him for neglecting this beautiful place for years, as we understood he had; but his servant suggested a motive which does honour to his feelings. There is a seat upon Lord D.'s grounds, at a distance from the house, on the brink of an abrupt declivity over the sea, with a retrospect of all the lofty rocks, and tufted groves on the land-side, terminated by a terrace five or six hundred feet in height; the sheep grazing on the very edge of it, and thus seen "athwart the sky," look as large as cows or horses. The ocean exhibited to-day, besides the usual fishing-smacks, a fleet of men of war, near enough to distinguish the port-holes; all sails set, and gliding gently over the blue expanse. Their course was west,—Sir Joseph Yorke's squadron perhaps, bound for the coast of America; and it may be our fate to meet these very ships at Sandy Hook, and to be captured by them! The serene and harmless countenance of the ocean is, however, a tranquillizing sight to us on the eve of a long voyage.

The idea that this Under-cliff is liable to undergo a new *bouleversement*, spoils a little the enjoyment of it. The inhabitants appear, however, very easy on the subject. Our landlord, the fisherman, remarked on the subject, that all about appeared firm and strong! There was, notwithstanding, a tremendous land-slip last winter, at the eastern extremity of this district, very like the one of which we had

seen the effects at the western extremity. This one extends over 40 or 50 acres. The rents are frightful; and the rocks are in some places ground to fragments, by their friction against each other. The old surface, with its vegetation, seems to have been swallowed up, and new soil, white and barren, substituted. We have seen the roots of trees actually standing up in the air, where their branches were buried in the soil!—a poetical situation assuredly, which put us in mind of that picture of the deluge, in which two human feet only appear on the surface of the waters. This chaos of *debris* forms a promontory into the sea. The phenomenon of the land-slip, thus going on at the two extremities of the track, and not in the middle, seems to indicate that this middle has reached a firm basis, and is really now quite firm.

Wheat grows extremely well on this perturbed soil, mostly chalk;—it is in many places a man's height. Potatoes and all other crops seem to succeed equally well. The low pastures are covered with fine Alderney cows, and the steep downs with sheep. Our guide-book informs us that this fortunate island yields seven times as much as its inhabitants consume. It enumerates all the cheeses, and all the sheep and cattle exported to London market; and tells of a butcher who bought 1500 lambs at one purchase. However that may be, our fare here is very much confined to crabs, lobsters, and mackerel; there is neither milk nor fruit to be had, and no butcher within some miles. Coals are 50s. a chaldron. Land rents at little more than 30s. per acre, the best; the average, including the high downs for sheep-pasture, is much less. The farms are so contrived, as to have a portion of arable and pasture;—there is but little

land for sale. This spot unites the pastoral wildness of Scotland,—the luxuriant vegetation, verdure, and shade of the middle parts of England, with a bold shore, and an unbounded sea, continually traversed by ships.

We went to see, about two or three miles inland, a house of the honourable Mr ———, which has some good pictures. St John watching Christ asleep, by Guido,—very natural, and good. Berghem's own portrait as a sportsman, by himself, something larger than Tenier's own portrait; much the same dress, and as natural and good. A fine St Peter, by Annibal Caracci. Two good Titians. A bad Joseph and the Lady, by Albano. Two very large and good landscapes by Zucarelli. Salvator's Thieves. A Claude. I have hardly ever met with any picture of Claude's distinguished by that warmth of colouring, for which he is so celebrated. There is sometimes a hazy indistinctness in his pictures, which is very beautiful, but no glow. This is one of those things which pass current on trust, without any body caring to examine whether there is any foundation for it. The trees of Claude are always heavy lumps. Our conductress brought out of a dark closet a man's head in a platter, (Cromwell's) represented with sufficient truth to make one shudder. This house has likewise a collection of Greek marbles, the object of universal ambition in England. These are a little weather-beaten, as usual, and not the worse for that, it being the test of antiquity. A bust of Mrs Pelham, by Nollekin, gave us more pleasure than any of the antiques. It is no disparagement to Athens to say, that there were some bad artists there, or that the best were not born so. We took

notice, particularly, of a very indifferent antique bull.

July 8.—We have been to see, and regret not to have discovered sooner, a very beautiful place near us, the lease of which belongs to Mrs A. B. of London. The cottage is buried in trees, some of them very fine. It stands on a rising ground, among broken terraces of rocks, verdure, and shade, most beautifully intermixed, giving an idea of the Chinese hanging-gardens, without their affected irregularity; and, at the top of all, the stupendous wall of the high cliff, as at Lord D.'s, but still better. This little paradise is blooming unseen; the owner never comes to it, but I dare say finds time for a tour every summer.

Walking over another very pretty place in the neighbourhood, we saw, below some trees, an inscription, informing us, that, under the sod hard by, lay the remains of a horse, a favourite Calabrian poney, who, after carrying his master, a Mr Bowdler, to the top of Vesuvius, farther than any horse had ascended before, all over the Alps, and a great part of Europe, had been permitted to die of pure old age, in peace and plenty, on this very spot.

The maid-servant of our lodgings, a simple, good-natured, honest creature, who was born on this spot, and never was out of sight of the landslip, has a child; but it turned out, on inquiry, that she never had a husband; and I am informed that the landlady, a very pretty young woman just married, has remarked on the occasion, that it was no uncommon case. She blamed the practice as *unsafe*, observing, with great appearance of simplicity, that, for her part, she thought it was better to secure a husband first. We had much the same

J. S. del. Edinburgh Published by Adam Black 1st Jany 1815. J. Clark direx.

information in Cumberland, and in other parts of the country; and I really think, the facility of American manners, about which travellers have made ill-natured remarks, has precedents here to go by.

We have taken leave of crabs and mackerel, and, recrossing the island by a new road, we have met again with the same scenery of gentlemen's houses, and opulent farms, green pastures, and flourishing fields; the trees in all sheltered places very fine; and as uniformly stunted and bent to the ground, oaks particularly, in open places, although eight or ten miles inland.

The passage from Cowes to Southampton is 14 miles; we performed it in two hours, in a good sea-boat, a sloop, of which the master was tolerably drunk; the fare only one shilling a-head, the tenth part of the toll of some of the English rivers. Spithead, full of ships at anchor, appeared at about ten miles distance. Southampton bay itself is uninteresting, the shores being low; they are well wooded, however, in many places, and diversified with gentlemen's houses. The ruins of Netley Abbey showed themselves to advantage above the trees.

July 11.—We left Southampton yesterday morning, and went first to Netley Abbey, about four miles out of the direct road to Portsmouth. The approach is fine; a vast grey pile buried in trees and overgrown with ivy;—dark shades behind and on both sides. We entered a large square court full of lofty trees (ash);—this must have been the cloisters;—thence through ruined arches to the chapel, the two great east and west windows still entire, and properly clothed with ivy; one of the wings or arms of the cross is down, the other standing. The centre of the chapel is a heap of ruins,

and trees of much more than a century's growth shooting up from among them. I do not know whether these are not, upon the whole, the most picturesque monastic remains we have seen. Notwithstanding the uncommon heat of the day (probably 80°) it was cool, as well as dark, among these ruins. While we were employed in admiring and drawing, a large company arrived in two smart carriages, preceded by a convoy of provisions for a picturesque dinner;—masters and servants dispersed immediately among our ruins, and the solitary aisles resounded with loud and trite remarks. The young ladies spoke tastefully;—the men made jokes, and thought of the dinner;—the wives deplored, in accents of terror, the rashness of the dear children climbing among stones. We gave up the field, and pursued our journey through a very pretty country, particularly along the little river Ilchin;—the cottages lying so snug under their thick thatched roofs, and the checkered casements overgrown with woodbine and roses; a smooth, short, green carpet before, and tufted groves behind. I cannot say I admire equally the castle style, which is nearly as prevalent;—when not great it is grotesque. One of these little castellated dwellings, had its drawbridge and chains over a moat, not two yards in breadth, and a portecullis of painted wood over the gate, ready to fall on assailants. I recollect one of those miniature castles building at Richmond, half way up the hill, by the side of a dusty street, with "flanking wall that round it sweep," and embattled towers also, so small that a chimney-sweeper could hardly ascend into them, the whole built of hewn stone, and at great expence.

The entrance of the peninsula, upon which

Portsmouth is situated, is protected against land-attacks by fortifications; but no questions are asked of travellers in passing them, or at the gates. The inns were full, and it was not without great difficulty that we could secure shelter for the night. That done, we took a walk along the walls, which are the resort of the *beau monde*, and from which there is a fine sea view,—Spithead and all the ships at anchor. The ladies seemed, in general, no better than they should be. Booths for a fair were building in the principal street where we lodged, and the crowd and noise were such, all night, as to render it impossible to sleep. Early this morning we went to the beach, where there are convenient little carts for bathing; the water clean, warm, and pleasant, price 1s.

Being informed that the dock-yard was shown to any body applying, we went there. It was dinner time, and we were desired to wait till the return of the workmen, whom we saw passing in review before us; in number three or four thousand men. Having been required to enter my name and residence in a book, kept for that purpose, and, having written of *New York*, our conductor reported the circumstance to a grave personage, called the governor of the works, who declared that I could not proceed, but that the ladies might. Not choosing, however, to avail themselves of the permission, we went away. As a woman properly instructed would answer the purpose of a spy just as well as a man, and as there would be no difficulty in procuring any information through the natives themselves, the degree of precaution now used is evidently insufficient; and if there really is any secret worth keeping, it would certainly be

safer not to entrust it to any one, and refuse admittance altogether.

We proceeded next to Petworth, by Chichester, which has nothing remarkable but its cathedral. We did not stop to see it. A few miles south of Petworth, coming down a hill, through a fine wood of lofty trees, we had a very grand view of the rich extensive plain below, dark with trees and evening shades. The sky was without a cloud, and in the west, "a line of insufferable brightness."

July 12.—Petworth belongs to Lord E.—a great edifice, too plain and simple for its size. The main front, 250 feet in length, is pierced with 21 windows in a line, level with the ground. Inside the suite of apartments is certainly very fine, and one of the rooms is adorned with Gibbon's best carved ornaments. Nothing can be lighter, and truer to life; birds and fish, flowers and fruit; but we had with us an antiquated housekeeper, who made us dwell rather longer than we liked on the details. The pictures had nothing remarkable. Henry VIII. broad and bulky, with straddling legs, and brutal mien, hangs on the wall in many places, painted by Holbein, and others, all in the same attitude. Three or four good Vandykes; some inferior portraits by him and Sir Peter Lely, the old subject of the old beauties. Many busts and statues, each with its pedigree, straight from Greece, Herculaneum, or the Tiber. Most of them are so defaced and mutilated, have been repaired in so many essential parts, and accommodated with entire new members, as to put me in mind of Mr Peale's mammoth's skeleton, with just bone enough to give it a name. I distinguished, however, some good drapery figures, particularly a colossal one of a middle aged man, sitting pensively. A very

excellent portrait of Bonaparte, by Phillips, hollow cheeks, extremely sallow, a melancholy and very *mild* eye; it was painted during the short peace. A very good portrait of the late Duke of Bedford, perfectly handsome, but not remarkably sensible. Turenne by the side of him, rather plain, but full of spirit and intelligence. A great regularity of features supposes an habitual tranquillity of mind, rarely disturbed by strong emotions of any sort. When the energy of the passions, and of genius, is united to perfect beauty, and animates the features without disturbing their regularity, the expression may be called divine, and such is that of the Belvidere Apollo; a degree of perfection artists have rarely attained. The traces of human feelings are but the traces of death; wear and decay are written in the lines of an expressive countenance; and it belongs to the immortals only to burn without being consumed. The death of Cardinal Beaufort, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The cardinal is too strong for a dying man, and seems writhing under bodily, rather than mental pain. A Lady Craven also, by Sir Joshua, not very good; not at all the expression one should expect; rather that of a good-natured, sober, modest, mother of a family, caressing a little boy.

We were next conducted to the finest conservatory imaginable; the plants on the open ground, and not crowded; they remain there of course in summer, and the lights only are taken away. I never saw plants in such health and vigour; a heliotrope ten feet high, full of leaves and flowers, from the earth to the top, and perfuming the air. The scarlet fuscia, eighteen feet high, also full of flowers. A scarlet geranium, covering a frame of fifteen feet by eight. One plant of the passion

flower, running along the whole frame of the building, with a stem six inches round. No rare plants,—all for beauty and smell. We remarked a magnolia out of doors, against the house, 36 feet high, full of large white flowers. The kitchen-garden, all divided into *espalier* walls, covers 13 acres,—not an inch of which seems unoccupied.

Lord E. is represented by the people of the country as a plain man, rather shy, odd, and whimsical; which is saying a great deal in a country where this disposition is common enough to escape observation. He suffers the peasants of his village to play bowls and cricket on the lawn before the house; to scribble on the walls, and even on the glass of his windows; yet he has just turned away a gardener for selling some vegetables out of a garden which might supply the country ten miles round, and I dare say does. This noblemen had a numerous family of children, the last two only legitimate; the latter died, and the title will pass to a collateral heir, with as small a portion as he can of an income of L. 80,000 a-year. There are many men in England who are libertines out of modesty, or rather *mauvaise honte*, unable to control their awe of modest women; and I understand this disposition is particularly common among the nobility. It is probably the consequence of a late university education, and being kept too long out of general society. The contrary custom prevailing in France, had produced that universal polish by which the individual stamp of character was worn out and effaced. A worthless pebble might thus acquire some little lustre, while in England the richest diamond is apt to remain a rough stone.

The pleasure-grounds of Petworth, different

from any we have seen in England, are planted with the largest trees, close together, something like a heavy-timbered American forest, of which they suggest the idea. Many of the trees were indeed American. We found here our old acquaintances the hemlock, the black spruce, the tulip-tree, the occidental plane, the acacia,* and several kinds of oaks. All these trees seem to accommodate themselves extremely well with the climate of England, and not to feel, while growing within the inclosed grounds of a peer of a monarchy, the loss of American liberty. Under their shade we observed the rhododendrum, the fragrant and the common azalia, and other American plants, finer and more luxuriant than in their native soil. In some places the trees, having sufficient space, grow in the English taste; and the spruce, thus civilized, extends its mighty limbs over the green lawn with the grace and majesty of a park oak.

Of the two nights we spent at Petworth, in a very good inn, the first afforded us all the rest of which we had been deprived at Portsmouth; the second was of a very different character. There happened to be a club-dinner in the room next to us, still sitting, and rather noisy, when we went to bed. The company soon became so much more boisterous, as to destroy all hopes of sleep, and getting up, I procured a light, and took a book, but reading was also impossible. The conversation, of which very very little was lost, became

* The acacia succeeds better in England than in America, where it is injured, and often destroyed, by a particular kind of worm. This tree affords a most valuable timber for ship-building, and grows very fast; yet it is never met with in England planted on a large scale for timber.

more and more foolish every moment; the singing, breaking wine-glasses and chairs, and vociferating, lasted till three o'clock in the morning,—that is, until broad day-light,—when most of these convivial gentlemen staggered home one after the other, and those remaining were too far gone to give us any farther annoyance. This scene is, I believe, quite English, though less common than formerly.

The ploughs about here, and in Hampshire, have wheels in front to regulate the dip of the ploughshare; and, as one of the wheels runs in a furrow and the other not, the latter is made smaller. Horses are used universally. Farmers buy them very young, and sell them again when six years old, well broke, and at a considerable advance of price. They say that horses are nicer in their food, but consume less than oxen, and work faster. A pair of oxen, however, harnessed like horses, properly shod, and with bits in their mouths, will plough an acre every day in less than eight hours. It were to be wished that horse-flesh was brought to market like that of horned-cattle; and horses would gain by it more than men. An old ox is sent to the pasture for a couple of years; he does not labour,—grows fat,—and falls at last under the club of the butcher, without previous suffering:—a horse, on the contrary, the less spared as he is least able to labour, descends lower and lower as he grows old,—is ill used,—starved,—and given to the dogs. The fine cream-coloured horses of his Majesty have actually been seen in a vile hackney-coach. Were it not for the absurd prejudice against horse-flesh, the noble animals might have passed from the stable to the table of their master. I under-

stand that horse-flesh is an article of food in Denmark.

The English boast of their humanity to animals, and may comparatively; but although animals are treated less cruelly here than in France, and are for that reason much more docile and manageable, yet there is still much to be shocked at. If you have a mind to travel with any comfort, you must not venture to look under the collars or saddles of post-horses, as you might there meet with sights to make the best post-chaise uneasy. Between Petworth and Weston-House we perceived that one of the horses was streaming with blood about the neck; he had been put in harness too soon after a bleeding. The postboy stopped on the road, and went through the operation of fresh twisting of the skin, tying, and pinning,—very clumsy and painful,—but unavoidable: he agreed with me that it was very wrong to work horses too soon after bleeding, *for*, said he, this is the third we have had in this situation, and the two others died of a mortification, and *they cost* L. 37 *a-piece!* If you make any remark on a horse being lame or tired, they never fail to apply the whip instantly, by way of shewing the horse *can* go:—something like the consequence of Don Quixote's interfering in favour of the shepherd's boy. It is a strange, but certainly a happy dispensation of providence, that the impression of these sort of things should weaken so rapidly, as soon as the object is out of sight, otherwise, as new ones presented themselves, such an accumulation of misery would at last render the situation of the traveller worse than that of his horses. The supreme author of good and evil has wisely ordered, that a scratch, or a drop of blood shed under our eyes, should awaken a more lively sympathy,

than all the horrors of a field of battle, where we are not; and that distance of time should also come in aid of local distance, to blunt unavailing pity. I cannot help thinking, however, that if this organization of human nature had been trusted to me, I should have wished to make distant evils, and "others' woes," *somewhat* more present to our imagination and feelings. A distinct impression of the details of war, for instance; the agonies of the drenched field of honour, and the prolonged miseries of the military hospital; the horrors of endless captivity, of famine, and of pestilence; the hopeless despair of wives and mothers, —might then have damped that idiot admiration of ours for splendid deeds of desolation, and might check the ambition, by withdrawing a part at least of the recompense;—for

> Great heroes, howsoe'er inclin'd
> To harass and destroy mankind,
> Ne'er flesh the steel, or roll the thunder,
> Without some hopes of fame or plunder.

After spending a few days with our friends in Surrey, we returned to London the latter end of July. The road from Weston to Esher, by Dorking and Leatherhead, lies through a very pretty country, full of gentlemen's houses, either simple or magnificent, all in good taste. We paid a visit at one of them, and found a house spreading, broad and low, on a level lawn, and buried in fine trees and shrubs. Inside, the principal room furnished with prints pasted on a yellow wall, with a very narrow paper border, and prettily arranged; books, busts, bronze figures, and elegant furniture in that and every other room,—the windows very large and few, opening like folding-doors *à la Française*.

and glazed diagonally, made of mahogany, and not painted. The river Mole crept sluggishly at a little distance from the house, and beyond it rose Boxhill, in barren majesty, and covered with white chalk patches. It had been till lately clothed with an evergreen grove of box-trees, but they were sold last year, for the prodigious sum of L. 12,000, and the hill remains shorn of its honours for some years at least.

Magnificent elms are falling on all sides for timber, the straightest for keel-pieces. We were shown Norbury Park on a height, Mr Locke's residence, whose talents are well known to us. I had seen and copied at Weston, the day before, a sketch of his composition, which would do honour to an artist (Joseph explaining the dream of Pharaoh's officers.) It is a great pity Mr Locke should have been born in a situation which makes him independent of his talents.

We found the inhabitants of London taken up with two recent occurrences. The splendid fête given by Miss L. a young lady, sole mistress of a fortune of half a million sterling. The supper is said to have fallen rather short, and it is no wonder, for Mr Gunter (the fashionable manager of fêtes) had *only* 2000 guineas for this same supper, exclusive of lights! The other object of public interest is, the late failure of the cow-pox preservative property in two instances, in the space of a month. The son of Lord Grosvenor, vaccinated ten years ago, by the celebrated Dr Jenner himself, has taken the small-pox in a natural way; it was of a confluent sort, and the patient was in great danger. A few days after, the son of Sir —— was likewise attacked with the natural small-pox, less violently, but also ten years after vaccination.

Can it be possible that the preservative property should not last beyond a certain number of years, and that it should be necessary to recur to vaccination every ten years? It might be worth while to try inoculation of the small-pox at distant periods, with a view to ascertain the permanency of the preservative quality. So far, the efficacy of the cow-pox in preserving from the small-pox, has failed only in one case out of a thousand. The inoculation for the small-pox itself missed three times as often, and was sometimes fatal; while vaccination is without any danger whatsoever, and is attended with little or no sickness.

The persons with whom I have been lately, were theorists on the side of the *depreciation of paper*; here I have conversed with men of business, who are against it, that is, do not, or will not believe in it. Passing thus from one medium of opinions to another, you experience a sort of electrical shock of surprise; and if the experiment is frequently repeated, it destroys at last, in a great degree, all confidence in one's self, and in others,—in the principles and in the reason of men,—all respect for mankind,—all enthusiasm,—and even seriousness.

> Tout animal reçut de la nature,
> Certain instinct dont la conduite est sure,
> Et les humains n'ont que de la raison.

This humiliating experiment, however, is calculated to inculcate the best possible lesson of forbearance and tolerance. It is not to be wondered at that women, with so few opportunities of observing these varieties of views, and contradictory reasonings, unaccustomed to doubt, and carried away by their feel-

ings, should be so generally intemperate in their zeal, and exaggerated in their opinions.

A wealthy individual, a great landholder, and a peer of the realm, has lately taken upon himself to sound the alarm of the depreciation in good earnest, and put it to the test; in having sent a notice to his tenants, in which he tells them that bank paper representing no longer the real value stated in their leases, he means to call upon them for payment of their rents in the legal coin of the realm; and as gold was worth L. 4 per ounce at the time these leases were granted, while its present value in the market is L. 4, 14s. in default of gold coin, he would be satisfied with paper, at the rate of L. 4, 14s. for every L. 4, or 16½ per cent. difference, being the actual depreciation. The tenants are protected by law against the arrest of their persons, provided they tender bank-notes, but are liable to be ejected from their farms; and Parliament will have to protect them further. It is undeniable that the rent agreed upon in 1804 does not represent now the same value; and that the farmer, while selling his produce at an advanced price, proportioned to the depreciation, discharges his rent at the old or reduced price,—what he pays is nominal, and what he receives real. The landlord has a fair right, therefore, to come in for his share of the advanced price, and the interference of the legislature is hardly defensible on the ground of justice, although necessity may be pleaded in its favour. This is, however, to be said, that the rise of prices was in part foreseen in 1804, and that a farmer obtaining a long lease, might be induced to give a higher price than he could afford at first; in consideration of the advantages to accrue to him from the successive rise of prices during the course of

his lease. It is like Esop's basket, too heavy at setting out, and too light for the latter half of the journey; but which it would not be fair to fill up again at the half way. The zeal of the champions for the integrity of the currency, is not unlike that of the surgeon in Gil Blas, who, after wounding passengers in the street, and retreating into his house, sallied forth through another door to proffer his services, in the way of his profession.

The comedy called *the Cure for the Heart-ache* was acted yesterday at the theatre of the *Hay-market*. Elliston and Munden appeared in it, and gave us great pleasure, although they exaggerated the exaggerations of the play. But the taste of the English public requires this,—as thistles alone have power to stimulate the palate of certain animals. The object of the *petite piece* called the *Quadrupeds of Quedlinburgh*, was to ridicule the perverted morality and sentiments of the German drama, and at the same time the exhibition of horses on the stage. One of the personages has two wives, and one of the wives two husbands. One of the husbands, a prisoner in the castle of a merciless tyrant (Duke of Saxe Weimar) is liberated by the other husband, for no other apparent purpose but to get rid of one of his wives. He besieges the castle with a troop of horse, and batters down its walls with pistol-shot. The horses consist of a head and a tail, fastened before and behind the performers, with two sham legs of the rider, dangling about on each side, and a deep housing hiding the real legs. All the cant, childishness, grossness, and crude philosophy of the German drama was, of course, mustered together, and excited much risibility; the horses climbed walls, leapt, kicked, fought, lay down, and died, as Mr Kemble's horses might have

done. All this was very ridiculous,—but I am not sure that the laugh of the audience was not more with the thing ridiculed, than at it. The English public is not easily burlesqued out of its pleasures, and to it a caricature is still a likeness. Some friends of the real quadrupeds hissed, but clapping got the better. The pale face and *nares acutissimæ* of the ex-minister, Mr Canning was pointed out to us in the next box, in company with Lord M.; he laughed very heartily,—and the nature of the laugh of the author of the Antijacobin could not be mistaken.

London is less empty than we expected, and the wheels of numerous carriages are still rattling over the pavement of Portman Square, near which we occupy the house of an absent friend, obligingly lent to us. Hyde Park is much frequented, and still green. The deer are so tame as to graze near the walks, and suffer the children to play with their horns. The swans, equally tame, come with their young ones, which are not white yet, to the margin of the Serpentine river, and take bread out of your hand.

We have in our neighbourhood one of those no-thoroughfare lanes or courts, of which Voltaire wanted to change the indelicate name they bear in French into that of *impasse*. This one is inhabited by a colony of Irish labourers, who fill every cellar and every garret,—a family in each room; very poor, very uncleanly, and very turbulent. They give each other battle every Saturday night particularly, when heroes and heroines shew their prowess at fisty-cuffs, and roll together in the kennel, precisely as at Paris in the Fauxbourg St Marçeau. We should never have known that there were such wretches as these in London, if we had not happened to reside in Orchard Street, Portman

Square, which is one of the finest parts of the town. The uproar continued all last night, from Saturday to Sunday (5th August), and it was as impossible to sleep as at Petworth. A watchman called for assistance with his rattle. One or more of his brethren assembled; and I overheard from the window one of them say, "*If I go in I know I shall have a shower of brick-bats.*" To which another replied very considerately, "*Well, never mind, let them murder each other if they please.*" This shews what sort of a mild police there is in this immense town,—and yet there are as few crimes, or violence of any kind, committed here as at Paris, where the *guet à-pied* and *guet-à-cheval* parade the streets, or at least used to do so, all night long, and even during the day, full armed. I have never heard anything similar to the noise of these neighbours of ours in any other part of the town at any hour of the night, even in St Giles's, which lies in the way to several of the playhouses.

We have spent a few days at East Barnet, eight miles from London. Half the distance is through a track of waste-land, called Finchley Common, the existence of which, at the very gates of the capital, is to me very surprising. It was formerly a favourite stand for robbers; but the war has provided for these bold spirits, and you may travel at present all over England in perfect safety. The road passes over a small ridge of hills, perhaps 300 feet in height, through which a subterraneous passage is now constructing; it is indeed pierced nearly through, and is 1000 feet in length; it will be secured by a cylinder of brick, 18 feet in diameter. This is the direct road to Scotland, and all the northern counties, and it is supposed that a light toll will easily defray the expence. Marine re-

mains of various sorts have been discovered in digging this tunnel; and a new substance, resembling amber, scattered in small masses. These hills (Hampstead and Highgate,) being the highest spots for many miles round London, enjoy a very fine prospect, and are covered with inns and country-houses.

On our return to town we stopped at Hackney, to see the ascension of a balloon. The crowd on foot and in carriages was prodigious. An uninterrupted stream poured from all the avenues towards the spot (the garden of the Mermaid public-house), covering whole fields, the roofs of houses, and the highest trees, like a swarm of locusts, in order to see better what could not possibly escape their sight from any place. After waiting some hours, the balloon rose at last from its hiding-place, with two adventurers suspended in its gallery,—Mr Sadler, a professor in that line, and Captain Paget, a candidate for fame,—waving their flags. There was a short burst of applause, then a profound silence, and some time elapsed before shouts burst again from the immense multitude. The novelty to most people, the gracefulness of the sight, and the boldness of the deed, are calculated to excite very powerful emotions, which are felt simultaneously by everybody, for a moment at least. The very circumstance of such an immense multitude, animated with the same thought, and employed in the same pursuit, would be sufficient to produce a momentary enthusiasm, even if the object was still more insignificant than a balloon, and a couple of fool-hardy adventurers, choosing to run the risk of their necks for the sake of being stared at by the multitude. The balloon rose nearly perpendicularly, inclining from us eastward. It was visible

for 22 minutes, and in about an hour descended near Tilbury Fort; distance 36 miles.

I have already mentioned certain basins, or docks, situated below London, into which whole fleets of merchantmen are laid up under lock and key. We provided ourselves with a letter of introduction for the Captain of the West India docks, and taking a boat at the Whitehall Stairs, towards the latter part of the ebbing tide, we descended swiftly through the whole length of the town. The Adelphi and Somerset House, on the left, looked extremely well; the latter indeed magnificent, with the same black and white stains as at St Paul's, and on all other stone buildings in London; it has a singular effect, and not a bad one. The bridge opposite Somerset House is just begun; it will be only the fourth bridge, and not enough for this overgrown town. Paris has six or seven bridges. Blackfriars bridge is decaying rapidly. The stones are too soft, and scale off near the water's edge. The ornamental columns at each pier will not stand many years. It is a very handsome bridge. From all parts of the river the head and shoulders of St Paul's tower over every thing else, and its bright dome reflects the rays of the sun, invisible to the inhabitants of the busy world around its base, enveloped as they are in their own atmosphere of smoke. Not far from it the monument rears its bold and light form in just proportions. And farther down, the old tower of London, which, although without beauty in itself, sets off the dull mass of private buildings. Nothing can well be uglier than London bridge; every arch is of a size different from its next neighbour; there are more solid than open parts; it is in fact like a thick wall, pierced with small unequal holes here and there, through which the cur-

rent, dammed up by this clumsy fabric, rushes with great velocity, and, in fact takes a leap, the difference between high and low water being upwards of 15 feet. Passengers are generally landed above, and taken up below the bridge; but being desirous of trying this little Niagara, which cannot be very dangerous, since so many boats pass it every day in safety, and being quite sure of reaching the shore by swimming, I remained with the boatman. He took the third arch, placed his boat in a direct line, then rested on his oars. The boat shot along an inclined plane, through the narrow hole, not 20 feet wide I believe,—ascended a little, then descended an abrupt step,—the prow straight down,—and up again in a moment,—lifting some water into the boat, which turned several times round in the eddy below the bridge, before it got into the straight current. I am astonished this fall, repeated twice a-day for some hours, has not undermined the bridge long ago.

Below London Bridge, the Thames begins to assume the appearance of a sea port. You see shipping at anchor on both sides, many Dutch, Danes, and Swedes, with licenses, I suppose, and many Americans; two or three seventy-fours on the stocks, and some East Indiamen; Admiral de Winter's ship afloat, dismantled. We soon found ourselves in a crowd of boats, very gaily attired, full of rowers, and in great activity. It was a rowing match,—they appeared ready to start, and we took our station among the spectators. A shot fired was the signal. Three very light boats like the one we were in, 20 feet long,—4½ feet beam,—16 inches deep,—the greatest breadth in the middle,—sharp, fore and aft, like a shuttle,—clinker built,—one man in each, with sculls. One of the cham-

pions was orange all over,—the other yellow,—the third red. In a few minutes there was great cry of foul! foul! answered equally loud with fair! fair! The friends on both sides interfered and stopped the boats. What it was exactly we could not make out, some nice point no doubt, as there was much vehement argumentation on both sides; but, apparently, without abuse or quarrelling, things were adjusted and the race resumed. The contending oarsmen passed very swiftly by us, straining every nerve, amidst shouts and acclamations. We saw them turn half-a mile above, around a large boat stationed there for the purpose, decorated with streamers, and covered with the *beau sexe* all in white. The orange man, who had the lead at first, seemed now to be overtaken by the red;—the yellow far behind. Returning, they soon passed us again, on the other side, followed by a fleet of boats, and were out of sight in a few minutes, down the river;—a band of music playing all the while.

We now landed at the West India docks, and the captain of the docks gave us a guide. The river forms here a great bend, round a low head of land called the Isle of Dogs, through which a canal and several large basins have been dug, covering about sixty acres, and kept always full by means of locks, so that the largest ships may be always afloat. These basins are divided into districts of imports and exports, and surrounded by ranges of warehouses to a prodigious extent, like a town. An open shed along the whole line of the water, in front of the warehouses, receives the cargoes; and the coopers, weighers, measurers, &c. attend to their several departments under cover. Cranes with chains are ready to hoist up the goods

into the various warehouses. Whole fleets unload at the same time;—repair, and load again. No damage,—no pilfering,—no risk of fire in the warehouses, which are incombustible. This is the establishment of a giant trade. At present, indeed, the giant receives, but sends nothing away. The warehouses are so full, that it has been found necessary to hire temporary ones out of the docks. The export district is literally deserted. We went on board the largest ship in the West India trade, (626 tons) and another just arrived, the cabin hung round with naked swords and pikes,—muskets with fixed bayonets, and pistols;—four great guns looking out of the cabin windows. There has been lately some relaxation in the system of continental exclusion; a number of licensed vessels have sailed over with cargoes,—nine last week only. The powerful adversary of England, in his struggle to keep the head of his enemy down under water, has got his own in the same situation, and must come to the surface again to breathe awhile himself, finding the other harder to die than he expected. It appears to me, that the too much sugar is not likely to prove more fatal to England than the too little to France; and that both sides have formed an exaggerated idea of the effect of this coercive warfare. They may inconvenience, but cannot destroy each other by such means.

In order to give some idea of the extent of the branch of commerce, to which alone this basin is appropriated, I shall copy here a statement of the cargoes discharged since the beginning of the institution, from a report of their committee, inserted in Cobbet's Political Register, Vol XV. p. 115.

In 1803,	363 vessels.	In 1806,	477 vessels.
1804,	354 ——	1807,	503 ——
1805,	421 ——	1808,	598 ——

In the course of five months of the last year there were 460 vessels discharged, and their cargoes consisted of the following articles: 160,000 hogsheads of sugar, 32,000 casks and 125,000 bags of coffee, 11,000 bales of cotton, besides a quantity of pimento, ginger, cocoa, and wine.—The wine is shipped from Madeira to the West Indies, by way of improving it, and thence to England.

Nearer town, and on the same side of the river, is another basin, the *London docks*, nearly as extensive, and others less so, each appropriated to different branches of trade, and for the use of British vessels only. Strangers have no hospitality to expect, and must sleep in the street,—that is to say, remain at anchor in the stream of the river, exposed to various inconveniences, accidents, and dangers, and to thefts, which were formerly very audacious and frequent. The Thames police, however, established within a few years, has effectually checked the latter; and the river being disencumbered of British vessels by the use of the docks, foreign ones have also been benefited by them. The port of London, however, is still deemed expensive and inconvenient for foreign shipping.

On our return to London bridge, we found the scene quite altered; the channel below had filled up, by the tide flowing in, level with the channel above, and began to be even higher; and the stream ran up through the bridge very swiftly. We landed at the Adelphi, and went up to the terrace, which has an extensive view over the river, but not a beautiful one. The river here is navigated by few other vessels besides coal barges, and the opposite side (Southwark) presents a confused heap of mean buildings, unrelieved by a single object of greatness or elegance. Over the door of a house

on this terrace, we read *Mrs Garrick*,—the very house and the very widow of the great Garrick!

The news of the day among the *beau monde* of the capital, is rather a bad story. An eminent patriot, the head of the reformers, had, it seems, a love affair, years ago, with a lady of quality. The lady became pregnant,—she was a married woman. But, as there were some reasons to suppose her husband would not consider himself as the father of the child, and might turn the lady and her progeny out of doors, the patriot, who is very rich, was induced to execute a bond for L. 20,000, to be paid in that event only; the bond to be deposited in the hands of the brother of the lady, as trustee. The child is said to be the *patriote tout craché*; and the latter paid, on account of his bond, L. 5000 into the hands of the trustee. Yet, as the contemplated separation did not in fact take place, he now claims that sum back again, and has begun a suit at law. The consequent publicity of all the facts gives rise, of course, to a great deal of scandal. And it is not the least disgusting part of the story, that the lady of quality is said to have herself instigated the suit, in order to be revenged of her brother, who had pocketed the L. 5000, without giving her any of it. It is difficult to say which of the parties appears in the most ridiculous and contemptible light; the brother chosen confidant of such a transaction, and cheating both the parties; the patriot avaricious, and a dupe; the lady of quality vindictive, and debauched; or the contented husband! These sorts of things are done, no doubt, in other countries,—but they are kept secret. Here, the habit of seeing every thing published in the newspapers seems to have blunted, at least, the very sense of honourable shame. I have heard, indeed

some persons, considerable among the Whigs, pronounce the patriot to be a *lost man;* and assert that he never would get over the scandal of this affair. But all the inference to be drawn from this declaration is, that the patriot does not stand better with whigs than with tories; had it been otherwise, they would have contrived to make out a better case for him.

America and the Americans take up very little of the attention of Europe; and, even here, where there are so many points of contact with the people of the United States, they would be surprised to find their feelings of partiality or of hatred so faintly reciprocated. An official letter of the officer who had the late unfortunate *rencontre* with the Little Belt, as published in the newspapers, was, however, mentioned at a dinner where I happened to be lately; and the matter and style of that letter were given as an instance of the want of temper and manners, and the bad tone altogether, so conspicuous in most productions of that sort in America. A person who had been formerly in a public station in America observed, on the occasion, that the writer of this letter had, many years before, published a still more objectionable account of an action between a French and an American frigate. It was remarked, at the same time, that the narrator of the commonest incident inserted in a newspaper, nearly the only specimen of American literature known in Europe, seemed to think it a fit opportunity to establish his claim to pathetic eloquence, or liveliness and wit, which was always so utterly *manqué*, and in such inveterate bad taste, as to excite the astonishment of European readers; and must necessarily lead them to suppose the state of manners in the United States, and general

information, very inferior to what it certainly is. Ample justice was done to the talent for abuse of the political writers of that country,—the force, if not the originality, of their invective, shewing them to have profited by the long residence of Mr Cobbet among them.

A person who has lived many years in America, mentioned, as an exception to this general prevalence of bad taste, the practice of the American bar, which, he maintained, was vastly more becoming the dignity of the law, and better fitted to the end of justice, than the pert, flippant, and insolent mode of examining witnesses, and handling the reputation and character of adverse parties, which prevails in England to a disgusting degree, and may well afford to an American the opportunity of retorting the accusation of bad taste. He suggested also, that the legislature of the United States was not so deficient in talents, liberality, and information, as the very imperfect report of their speeches and proceedings, given in the newspapers, might induce European readers to suppose. The bad taste of their jokes, when they attempted any, was, to be sure, very striking; their invective was coarse, and their elevation commonly bombastic and frothy. But when they relinquished imagination, and kept to plain sense and reason, it was maintained, that some of the members of the Congress would do honour to a British parliament. One, indeed, who is said to have taken Chatham for his model, was noticed for the peculiar vigour and originality of his eloquence; yet it was thought to be generally too high, or too low, either turgid or trivial, and, with superior advantages of fortune and education, often vulgar, both in the language and ideas.

The style of an illustrious personage who ranks among the few literati of the United States, and has been their first magistrate, was mentioned as another instance of vicious taste, involved, over-fine, affectedly philosophical, ingenious rather than sound, and corrupted by the mixture of foreign idioms. An instance of perfect purity of taste, of justness of conception and expression, was at last unanimously acknowledged, in a man who stands equally pre-eminent in the old and in the new world, as a hero, and patriot, and a sage. It belongs to Washington alone to be thus held a model of all that is great and good. Another of the heroes of American independence, * and a man of more genius, as much purity, but less unerring sense than Washington,—was supposed to have lent his pen to him. He might, in some instances, and certainly did, in the most memorable, and the last; but Washington's style was too uniformly good, and on all occasions, public or private, not to have been essentially his own.

From American taste and manners, the conversation naturally turned to American politics; and a gentleman, distinguished by his legal and legislative eloquence, a statesman who has been denominated the British Cicero, disapproved the haughty tone of the British government in regard to that country. The Americans, he said, shew a provoking partiality for our enemy, and an offensive dislike of ourselves, without any adequate cause,—let it be so; the surest way to remove these prejudices would be, to act as if we were not sensible that they exist. We can be magnanimous with impunity, now

* Hamilton.

that we are the strongest, and might hope to effect a cure before the time comes when we shall be compelled to be proud in our own defence. Lord Erskine, ex-chancellor, for I have already sufficiently designated him, is about sixty years of age, tall, of a noble, frank, and expressive countenance,—speaking well, freely, and without pretensions, and with the utmost good humour. Faithful to the doctrines of his party, he expressed himself on the consequences of the war with great despondency. The country is brought to the brink of ruin,—in fact it *is* ruined,—land is the only safe property,—stick to acres, &c. &c. Farming was talked of; and, in proof of the universality of the taste for agriculture as a pursuit here, I shall state, that Lord E., who was, early in life, in the army, and I believe in the navy also, followed afterwards the law as a profession, became chancellor, and was all his life a man of the world as well as a man of business,—seemed as much *au fait* on the subject, as if he had spent his whole life on the family estate in Scotland. Any body may secure, he told us, L. 10,000 a-year, by planting 400 acres with larches and Scotch pines,—only twenty acres each year. At the end of twenty years, the first twenty acres, at the rate of 4000 saplings to an acre, and at 2s. 6d. a-piece, would produce just L. 10,000. The second year's planting would, of course, come to perfection the next year after this; and thus every year "twenty more, kill them," or rather cut them down, and let them grow again; for new shoots would continue to spring up from the old stumps for ages. I do not know, however, how far this calculation would do in practice, if many people went upon the same scheme.

Peat lands, I understood, were drained by means

of ditches, ten feet deep. The peat spread upon other land as manure, had been known to raise the rent from 30s. to L. 3 an acre; while the peat land itself, thus drained and covered with lime, became highly fertile. This process has been followed in Ireland with great success. But the Irish love their bogs, and do not approve of their being encroached on in this manner.

Sept 5.—Wishing to see, or rather thinking it incumbent on me to see, something of the prisons of this capital, I called to-day at the most considerable of them, Newgate. A turnkey took me up a back stair-case to the leads, from which, like Asmodeus in the *Diable Boiteux*, I had a view into the interior, and could see what was doing in the different divisions of this melancholy abode. We first perched upon the debtors' ward,—they sat and walked about in two courts; paved with flag-stones, and very clean; the women separated from the men. Some of the women, (they were few) held up their hands to me for alms. I observed written on the wall, in very large letters, *Lord Moira for ever.* * Then we went to the felons under sentence of death. They were playing fives against the wall of a narrow court; their irons fastened on one leg only, from the knee to the ankle, over a sort of cushion, and so arranged as to make no noise, and to be no impediment at all to their motions; in fact a mere matter of form,—and so is also, in a great degree, the sentence of death itself. Not one of these people appeared to believe it serious. One of them, whose companions were lately exe-

* He has made some motions in Parliament in favour of insolvent debtors.

cuted for forgery,* had been reprieved the day before, having turned evidence, and they were all playing with great briskness and glee. In one of the courts, the one I think for felons under sentence of transportation, I was shewn the man who fired a pistol at the king twelve or fifteen years ago, at the theatre. He stood picking his teeth in a corner very composedly,—well dressed, and looking young (he must have been quite young at the time.) I asked whether the man was insane; *Not at all,* said the turnkey, *no more than you, only very cunning.* But what is there so cunning in getting himself shut up here for life? They have made him foreman of the ward, he has a good salary,—a guinea a-week, I think he said, *happy as a king,—eats the best of every thing,—what can he want more!* The transportation ladies, crowded in a small court, were much more disorderly than the men. They threatened and wrangled among themselves, singing, vociferating, and, as much as the narrow space allowed, moving about in all sorts of dresses,—one of them in men's clothes. They are not in irons like the men. In a more spacious court, separated from these women by a high wall, were state prisoners, as my guide called them, playing fives (the favourite pastime of Newgate it seems.) One of them, well dressed, and wearing powder, about forty years of age, was pointed out to me, as Astlett of the bank. He was playing merrily with another *gentleman,* as my guide, a most vulgar wretch, called them. This other gentleman was a printer, who had been there two years for *striking for wages,* and has one or two more years

* There is no pardon for forgery.

to stay. Three or four years confinement in Newgate, for a confederacy of journeymen to have their wages raised, seems to me most excessive, especially as their employers may confederate as much as they please among themselves for the reduction of wages. The associations of workmen, and raising a fund among themselves under certain officers, have been thought a contrivance of revolutionary tendency; and there may have been something of that sort in the present case. I inquired for Mr Cobbett, expecting to see him among the gentlemen.—*Oh! no, said my turnkey, he is too great for that. Where is he then?—Why he is in the governor's house,—I'll show you,—plenty of money, and that is every thing you know.* Then walking farther on the leads, he shewed me a grated door, through which I could see a carpeted room,—Mr Cobbett's room. He has the key of the grated door, and therefore, free access to this leaden roof, which is extensive, high, and airy, with a most beautiful view of St Paul's, and over great part of the city. His family is with him, and he continues to pour out his torrent of abuse as freely as ever, on everything and everybody in turn. Mr Cobbett seems to me to furnish, without intending it, the same sort of evidence in favour of the existence of the liberty of the press in his own country, as a philospher of antiquity gave of the existence of motion.

The strange medley of licentiousness and legal restraint,—of freedom and confinement,—of punishment for what is done, and liberty to do the same again,—is really very curious. An heterogeneous compound it seems at first; complex,—artificial,—inconsistent, and laboriously insufficient; but, I think, best upon the whole. The constitution has

provided certain civil ingredients; they are thrown together, and left to ferment, and struggle, and combine, abandoned to their chemical affinities. The chemist, to be sure, is accused of not giving always fair play to the experiment, and meddling with the process, as his views incline to particular results. But, upon the whole, how much nearer it comes to the immutability of general laws, than the *simple* arbitrary processes of other countries?

During a visit we lately made at East Barnett, about eight miles from London, the beautiful situation of the burying-ground attracted my attention. I had observed before that this last home of the English was generally pleasantly situated; and in South Wales we found the graves often covered with growing flowers, carefully cultivated by the friends of the individual whose body lies underneath;—the idea does credit to Welsh feelings. English feelings shew themselves in a different manner. The little comforts of the dead are carefully attended to; and, as dampness is a thing most dreaded in this moist climate, there are drains to keep the vaults dry, and air-holes through plates of iron to give them fresh air; a universal endeavour is also observable to put off the *parfait oubli*, into which obscure names fall so soon after death, by an urn,—an iron railing,—a stone,—a simple board,—all bearing inscriptions, where something more than mere name and date is recorded. Rank and titles stand first, and require nothing else; these wanting, virtues are told of, and some ambitious quotation from the poets is made to vouch for them;—the deceased was either great or good. I have noticed, however, inscriptions boasting of obscurity, as if it had been a matter of

choice, like Piron's epitaph,—*Ci gît Piron, qui ne fut rien,—pas même academicien.*

Sept. 9.—We are just returned from Richmond, where we went two days ago to take leave of our friends, with a hope that it will not prove for ever. We went by water, and returned the same way, in order to see more of the banks of the Thames, and to avoid the dust, the weather being dry and warm; that is, 76° to 78° of Fahrenheit's in the shade at noon, and 70° at night; a delightful temperature;—it is in fact never too warm here in the house. We performed the thirty miles to and from Richmond in one of the small boats already described, with one rower only; fare 12s. each time, and 1s. gratuity. The greatest part of the banks of the river are quite flat,—too many houses,—and the immediate water edge muddy, reeds and sedge. The river itself is clear. You see here and there a number of beautiful spots,—beautiful from the luxuriance of the vegetation,—neat lawns, and large trees,—but without much play of ground, or anything properly picturesque. We noticed the cedar of Lebanon, the American tulip-tree and plane, wonderful fine elms, and untrimmed willows, in their natural state, which they hardly ever retain in Europe. We were shewn on the south bank of the river, near Putney, the house of Mrs Clarke, of impudent fame; and our boatman, as much *au fait* of the news of the court as that of Henry IV., informed us, that the illustrious lover still saw his siren;—a most extraordinary circumstance, if true. The country-house of Mr Hoare, the banker (the same gentleman, I presume, who does not suffer his visitors at Stourhead to sit down), looks very well. A small place belonging to Mrs Braham,

(Signora Storace,) appears very pretty. The Margravine of Anspach's (Lady Craven,) is a house *à pretensions*. There is a ruin, which seems ready to tumble down only because it is ill built; it was erected for a theatre. The ruin, the house, the summer-house, and other picturesquenesses, are all huddled together, as in French-English gardens. The Duke of Buccleuch's, under the hill at Richmond, looks perhaps better than any other place on the river; but then the grounds are very small, and crowded between the highroad and the river; another sort of highroad without dust. I own I can hardly forgive the Lord of the Esk for preferring the banks of the Thames as a residence. This latter river makes the delight of the cockneys of London; and, on Sunday particularly, the number of pleasure-boats plying between Richmond and the capital is prodigious; they are generally covered with an awning, and decorated with flags and streamers. The custom of stopping on the lawns along the river, and making a *repas champêtre* with provisions brought in the boat, proves, I suppose, a great nuisance to the refined proprietors of these favourite spots; for I have observed on several of them boards put up, with writing, forbidding such intrusions and vulgar sports on their premises. The Bishop of London, wanting to put a stop to this profanation of the Sabbath, thought it necessary to ascertain first the extent of the evil; and to that end had the number of boats passing under the bridge in the course of one Sunday taken down,—but finding it to exceed 4000, he gave it up in despair. Difficult as it should seem to be drowned in so inconsiderable a river as the Thames above London, accidents are frequent, from the imprudence of the city navigators, who carry sail in

these small boats, flat, and without ballast. I have seen some of them sitting or lying over the awning, with the true temerity of inexperience.

No trade is inconsiderable in London for the man who is in vogue;—it is a condensed world, where the smallest attraction finds multitudes in its sphere. Observing one day the admirable facility with which a friend of mine shaved himself, I inquired how he contrived to keep his razors in such good order? Mr Clarke of Exeter Change, he told me, furnishes the requisite. This ingenious person has amassed a fortune of L. 100,000 by selling powder to sharpen razors. Being curious to know a person so distinguished in his line, I repaired to Exeter Change the very next day, and was shewn, at the extremity of the double row of shops, which all belong, I found, to Mr Clarke, that gentleman himself, established in a little nook behind the gate. He received me very civilly,—presented the only chair he could command,—and, at my request, gave me a lesson of razor-strapping, pronouncing the word *razor* like *ra* in *rasp*, which, from such a high authority, must be considered as settling the pronunciation. For the sum of two shillings I have acquired all the skill, together with the materials, necessary to secure for the rest of my life a blessing I had wished for during thirty years, to wit, a constantly sharp razor. While I was there a gentleman called on business, and Mr Clarke talked about bonds and mortgages,—lands and houses,—strapping all the while. A young girl, meantime, brought him his frugal dinner in a small basket,—and he sleeps, I believe, in the loft above his shop. Mr Clarke conversed upon politics and America with very good sense.

No females of any rank are admitted into either

House of Parliament during the sittings, but are admitted to see it at other times as well as men, and we availed ourselves of this one morning. Some of the attendants are always within call;—the settled price is a shilling for the House of Lords, and half price for the Commons. The upper house is rather the shabbiest of the two,—the seats are of dirty red cloth,—the walls hung round with an old tarnished tapestry, representing the Armada—and the famous woolsack, in tatters, is only a sort of deal bench, stuffed with hay. The temporary inclosure, made for the reception of the witnesses in the late trial on the Berkely peerage, was still standing. The scandal of the evidence adduced on that trial, is fresh in the memory of the public.

An acquaintance of ours occupies the house that was Richardson's at Hammersmith; it is irregular,—rather small,—a little way from the road,—has an excellent garden behind, of about two acres,—walled round, and plenty of fine fruit,—green gages,—nectarines,—pears and grapes, some of which may very well have been planted by the author of Clarissa. The greatest part of the ground is occupied by a neat lawn and a few trees. This, I should suspect, was probably a trim parterre in his time, with box borders.

The water with which London is supplied, was, it seems, conveyed by means of wooden pipes or logs, perforated, lying under ground, from which small leaden pipes branched out to each house. Workmen are now employed in taking up these logs, which appear mostly decayed, and substituting cast iron pipes. Those in the main streets, such as Oxford Street and Holborn, are enormously large; upwards of two feet diameter, branching out, down the side streets, into pipes of the diameter of six in-

ches. The water must acquire a ferruginous quality in its passage through so much iron. I think glass pipes might be made sufficiently thick to bear moving; and once in the ground, would last for ever, and communicate no impurity to the water.

There are many native East Indians lately landed. They walk about the town with immense umbrellas, particoloured, red and white, in altemate ribs, and a deep fringe all round. Who will say now that there is no sun in London, when tropical people are obliged to screen themselves from its beams! These men, who seem to be people of some consequence, are extremely small, meagre men. It must seem to them as if they were among Patagonians, although the inhabitants of London have no particular claim to size. They are much stared at, but not insulted. An English mob is not that rude unmannerly thing it is generally taken for. It is difficult to conjecture what idea an East Indian may form, beforehand, of the mighty *company* and its august court; but I should think he must experience some surprise as he approaches the foot of his sovereign's throne, in Leaden-Hall Street.

A singular cause came lately before the court, characteristic of the manners and government of this country. Education has been, for some time past, much in fashion, and there are schools organizing everywhere, not only for the people in general, but for the army. The colonel of a regiment of local militia, caused a school to be established for his men; one of them, however, refused to attend, and, in consequence of general orders from the colonel, was put into confinement. The man has since sued the officer who executed the

colonel's orders,—recovered £. 134, 10s. 10d., and will probably recover further damages against the colonel himself who gave the order. A soldier may disobey orders which are not authorized by the articles of war,—he may even encourage his fellows to disobey the same; and the officer who receives an order from his superior officer, is liable to be prosecuted by the civil authority, if the order should happen to be irregular; at the same time that he is liable to punishment, by the articles of war, if he should refuse to obey, under a mistaken idea of the order being irregular. Therefore, it is incumbent on a military man of any grade to be learned in the law, both civil and military.

We left London on our return to America, on Sunday the 15th September, and arrived on Wednesday evening at Liverpool, four hot and dusty days. I am convinced there is sun and blue sky enough in England to satisfy any reasonable person. We travelled by Coventry, Lichfield, Newcastle-under-Lyne, and Norwich, 226 miles; about 20 miles more than the real distance, owing to the custom of charging one mile for a fraction of a mile at every stage.

We had seen Lichfield before, and had conceived the country round it to be flat and marshy, instead of which, we found it at this time, by a different road, varied and beautiful. We admired the fine cathedral once more; the spires, three in number, and built of stone to the top, are bold and light. The innumerable statues, in niches, are so worn and defaced by time, as to disguise the miserable execution and shocking taste of burlesque and low humour, general in the Gothic age: Those venerable stumps suit their situation infinitely better as they are, than as they were. The rude

figures about the walls of Gothic churches, principally inside, lolling out their tongues, and pointing scornfully with their fingers, alluded, I understand, to the continual low squabbles between the regular and the secular clergy. The fine view of the Lichfield Cathedral, from the bridge leading to it, would be much improved if the few houses between it and the water were removed, and a lawn substituted. Innumerable flights of rooks fill all the inaccessible holes with their nests; they skim the air, and wheel around the walls and spires of the venerable pile, like the flights of sea birds at the Needles.

The country, nearly the whole way, had quite a woody appearance, from the number of large hedge-row elms and ashes,—each distant view appeared like a forest. The land, mostly meadows and pastures;—very few corn fields, at least, compared to those on the Continent, where you meet everywhere with boundless fields of waving corn. This country may well require foreign supplies of grain. We passed the grand junction and other canals many times, on handsome stone bridges, and once went under the canal, by a sort of tunnel. These canals are rarely carried on in a strait line for any long continuance, but wind around hills, gracefully enough, with a neat track path on one side, and are never offensive except when carried along-side a river; the effect being in these cases very awkward.

We passed some very showy barracks, built of freestone, at a vast expence, with many subdivisions, and enclosed with high walls. The Romans had no such establishments for their army;—mud huts, and a ditch, and all done by the soldiers themselves; who, thus trained and employed, bore

fatigue and hardships, that now destroy more men than the sword, in a British army particularly, I believe. The men loiter or lie about in the shade; —neat and good-looking, but very ill prepared for a campaign in Portugal. This applies also to their cavalry. The horses are certainly handsome;—high fed, and pampered;—their charge is spirited and powerful: but every body says they are much sooner knocked up than the small, lean cattle, of the French cavalry.

Lord Stafford has built himself a fine Egyptian Mausoleum, near ——— by the side of a dusty road, unscreened by any trees, and staring on travellers, who cannot help inquiring what this fine thing is for, as we did, which spoils a capital stand for an inn. The house itself has before it an extensive piece of water, artificial I presume, and fine woods hanging over. Lord Anson has a fine seat in the neighbourhood, and many other noblemen and gentlemen; in fact the whole country is occupied by the rich, and the great, and my astonishment is unabated. Where do the poor hide themselves?—we do not perceive their dwellings anywhere. There are a few cottages to be seen, but the pots of geranium inside the windows, jessamine and roses outside, seem to place them above the reach of common labourers; those of America, with double pay, and provisions at half price, have no such habitations, at least as to neatness and good repair.

From Newcastle-under-Lyne, we went two miles out of our way to visit Etruria, the famous manufactory of earthen ware, founded by Wedgewood and Bentley, about fifty years ago. The clay is ground by means of screws *sans fin* passing through certain frames of the shape of funnels, and by

other processes; then washed in a quantity of water, which carries away the finest parts only, obtained afterwards by the evaporation of the water. Flints calcined and pulverized are worked in the same manner. These substances, mixed together in certain proportions, determined by the kind of ware intended to be made, form a paste, which is modelled and shaped by skilful hands. The neat, strong, light, and beautiful ware, known all over Europe by the name of Wedgewood, need not be described. This is not, however, a simple manufactory of plates and dishes: Mr Bentley, one of its founders, was a man of taste, and had travelled in Italy. He introduced the classical forms of antique vases, as much as these could be applied to real use in these modern times. He also imitated, with great success, the fine ornamental vases of Greece and Rome, as well as antique cameos.

To form an idea of the vast extent of these works, it is enough to know that the force of a steam-engine, of eighty horse power, is requisite to set the whole in motion, and overcome the inertia of so much clay and water. You see but few workmen besides those employed in modelling the clay. All such processes as require the mere exertion of force regularly and uniformly applied, are performed by various machines, all receiving their first impulse from the steam-engine. The unerring exactness and power, ever equal to a given end, of these creations of human intelligence, never fail to produce in me a lively feeling of admiration and enthusiasm, which I may have expressed before, although not half so often as it has been felt.

The coating of the Wedgewood ware was originally, I believe, composed of calx of lead, silex, and

pounded glass. This glazing being in some degree soluble by acids, might be dangerous to health; and I believe the lead is now totally excluded from its composition. These substances, with the addition, I believe, of some soda, are ground in water to the consistency of cream. The vase, already baked, is dipped into the liquor, which penetrates its pores, and leaves in them, and on the surface, by drying up, an extremely fine powder, which is afterwards vitrified by exposure to heat, and partly incorporated in the substance of the ware. The flowers, and other coloured ornaments, are applied by the hands of female artists generally, and with much dexterity and quickness.

A *private* canal receives the produce of the manufactory at the very door, and conveys it to the great junction canal, by which labour and breakage are saved.

When I remember the common-ware used in France, coarse and heavy, with the glazing scaling off, or full of cracks crossing each other in every direction, like lace-work, and retaining in their interstices the various juices of a hundred successive dinners, the vulgar blue border carried all round an awkward scolloped edge, it seems to me as if the useful arts had been then comparatively in their infancy.

The county of Cheshire, which we have last traversed, is famed for its salt-works and its cheeses. The salt-springs, with which it abounds, were used by the inhabitants long before they understood the art of making salt by evaporation and crystallization; for we find Henry VI. inviting Dutchmen to come over and instruct his barbarous subjects in that simple art. The discovery of the beds of fos-

sil, or rock-salt, is of a much more recent date; the first was found in 1670, at the depth of 34 yards, in searching for coals near Northwich. The bed was 30 yards in thickness. This discovery occasioned new researches; and the same bed was discovered to extend all over the immediate neighbourhood. In 1779, a new bed, or stratum of salt, was discovered near Lawton, 15 or 20 miles to the south-east of the first mines, at the depth of 42 yards, four feet thick only. Beneath the salt, was a stratum of indurated clay of 10 yards; then a second bed of salt of four yards; then 15 yards of the same clay; and, finally, a third bed of salt, through which they penetrated to the depth of 24 yards, when, finding that the centre of the bed, forming about 14 yards, was of a purer quality than the parts above or below, they stopped there. This experiment encouraged the miners of Northwich to look deeper for purer salt; and, in 1781, they penetrated to a new stratum of salt, 40 yards in thickness, separated from the old one by a stratum of indurated clay of 10 yards. The centre of this new bed of salt was found to be much more free from earthy particles; and it has been worked ever since. We descended into this mine, My companions, dressed in the costume of the place, a flannel over-all, were seated in a large tub, suspended by a rope; one of the miners stood on the edge, to keep the tub steady in its descent.* At the depth of 330 feet, we found ourselves in a sort

* A miner had been precipitated, a short time before, down this shaft with the tub, which had not been properly secured, and, of course, killed on the spot. The particulars of this accident were related to us by his own father and mother.

of palace of salt. The ceiling, about 20 feet high, was supported by pillars 15 feet thick, at very bold, and, I should think, alarming distances, considering the prodigious weight above. I measured 53 steps (159 feet) between some of them! The area of the excavation may be equal to two or three acres; and, if the work proceeds on the same plan, there will be some accidents. Other mines, indeed, have sunk in; and corresponding hollows, on the surface of the ground above, are shewn in several places in the neighbourhood. This rock of salt is much harder than I should have expected; and, besides the use of the pick axe, the wedge, and the crow-bar, the miners are obliged to blast with gun-powder. Some fragments are of the pure muriate of soda, quite transparent;—but the general mass is of a dull reddish colour. We did not observe that it reflected the lights we carried, although that effect is reported to take place. The horizontal sections of the bed of rock-salt present various figures like sections of pillars, or a sort of Mosaic work, formed by concentric lines of an alternate paler and darker tint; the intervals of the figures being of a whiter and purer salt, and the figures themselves varying from two to 12 feet in diameter. This regular arrangement supposes the fluidity of the mass at the time of their formation, either by fusion or solution. The Huttonians see, in the Mosaic work, the sections of prismatic pillars, like those of the basalt, and conclude that the mass has been in a state of fusion by fire; while the Wernerians find, in some marks of stratification, a clear indication of the agency of the ocean. * The

* No marine exuviæ have ever been discovered in the salt stra-

Huttonian theory, however, admitting the double agency of water and of fire, possesses in this, as in other instances, more probability. The argillaceous strata, interposed between each stratum of salt, as well above as beneath them, parallel to each other, and with a uniform dip of about one foot in nine, have certainly been formed by water; and it is scarcely possible to suppose a different origin to the intervening salt strata. A solution by heat may, however, have taken place at a subsequent period, and determined the prismatic arrangement above-mentioned. Some naturalists conjecture that the beds, or rather masses of salt, were formed originally by the evaporation of the water deposited by the sea into hollows and low grounds near its shores. The rock-salt of England is under the level of the sea, therefore might have been so deposited; but there are mines of rock-salt in other parts of the world above the level of the sea; and the theory is liable to so many other objections, that it does not seem to deserve any attention. It seems to me quite as probable that the sea should owe the salt it contains in solution to the mines of rock-salt with which it has come into contact, as that the latter should owe their formation to the evaporation of the sea-water, and precipitation of its salt.

Whatever the true theory of the formation of rock-salt may be, its importance as an article of trade is well established. The whitest and purest is consumed or exported as it comes from

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ta, which is hardly reconcilable with the Neptunian formation, while the Huttonian theory would explain the disappearance of marine remains.

the mine; the red, containing more or less earth, is dissolved in water; and, after the impurities have subsided to the bottom, the brine is evaporated in boilers. The surface of the latter is from 20 to 30 feet square, or even 1000 square feet, the depth 12 to 16 inches;—they are made of sheet-iron, heated by coals, which cost here only 15s. a ton. The salt collects first on the surface in a slight crust, composed of small cubic crystals; it is soon precipitated to the bottom, and new ones form and subside in succession, accumulating in a mass at the bottom. The size of the crystals varies with the different uses for which the salt is intended, and is determined by the degree of heat. The slower the evaporation, the larger the crystals.

Fifty or sixty thousand tons of *rock*-salt are extracted annually; one-third is dissolved in water, and crystallized by evaporation, and two-thirds exported in its native state; more than half to Ireland, and the rest to the Baltic. The quantity of purified salt, made from salt-springs, is estimated at 160,000 tons; two-thirds of that quantity consumed in Great Britain, and one-third in foreign countries, principally in the Baltic. There is then about 90,000 tons of salt, of all sorts, exported annually, and principally in British ships, equal to 450 cargoes of vessels, of the burthen of 200 tons each:—so much for the direct trade. But it has been seen already, that more than twice that quantity of salt is used in Great Britain and its dependencies;—that is to say, in Ireland, to salt beef; in Scotland, herrings; and on the banks of Newfoundland, cod-fish; therefore salt contributes indirectly to other branches of trade, infinitely more considerable than the direct salt trade. I am, however, speaking of what it was, only, for at pre-

sent the exportations to the Baltic and to the United States are at a stand, to such a degree, that salt is fallen from 7d. or 8d. to 3d. a bushel. It is remarkable that the salt consumed in England pays 15s. duty per bushel as it comes out of the mine; —that is to say, sixty times the first cost. The quantity actually consumed in England is 17,000 tons, producing a revenue to the state of half a million sterling. A hundred years ago, Cheshire made salt only for its own consumption.

It is a strange and melancholy spectacle to see the nations of Europe endeavouring, by every means in their power, to destroy that admirable system of exchanges, the effect and cause of their own superior civilization,—a system which renders each peculiar advantage common to all, and, with the means, extends the very faculty of enjoyment. They may, by mutual repulsion, force each other back many steps towards their ancient poverty and rudeness; but, for some years at least, and until population shall have been checked by poverty, they will only increase mutually their military power. Miners and weavers, clerks and citizens, are driven by thousands to the army and navy; and the capital, hitherto kept in activity by their industry in the various useful arts, is lent to government, and feeds the war.

I am indebted for most of the facts above stated, respecting salt mines, to a valuable work * of Henry Holland, M. D., whom we had the pleasure of knowing at Edinburgh, one of the two young gentlemen who accompanied Sir George Macken-

* General View of the Agriculture of Cheshire, with Observations, drawn up for the consideration of the Board of Agriculture by Henry Holland, Vol. I. Oct. 1808.

zie to Iceland. The principal object of the work being agricultural, I have extracted a few facts on the subject, to make up for my own ignorance. Cheese-making is a principal object of rural economy in Cheshire. There seems to be a great diversity of opinion among the farmers of that county, respecting the best breeds of milch cows, and the most promising make and colour. Upon the whole, it rather appears that the least handsome are the best;—a lesson of morality is thus unexpectedly furnished by the cow-stable. The average quantity of cheese obtained per cow annually, is estimated at 300 lb.* Stall-feeding seems, in general, to prevail. The ox-cabbage, sugar-loaf cabbage, and Swedish turnip, are the kind of green food most esteemed. The turnips *(ruta baga)* called Swedish, are kept, during winter, on the ground, in a heap of about six feet base, covered with straw. Turnips do not exhaust the soil, and yield as much as 20 or 24 tons per acre, and such a crop is worth L. 45; but half that quantity is a common crop. Turnips communicate a disagreeable taste to the milk, and are only given to the cows in winter, when the season of cheese-making is over. The large cabbage, and also the turnip-cabbage, *(rohl-rabi)* are deemed better food than turnips, producing more milk, and of a superior quality.

The crop of potatoes is of most importance, both

* In Sir William Petty's time, upwards of 100 years ago, an Irish cow, fed upon two acres of pasture, and half an acre of meadow, was reckoned to yield three gallons of milk a-day during three months, one gallon during the three successive months, a quarter of a gallon during the three next months, and nothing more till it had a calf again. The rent of the pasture was 5s. the meadow 3s.; the advance of money and risk, as much as the feed altogether, 16s. for 384 gallons, or a halfpenny a-gallon.

for men and cattle; and to the extensive cultivation of that root, more than to any other cause, the great increase of population, during the last century, is to be ascribed. Dr Holland asserts, that many labouring families, and not particularly poor, consume six or seven pounds of potatoes to one of bread. They are given to cattle and horses, raw, and mixed with cut straw,—or boiled, or rather steamed. The cattle prefer them boiled to raw. They are thought to be more nutritive when they have begun to sprout, owing to the saccharine principle secreted at that period, as is the case with malt. A farm is mentioned, upon which no less than 2000 bushels of potatoes were consumed annually. An acre yields generally from 150 to 250 bushels, of 90lbs. each; the price is from 1s. 6d. to 2s. per bushel, sometimes 3s. in the spring. The sea-mud deposited by the tide is an excellent manure; and they put as many as 20 to 30 tons on an acre, procured at the rate of 6s. or 7s. per ton. A single parish (Frodsham), advantageously situated to procure that manure, at the mouth of the Weaver, has been estimated to grow annually 100,000 bushels. Potatoes are kept like turnips during the winter, in a heap, covered slightly.

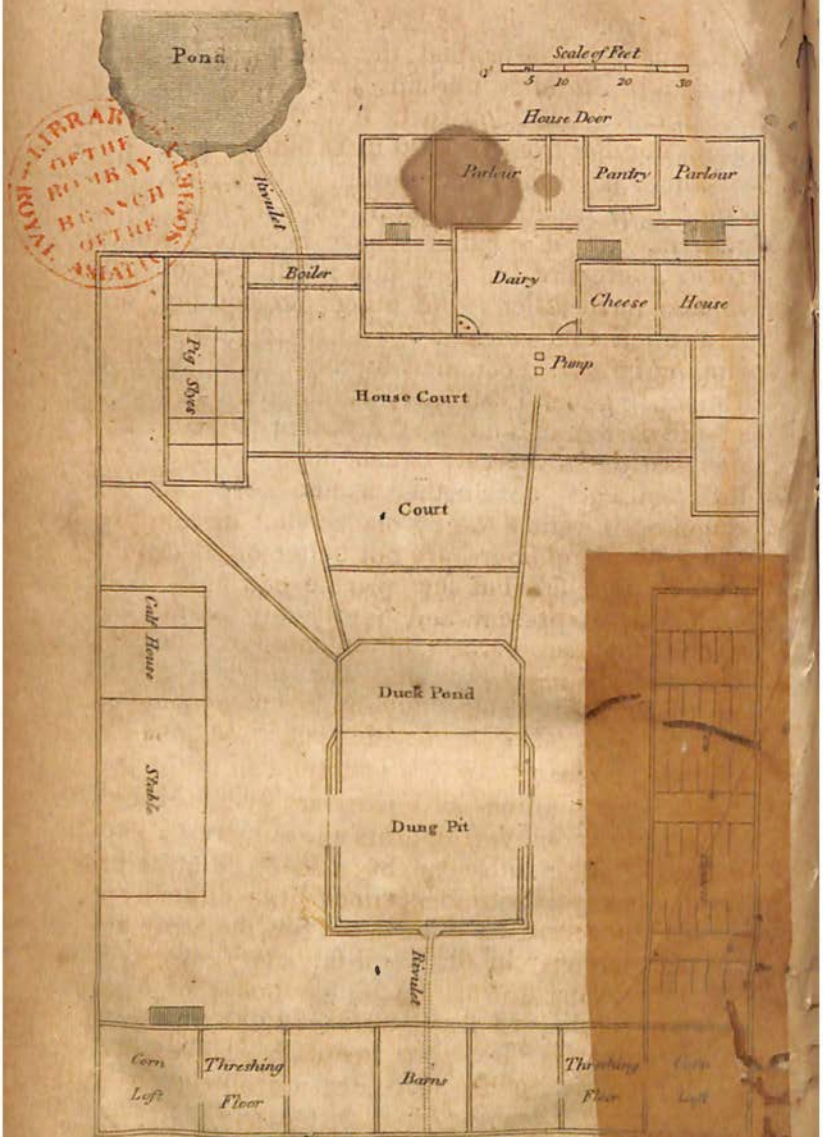
The rent of cottages varies in this county from L. 4 to L. 9; the lowest have a small garden,—the highest land sufficient for the keep of a cow. This practice, of attaching a small portion of land to the cottages of labourers, is often deprecated as injurious. The disadvantage of small farms cannot be doubted; they require, in a great degree, the same implements and stock as large ones,—do not admit of a proper division of labour,—and of a steady and regular employment of time. But the few acres of the cottager require, on the other hand, no stock, and take up only such leisure hours, or

days, as he can spare from his regular calling, while his young family are furnished with an employment fitted to their strength. It would not answer as a main dependance, but is a valuable auxiliary. Considered in the point of view of domestic comfort, the advantage is undeniable. And even if it were true, that a given number of labourers would raise somewhat less produce under the comfortable than the uncomfortable system, surely the happiness of so many individuals is to come in for something in the calculation. I own I like the idea of an honest labourer coming home to his little garden-ground, with the pleasurable feel of ownership, reaping where he has sown:

> Warm'd as he works, and casts his look around
> On every foot of that improving ground;
> It is his own he sees; his master's eye
> Peers not about, some secret fault to spy;
> Nor voice severe is there, nor censure known,—
> Hope, profit, pleasure—they are all his own.

I was struck with the following ingenious method of constructing covered drains, by means of bricks, 9 inches long, 6 wide, and 3¼ inches in thickness. On one of the sides is pressed in, at making the bricks, half a cylindrical piece of wood, of 3 inches in diameter. Two bricks of this form, laid face to face, leave of course a circular hole of three inches between them for the passage of water, and placed end to end at the bottom of a ditch, and, covered with earth, form a permanent drain, not liable to go out of order.

Here is the plan of a good farming-establishment of this country, which, although not uniformly that of all the farms, yet gives an idea of that good order, and finish of utility, so generally observable in this country.



LIBRARY OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY BOMBAY BRANCH

The average rate of lands is 30s. an acre. Dr Holland informs us, that the county of Cheshire (a spot of 35 miles, perhaps, by 25,) reckons fifty fortunes from L. 3000 to L. 10,000 a-year, and the same number from L. 1000 to L. 3000.

There is visibly less bustle of trade, and less display of wealth now, at Liverpool, than when we first saw it. Failures have been very numerous; there are but few now;—all the tottering houses have fallen; the others do nothing, and live upon their means. The merchants appear singularly well reconciled to their new situation. In fact, a general calamity, which does not threaten life or health, and does not deprive us of real necessaries, is scarcely a calamity. It is of very little consequence whether a man keeps his carriage, or is waited on by one servant or ten, provided his neighbours are not better off than himself. There are but few private carriages to be seen here at present, and hardly any parties last winter, but no perceivable gloom and despondency. Buildings, public and private, go on briskly, and even ship-building is not abandoned. Few people seem to consider peace as possible, and they look forward to a continuation of the present system of things as a necessary evil. Money, for want of employment, bears a low interest; good notes at six months can be discounted at 2½ per cent.; hence Government finds little difficulty in filling loans, and the same cause fills the army and navy. Commercial distress is felt more severely in manufacturing towns. A single house of Manchester discharged last Saturday 1200 workmen; another 500! These poor people must live,—and in some parishes the poor-rates are already 6s. in the pound! Live they *may* certainly, for there is

not less food in the country. The rich will have to pay them to be soldiers, or to do nothing, instead of paying for the luxuries imported from foreign countries, in exchange for articles of home manufactures.

We have visited the asylum for the blind; a most humane establishment, by which a number of unfortunate individuals are made happy by employment and independence. * They learn a trade,—are supported for three or four years,—and dismissed with a little fund. They weave cloth very well, make neat pretty baskets, elegant rugs for fire-places, bed-side carpets, &c. &c. and some of them are good musicians. They give weekly concerts, and the correctness, vigour, and expression of their singing are surprising. There were some fine voices, and the organ was played by the blind. Unconscious of *looks*, and totally unable to modulate their features, the expression of their countenances had no guide but inward feelings, which lead them right in some instances, and wrong in others. We observed some of the women smiling sweetly at each other; and at other times, but mostly the men, making hideous grimaces, with odd uncouth attitudes and gestures, particularly when singing.

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* This establishment began in 1791, since which 311 persons have been admitted. Twenty-two were admitted last year, and 26 left it. Of the latter, six died, five were dismissed for misconduct, six went away before their time. There are five men to one woman. The annual expence is about L. 5000. The sale of the articles manufactured amounts to L. 2000, and the difference, L. 3000, comes from subscriptions and donations. Many of the blind, after serving their regular time, are able not only to support themselves, but even a family, from the proceeds of their industry.

Some of these poor people, traversing a court to go to dinner, turned to the sun, looking up to it, much pleased with *seeing* some glimmering of light. I asked one of the women how long it was since she had lost her sight? Since she was a year old, she said. "You have of course no idea of what light is; you do not think of it, I suppose." "Indeed I do but too much!" Others declared they cared very little about it.

Sept. 25, 1811.—We are waiting only for a change of wind to go on board the ship which is to carry us away, for ever perhaps, from a country, where we have been received with kindness, and where we leave a few friends. There is a seriousness in the thought,—and the near prospect of a long voyage, and all its hazards, is not likely to dissipate the gloom. If I was asked, at this moment, for a summary opinion of what I have seen in England, I might probably say, that its political institutions present a detail of corrupt practices,—of profusion,—and of personal ambition, under the mask of public-spirit very carelessly put on, more disgusting than I should have expected: the workings of the selfish passions are exhibited in all their nakedness and deformity. On the other hand, I should admit very readily, that I have found the great mass of the people richer, happier, and more respectable, than any other with which I am acquainted. I have seen prevailing among all ranks of people that emulation of industry and independence, which characterize a state of advancing civilization, properly directed. The manners, and the whole deportment of superiors to inferiors, are marked with that just regard and circumspection, which announce the presence of laws equal

for all. By such signs I know this to be the best government that ever existed. I sincerely admire it in its results, but I cannot say I particularly like the means. What I dislike here, I might be told, belongs to human nature in general; to the world, rather than to England particularly. It may be so,—and I shall not undertake the panegyric of either the one or the other.

The government of England is eminently practical. The one under which I have lived many years might be defined, on the contrary, a government of abstract principles. Certain opinions have taken possession of men's minds, and they cling to them, as to the religion in which they were born, without examination. The measures of the government have the prejudices of the multitude for their bases,—always the same under any change of circumstances,—and to be obeyed, in defiance of the better judgment of that very government. Were the people left to themselves, they might come to a right judgment of things; but they are encompassed by newspapers, conducted by the mercenary pens of men, often foreigners, who find it more convenient to flatter prejudices, and inflame passions, than to rectify and enlighten; they follow the stream of public-opinion,—yet they swell the tide, and give it its headlong violence;* and the people believe themselves free, under an oligarchy of newspaper writers.

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* The principal distinction in the United States is that of poor and rich. The poor being more numerous, are, by virtue of the universality of suffrage, the sovereign, whom government must obey, or be dismissed. The rich are naturally an object of jealousy to the poor, particularly when neither birth, nor

The different governments of the Continent of Europe, old and infirm, are half-factious half-despotic;—one alone, purely despotic, overpowers the others by its unity and its energy. This state of things, which makes the people a mere instrument, and has the prince for its sole object; makes, of course, secret enemies of all those who do not share in his greatness, and are out of the sphere of his splendor. England, after all, is the only country in the world, where chance perhaps, as much as human wisdom, compounding with the vices and the virtues of our species, has effected a treaty between them, assigning to each their respective and proper

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any other superiority, softens the inequality, and renders it respectable. Therefore the measures of government must be unfavourable to the rich; that is, to commerce, the only road to wealth in the United States. It is observed, that almost every individual who becomes wealthy enters *ipso facto* the ranks of opposition, and *vice versa* those of fallen fortunes. Talents are to be found in opposition to government in America as in England, because it is the brilliant side; but wealth in England is arrayed on the side of government, with whom it feels safe, while in America it feels the ill-will of a government dependent on the poor, and seeks the protection of the talents in the opposition. A little more poverty in the multitude, and property will fall an easy prey by such means as income-tax assessed arbitrarily by commissioners in support of any popular measures,—by the establishment of a national paper money,—by a *maximum* perhaps. The insecurity of property will then operate, as it has done everywhere, in Turkey, in Persia, for instance, and, in a less degree, in those parts of Europe, where the government could raise arbitrary taxes on industry, and where the administration of justice was dependent. The insecurity of property is invariably followed by relaxation of industry and improvements, ignorance and rudeness; and, finally, the establishment of a simple arbitrary government. It is no new observation, that every revolution contains the seeds of another, most opposite in its nature, and scatters them behind it. We have to see what is to spring up in America from a purely popular revolution.

shares, and framing its political constitution on the constitution of human nature, has reared an edifice of mixt and irregular architecture, equally distant from the Grecian and the Gothic,—with little beauty and outward graces,—but solid, convenient, and easy to repair.

As to the nation itself, its distinctive and national character, it would be difficult to give any but a comparative opinion. No national character is, I fear, very excellent in itself, and the least bad must be deemed good. Among the nations of Europe, the two most conspicuous in civilization, in arts, and in arms, the nearest probably in their tastes and manners, yet so distant,—capable of understanding one another so well,—yet so different in their respective tempers and turn of mind, present themselves naturally as fit objects of comparison. I know them well I think; and feel an equal interest for both. I once called one of the two countries my own, and spent in it my early youth. I have visited the other in my maturer age, and the best friends I have on earth were born there.

The pretensions of the two parties are certainly comprehensive. The English, for instance, lay claim to a certain superiority of moral rectitude, of sincerity, of generosity, of humanity, of judgment, of firmness and courage; they consider themselves as the grown men of Europe, and their neighbours as sprightly children, and that is the character they give them when in their best humour.—for otherwise they might be disposed to take Voltaire at his word, who said they were *moitié singes et moitié tigres.*

The French, on the other hand, admit of no comparison as to nicety of taste, versatility of genius, and perfection in all the arts of civilization.

In high honour, in generosity, in courage, they yield to none.

The lower people in England hold other nations in thorough contempt. The same rank in France, in the interior of the country at least, scarcely know there are other nations;—their geography is that of the Chinese.

Of all the various merits claimed by the proud Islanders, I believe none is less disputed than that of generosity. It is not only a received thing that an Englishman has always plenty of money and gives it away very freely, but no sacrifice of a higher kind is supposed to be above his magnanimity. I have to remark, on this subject, that those who give a little, after promising much, appear to have given nothing, while those who, without promising any thing, give a little, have credit, on the contrary, for giving a great deal. This accounts, in part, for the two opposite reputations, the one for unmeaning politeness and mere show of sentiments, the other for simple and blunt generosity. The fact is, as to giving substantially, that it is much easier for the English to do than the French, and accordingly much more is given in money by the former than by the latter; but I doubt extremely whether the English are more disposed than their neighbours to bestow their time and personal attention upon their friends in sickness or misfortune, and upon the distressed in general. There is in England a sort of fastidious delicacy, coldness, or pride, which stands a good deal in the way of active benevolence. The ties of blood are also, I think, weaker than in France. People seem to calculate with more strictness how far the claim of kindred extends, and even the highest degree of consanguinity, that of parents and children, seems

to command rather less deference and respect. A cousin may certainly not be more to you than another man, yet it is an amiable error, and a useful one, to think yourself obliged to show some kindness, and feel some particular sympathy for the man, whom nature has placed nearly in the same rank of life with yourself, and whom you are likely to meet oftenest in your journey through life.

The English are better reasoners than the French, and therefore more disposed to be just,—the first of moral qualities; and yet the propensity to luxury and ostentation is so strong, as well as so general here, as to expose this same sense of justice to hard trials. I never knew a prodigal who was just, nor indeed truly generous,—he never has it in his power.

I do not conceive it possible for some of the most horrible scenes of the French Revolution to be acted here, in any event. The people in France are capable of greater atrocities than those of England, but I should think the latter sterner,—less prone to cruelty, but less susceptible of pity.

There are perhaps, at this moment, more distinguished men of science at Paris than in London, and I think it is admitted by the English themselves. But there are certainly better scientific materials here, and in the long-run, accuracy and depth should prevail over quickness of parts. However the account may stand against the two nations, as to the higher sciences, I am convinced that cultivation of mind is more general in England than in France: It is indeed the bright side of English society. That conceited ignorance, forward loquacity, heedless and loud argumentation, which fill the common intercourse of men in France, is comparatively unknown here; and with

so much better reasoning faculties, I do not think there is half so many logical attempts. A person of sense once remarked that he never heard the concluding formula *Donc* introduced in a Parisian conversation, without expecting something excessively absurd to follow immediately.

There is undoubtedly in the English *abord* a coldness and reserve which discourage and repel at first sight; in the French, on the contrary, a warmth and an openness which invite confidence, and put you at ease instantly. The historian, Gibbon, said once, in speaking of French society, "I know that generally there is no depending much on their professions, yet, as far as I was concerned, I really believe they were sincere." This exception the historian makes in his own favour may well excite a smile; yet his error was in the general opinion he had formed, not in the individual one. The kindness shown to strangers, and expressions of interest lavished upon them, are really felt at the moment. Their feelings might not last long, nor bear the test of any great sacrifice of private interest or convenience. Those who express them are inconsiderate and frivolous, but not insincere. I do not know whether I might not choose to live with the English, but I should undoubtedly find more pleasure in visiting the French. The reserve and coldness of the former wear off in time; the warmth of the latter cools, and the two manners meet at last, *à la tiédeur*, which is the common and usual degree of interest, and all you can really hope to inspire in general and mixt society. The advantage of superior and more general cultivation, of a greater range of ideas and surer taste, must, however, remain on the side of the English. Taste! I think I hear

the French exclaim,—what a contradiction, after what yourself have said of the grossness and rudeness of the English stage; the indecent abuse of their newspapers, their libels, and so many offensive habits and customs! Perfectly consistent characters, I might answer, are only to be met with in novels. Nature does not produce any; and such a picture might be drawn of departures from good taste in French manners, and in French literature, as might show the propriety of toleration to similar ones in foreign countries.

I have introduced occasionally in this Journal, desultory remarks on several branches of English literature, as my attention was called to them by the occasion. A deeper examination of the subject would not have suited the plan of this work. I can only say for myself, that I prefer the English literature to the French, upon most of those subjects with which I am acquainted. I am aware of the danger to which I expose myself by this rash declaration; and shall not deprecate the national resentment of my French readers, by commonplace confessions of my own unfitness to judge. Many undoubtedly have a more general knowledge than I have of the literature, not only of their own country, but of both countries. Few, however, of my countrymen choose to make any foreign language so far their own, as to be fair judges; and on this last qualification mostly, I venture to rest my right to form an opinion of my own, and avow it. My French readers being now informed that the English have *du Goût* will hear with less surprise than they would otherwise have felt, that they have *de la Gaiété*. They do not certainly possess the *gaiété* of manners of their neighbours —they have not the happy faculty of being amus-

ed without amusement. I think also that English spirits would not have survived the trials to which the French have been exposed; the latter have this buoyancy in their blood, the former in their mind only; but mirth is by no means so foreign to English manners as is supposed in France. Indeed I do not know whether a laugh, a true joyous laugh, is not as common in the one as in the other country; and although there is infinitely less animation, I doubt whether there is less cheerfulness.

Upon the whole, I believe the national differences to have less reality than appearance. The same vices, and the same virtues,—the same propensities and views, under very different forms, are found in both countries, more nearly alike than is generally supposed.

I have said nothing of our first voyage across the Atlantic; and little that is new or interesting can be said on the second. Other travellers have informed the public of the dangers, the dulness, and the amusements of a sea life, which admits of little variety. Traversing the ocean from the new to the old world, you may calculate upon favourable winds nearly the whole passage, and the reverse, of course, on your return. Accordingly our first voyage was of twenty-two days, and the second fifty-seven. Between the 50th and the 60th degrees of latitude, the wind blows west the three-fourths of the year. After we had been at sea five weeks, we might have returned to England in five days; laying to a great part of the time, and losing one day what we had gained the day before.

Those who have not been at sea, form an exaggerated idea of the height of the waves. It is not

uncommon for seamen themselves to speak of them as being *mountains high,** as high as the mast-head sometimes,—this is a prodigious exaggeration. The waves in a gale of wind do not exceed ten or twelve feet above the common level, and as the depression is equal to the elevation, the greatest inequalities scarcely exceed twenty feet:—therefore, when the vessel lies in the hollow, or in the trough of the sea, the summit of the highest waves is but a few feet above the eye of the spectator on the deck; which is sufficient, however, to hide objects at some distance, such as the hull of another ship, and even its masts, and make him fancy that the intermediate ridges of water are as high as the mast-head which they hide. Every one knows, however, that a low wall or hedge often hides a mountain.

The wrinkles on the surface of a fish-pond, advancing in an extended line abreast before the wind, are an exact representation, on a small scale, of the great waves of the ocean. It is really impossible to see, without surprise and admiration, the facility with which these liquid ridges, advancing successively, as if to overwhelm the ship, pass under it, or rather lift it up, and let it slide down gently behind them; a good ship runs really very little risk in an open sea, however agitated it may be. If you strike one of the largest chords of an instrument, and observe its vibrations, you will have an exact idea of the motion of the sea during a storm,—the water rises

* In a great storm, the velocity of the wind is estimated at fifty or sixty miles an hour, while the hurricanes of the torrid zone, which unroof houses, and demolish trees, suppose a velocity of eighty or one hundred miles an hour; but it does not follow that the height of the waves of ten or twelve feet in a storm, is increased in that proportion in a hurricane.

and falls alternately, with very little change of place, although it seems to fly before the wind. The summit alone of the waves, bent over and broke by the violence of the wind, is carried away in the shape of spray. A piece of wood floating on the surface drifts very little, and if a ship, laying too, drifts two or three miles an hour, it is only because the masts and rigging, even without sails, give so much hold to the wind; and, far from the ship drifting with the sea, it is evident that it moves against it, since a vessel laying to, that is to say, very near broad-side to the direction of the waves, drifts much less than before the wind, although in this last situation it gives so much less hold to the wind.

It is a pleasure to see that small blackish bird, called by the sailors Mother Carey's chicken, and a larger bird quite white, fly round and round the ship in a storm, gliding through the air with astonishing rapidity, without any seeming motion of their own, cutting the top of the waves, now and then, with a sudden dip of the extremity of one of their wings. Whether they move with the wind, or against it, makes no perceptible difference in the ease and rapidity of their movements.

Wishing to practice taking the lunar distance at sea, I had provided myself with a sextant, and took observations whenever it was practicable, both passages. Seamen have the reputation of being very jealous of all that relates to their business, and displeased with passengers who meddle with it. I must do the justice to the captains with whom we sailed both times, one English, and the other American, to say, that I experienced nothing of the kind from them; they joined, on the contrary, with perfect good-humour, in working the

lunar distance; being better acquainted with it than I was myself, they were, of course, above jealousy on the subject. The lunar observation requires too much exactness to be easily taken on the boisterous seas of northern latitudes, where much practice is necessary to succeed. Notwithstanding the inevitable errors attending the agitation of the vessel, it gave us our longitude much nearer than the dead reckoning, so liable to error, particularly from the effect of the gulf-stream, * and received from the sight of land a pleasing confirmation.

Nov. 20.—Latitude 39° 18′, longitude 67° 59′ The wind at last perfectly favourable, and near the end of our voyage. About noon a sail was descried from the mast-head, north-west twelve or fifteen miles, standing towards us. At two o'clock the ship was within hail, and we shortened sail; it was a British frigate, the Belvidere, Captain Byron. After the usual questions and answers, we were

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* The waters of the ocean between the tropics have a general motion from east to west, which produces an accumulation in the bay of Mexico; whence they are forced back, and passing between the Bahama islands and Florida, in a direction nearly parallel to the coast of North America, form that great current called the Gulf-stream, which flows in a north east direction, inclining east towards the southern extremity of the great bank of Newfoundland; whence it pursues its course directly towards Europe, broader and weaker as it advances, and expires at last on the western coast of Scotland and Norway. Seeds from the West Indies are deposited on these coasts every year, such as the seeds of cassia, cashew-nuts, bottle-gourd, mimosa, scandeus, logwood, and cocoa, often in such a state of preservation, as with care to vegetate.

Long lines of floating weeds and seeds are observed on the ocean, extending north and south, and travelling lowly towards Europe.

ordered to heave too, and an officer soon came on board, who, after examining the ship's papers below, and the crew on deck, returned to the frigate. We looked with anxiety for the signal to make sail, which, however, was not given, and we were soon boarded again by another officer, sent to examine more particularly a young man without a protection, but styling himself a midshipman in the American navy, although before the mast on board a merchantman; which, however, proved all correct. And, after a detention of two hours and a half of the first easterly wind we had since we left England, the wished-for signal was made (lowering the colours) and we instantly filled, and resumed our course, at the rate of nearly ten knots an hour, direct on New York for the first time. The officers behaved civilly, and informed us that they had spoken, a few hours before, a British packet four days from New York,—reporting that the negociation with Mr Foster was going on, and that an American minister would be sent shortly to England:—the news altogether peaceful.

Notwithstanding this strict examination, our cook, a British negro, without a protection, had remained undiscovered in the smoke of his cabouse, and I have reason to believe that our sailors were not all in conscience what their protections stated them to be. The danger to which a real American sailor is exposed, of being forcibly taken away by the first English man of war met at sea, is certainly in the highest degree revolting, and will lead to interminable wars as soon as there is more equality of strength between the two nations, unless some better mode should be devised, of securing the British the right they undoubtedly have to the

services of their own men. Some, I have no doubt, might be found, if they were sought in the true spirit of peace, from which the present irritation is unfortunately very distant.

APPENDIX.

IRELAND.

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Ireland, divided into small principalities, hostile to each other, was conquered, without difficulty, by the English, in a single campaign under Henry II. (1172). He founded his right on a bull of the Pope Adrian III. obtained a few years before. The inhabitants were left in possession of their lands; a small number of Englishmen remained among them, too few to bind the two nations together, but enough to recall to the Irish their subjugation. To the time of Henry VIII. "an Englishman was not punishable for killing an Irishman, and lived in Ireland as the Europeans do in America." * Reciprocal hatred, violence, and revenge, perpetuated the national distinctions; and four centuries of oppression, sedition, and anarchy, confirmed the native ferocity of the people. Ire-

* Sir William Petty, page 375.

land was not really subdued till the latter part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth (1603). The Spaniards, who had repeatedly, during this long reign, landed troops in Ireland, to assist the natives in their insurrections, did not fail to represent the Queen as an heretic, who had forfeited the throne; and the Irish, who had remained Catholics, principally because England was Protestant, readily adopted these ideas. To show in what manner this colonial war was conducted, the following fact, selected from many others reported by Hume, is sufficient. After the taking of a fort in Kerry, (1580) Gray, a general of Elizabeth, "who was attended by a very small force, finding himself embarrassed with so many prisoners, put all the Spaniards and Italians to the sword without mercy, and hanged about 1500 Irish,—a cruelty which gave *great displeasure* to Elizabeth;" * but it does not appear that the general was either punished or disgraced.

Thus pacified, this miserable people soon revolted again; and, finally, in 1641, we find them abandoning themselves to a delirium of revenge, for which a precedent could scarcely be found in any age or country. It was an universal St Bartholomew, but of a cruelty far more *recherchée*. Neither age nor sex were spared;—children at the breast;—the very cattle! All that bore the name of English were surprised, tortured, slaughtered, burnt alive, with circumstances of cruelty, from the recital of which the mind turns with astonishment and horror. Promises of safety, confirmed by the most solemn oaths, were employed to dis-

* Hume's History.

arm, by capitulation, those victims who had reached places capable of defence; but they had no sooner surrendered, than, with savage taunts and derision, they were made to share the fate of their countrymen,—and all in the name of God and the Catholic church! The city of Dublin alone escaped.

Charles I. was then on bad terms with his Parliament; they suspected him of being concerned in this outrage of the Catholics; and, instead of sending to Ireland forces adequate to the protection of the miserable remains of the English population, the rage of party made them listen with a sort of satisfaction to the recital of every enormity, in which they hoped the King might be implicated! This unfortunate Prince was forced to conclude a truce with the Irish rebels, or rather with those ferocious beasts, unworthy of the name of men; but the Parliament were highly offended, and refused to ratify it. Catholicism was certainly a sort of bond of union between the king and the Irish; therefore we find them negociating with the Lord-Lieutenant, Ormond, for the support of the royal cause;—then betraying him at the instigation of the Pope's Nuncio;—then making new advances, but always without virtue, without union or constancy, and even without courage; at least without that courage of the mind, which distinguishes men from brute animals.—Hence, Ireland never succeeded in any scheme of emancipation, and has always been defeated in a body, notwithstanding the constitutional bravery of Irishmen, which is almost proverbial.

The establishment of the republic in England, [illegible]t with it the hour of retribution. Cromwell [illegible] iron hand on the rebels, with that sagacity

and prompt decision which characterized him; he disconcerted the measures of their chiefs. The barbarous punishments he inflicted, spread terror and consternation; his very name conquered before his arms. In three months (from August to November 1649) all this revolutionary organization was crushed and dissipated, and the country subdued. He allowed, in his clemency, forty thousand Irish soldiers, (about double his own number) to banish themselves for ever from their own country.* There were still, during the following years, some slight commotions, promptly repressed, and rigorously punished by Ireton, the inflexible lieutenant of Cromwell, and by Ludlow, and the government, was finally placed in the hands of commissioners.

A contemporary writer, Sir William Petty, says this rebellion cost the lives of 112,000 English, and 504,000 Irish by the sword, famine, and pestilence, in 11 years. He estimates the population of Ireland, at the close of these 11 years (1652) at 850,000; therefore more than one-third of the population had been destroyed. "The cause of this war, he says, was a desire of the Romists to recover the church revenue, worth about L. 110,000 *per annum*, and of the common Irish to get all the Englishmen's estates; and of the 10 or 12 grandees of Ireland to get the empire of the whole. But the English won, and have (besides other pretences) a gamester's right at least to their estates. As to the blood shed in the contest, God best knows who did occasion it."

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* Sir William Petty.

After the restoration of the monarchy, the affairs of Ireland were found still more difficult to manage than they ever had been. The Irish Protestants, and the English, dispossessed by the assassins of 1641, had just claims on their former properties. These assassins had, however, received their pardon from Charles I. in consideration of the assistance they had engaged to give him, and they thought themselves entitled to retain what they possessed at the period of their treaty. Cromwell had since driven away, without distinction, all the inhabitants of the provinces of Munster, Leinster, and Ulster, and disposed of their lands. It was dangerous to disturb again this new body of proprietors, and besides all these claims, there were others for military services against the rebels from 1641 to 1652. It was impossible to satisfy every body, or to adopt any measure which should not occasion discontents; and, as if they were not sufficiently numerous, the English parliament, blinded by its hatred against Papists, thought fit to prohibit, in 1668, the importation of cattle from Ireland, the only article a poor country, without industry, could furnish in exchange. Subdued by misfortune, the Irish did not rise, but the parliament seemed to urge them to it, by accusations of imaginary plots. Men of respectability and peaceable disposition, were condemned and executed upon the testimony of suborned witnesses.* All this was about 1681. A few years after (1687) we find the new king, James II., coercing his Irish subjects in a contrary direction. By the favour

* Hume's History, Vol. VIII.

of the short popularity he enjoyed at the beginning of his reign, he persecuted the Protestants as vigorously as the Catholics had been under the preceding reign. No Roman province, subjects of Lacedemon or Athens, or ally of modern France, were ever plundered so systematically as the Irish. They made a struggle for liberty under Charles I., and were plundered;—for royalty under Cromwell, and were plundered;—they fought for James II., and were plundered. The plunders of the rebellion were sanctioned by the Restoration;—those of the Revolution confirmed since by numerous penal laws.

Sir William Petty, already quoted, was physician of the army which had suppressed the rebellion of 1641, and wrote, in 1672, an account of what had taken place in his time, and under his eyes. The testimony and opinions of this very intelligent contemporary writer, are calculated to excite great interest; and when he speaks in favour of the Irish, or at least against the treatment they have experienced, he may be the more credited, as having made his fortune at their expence.* He cannot be supposed to have felt any particular kindness for them. "Some furious spirits, he says, have wished that the Irish should rebel again, that they might be put to the sword; but I declare that motion to be not only impious and inhuman, but withal frivolous and pernicious, for the Irish will not easily rebel again. The British Protestants

* He stated in his will that he had begun his fortune by a *contract* he had obtained for the admeasurement of lands forfeited by the rebellion.

and church, possess the three-fourths of the lands, nine-tenths of all the houses in wall towns, two-thirds of all the foreign trade. There are now in Ireland 300,000 English, and 800,000 Papists, whereof 600,000 live in a brutish nasty condition, in cabins with neither chimney, door, stairs, or windows, so stinking and full of vermin, that they cannot even keep eggs that do not get a bad taste; and so small that there is not room to work either wool or flax. There are about twenty gentlemen of the Irish and popish religion, who, by reason of their families, good parts, courtly education and carriage, are supported by the Irish, to negociate their concernments at the court of England, and of the viceroy in Ireland. These men raise their contributions by the priests, who actually and immediately govern the people. The priests are governed by at least twenty-four Romish bishops, all of whom have a long time been conversant in France, Spain, Italy, Germany, England, as chaplains, almoners, &c. They made an interest with the governing men in those kingdoms, and obtained preferment from them; so that the body of the Irish Papists are governed by about 1000 secular priests, and 2500 friars and regulars of several orders, principally Franciscans; these I say are governed by their respective bishops, and superiors, whom the ministers of foreign states do also govern and direct; and they do also exert a temporal power by prevailing with Papist justices of the peace, to send such to jail as are disobedient to the clergy, upon feigned and frivolous complaints. The common priests have few of them been out of Ireland, and have humble opinions of English and Protestants, and of the mischiefs of setting up manufac-

tures and trade; they also comfort their flocks by prophecies of restoration from the Old Testament. They make little esteem of an oath upon a Protestant Bible, but will more devoutly take up a stone and swear upon it, calling it a book, than lay the said book of books, the Bible; but of all oaths, they think themselves at much liberty to take a land oath, as they call it, which is to prove a forged deed, a possession, &c. &c. in order to recover from their countrymen the lands which they have forfeited.* The people of Ireland are all in factions and parties,—all English and Irish,—Protestants and *Papists,—though indeed the real distinction is vested and divested of the land belonging* to Papists, anno 1641; and the chief pique of the Popish clergy against the Protestant is, that they have the church livings and jurisdictions."—"One fourth of the proprietors live in England, drawing their revenue without return. The greatest part of the Irish army, paid by Ireland, is employed out of Ireland. All commerce between the two kingdoms being prohibited, produce must, for example, go into the Barbadoes, and there are sold for sugars, which, brought into England, are sold for money to pay there what Ireland owes; which tedious way raises the exchange 15 per cent.; whereas the lands of Ireland have, within 150 years, been most of them forfeited, or forfeitable, at various times, and several grants given for the same. Under one condition or

* Thinking, probably with Hudibras, that

He that imposes an oath, makes it,
Not he that for convenience takes it.

another, most titles to lands are disputable. A principal trade in Ireland is to find out these flaws and defects, and procure commissions for inquiries, and vex the possessors into composition; being a trade or rather calamity upon the nation. A second trade is the farming of the revenue, and levying it in a most oppressive manner; and a third arises from the badness and confusion of the coins. A fourth is, trepanning poor men into crimes, indictments, bishops'-courts, &c. and compounding of trespasses, not without making benefit by the office of justice of peace, &c. &c. Of 200,000 houses in Ireland, only 16,000 have chimnies, doors, and windows; the two-thirds of those are occupied by persons who exercise the above trades, and are the locusts and caterpillars of the commonwealth. Ireland contains 12,000,000 of English acres of land in good cultivation; of pasturage, 2,000,000, producing a little; the rest rock, marshes, and waste; that is, more than ten acres to every man, instead of four as in France or England, and one, as in Holland. The houses within the city and liberties of Dublin are under 5000, and the ale-houses about 1200; in country towns the population is yet greater,—about one-third of the whole. The lazing of the Irish seems to me to proceed from want of encouragement to work; for what need they work, who are content with potatoes, with which the labour of one man can feed forty, and with milk, whereof one cow will, in summer time, give meat and drink enough for three men,—when they can everywhere gather cockles, oysters, muscles, and crabs, and build a house in three days? Why should they breed more cattle, since 'tis penal to import them into England? Why should they raise more com-

modities, since there are not merchants sufficiently stocked to take them off them, nor provided with other more pleasing foreign commodities to give in exchange, trade being so fettered and prohibited by the statutes of England? And why should men endeavour to get estates, where the legislative power is not agreed upon, and where tricks and words destroy natural rights and property? They are accused of much treachery, falseness, and thievery: none of which, I conceive, is natural to them, &c. If it be just, that men of English birth and estates, living in Ireland, should be represented in the legislative power, and that the Irish should not be judged by those who they pretend do usurp their estates, it then seems just and convenient that both kingdoms should be united, and governed by one legislative power. Nor is it hard to shew how this may be practicable, nor to satisfy or silence those, who are interested or affected, to the contrary," &c.

These abstracts are sufficient to give an idea of the sort of government existing in Ireland from the times of the conquest to those of Sir William Petty,—and a more monstrous one never existed. The illustrious British historian, who gave to the world an affecting account of the enormities committed by the Spaniards in America, had no need to go farther than Ireland, a conquest of his own countrymen, for a subject upon which to exert his eloquence, and pass the severest censure. The Irish were undoubtedly a far worse race than the Peruvians, and less deserving of pity; but there is no knowing how much of their detestable vices were owing to the conduct of their conquerors,—who, to use an apt expression of Mr Fox, speaking

of the French, *first baited them mad, and then complained that they were so.*

The happy revolution (as it is deservedly called), which placed the Prince of Orange on the throne, brought no relief to Ireland. William carried his victorious arms to that ill-fated country. He made a treaty with the Irish in 1691, the conditions of which were ill observed. Protestant intolerance visited on the Catholics of Ireland the evils which Catholic intolerance was then inflicting on their brethren in France. Every year of the reign of the boasted restorer of English liberty and his immediate successors, added some new oppressive law to those already in operation. Forfeitures of lands, and other penalties, against parents or guardians sending a child to any foreign Popish university or place of education; the obligation to attend service in the Protestant church every Sunday; incapacity of voting for members of Parliament; incapacity of executing any public trust,—of practising at the bar,—and almost of working at the lowest trades; for a petition to Parliament from the coal-porters of Dublin, complaining that "Papists employed men of their own persuasion," &c. was received, read, and referred to the committee of grievances. The Presbyterians, less obnoxious than the Papists, and whose zeal against the latter was little less violent than that of the English church, finding themselves included in the sacramental test, began immediately to complain of persecution in their turn. "Persecution, it seems," said the English Rabelais on that occasion,* "is every thing that will not leave

* Swift's Letters concerning the Sacramental Test.

it in men's power to persecute others." The spirit of intolerance and extravagant cruelty was carried to such a pitch, that, in 1723, a member of the Irish Parliament seriously moved, that the Gothic penalty of *castration* might be added as a clause to a bill before them against certain enemies of the Protestant faith, to which the House, after a short debate, agreed; and ordered it to be laid before his Grace the Lord Lieutenant, to be transmitted to England, with this remarkable request on their part, "that he would recommend the same in the most *effectual* manner to his Majesty," which his Grace was pleased to promise. The bill was accordingly transmitted to England, but rejected there, by the humane and earnest interposition of Cardinal Henry with Mr Walpole.* This most extraordinary anecdote is reported by an author evidently partial, yet it is impossible to suppose it an invention.

It is remarkable, that the Irish took no part in the Scotch rebellion in favour of the Pretender, in 1745; and yet we find them accused of revolutionary proceedings, in 1759, in favour of this same Pretender, and of France. Sir Richard Musgrave,† a writer still more partial than the preceding on opposite side, says, that these troubles were in a great degree owing to the extortions of their own clergy; and, in all probability, the grievances of which they complained were partly real and partly feigned, to furnish a pretence to the national dis-

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* John Curry's Civil Wars in Ireland.

† Sir Richard Musgrave, Bart. member of the Irish Parliament, High-sheriff.

position to riot and disorder. The *white boys*, an association of banditti, so called from their white uniforms, were at this period very troublesome. The atrocious cruelties they committed are characteristic of the people and country; for instance, the practice of hamstringing men and animals,—and another ingenious invention, that of burying obnoxious persons alive in a hole full of furze, with their heads only out. This, however, must have been deemed a state of comparative good-order and tranquillity for Ireland, as we see an humble address of the Roman Catholics, presented to his Majesty in 1775, stating their grievances,* and praying for relief, expressly on the ground of their *dutiful, peaceable, submissive behaviour, for more than fourscore years.* The government seemed to admit of their merits on that head, for there was, about that period, a relaxation of severity, and a

* The grievances stated in this petition form, undoubtedly, a monstrous catalogue. We are disqualified, they said, not only to purchase, but hold land, even as a farm, except on a tenure very unfavourable; for, if by our industry and improvement we acquire property, we cannot, as the law stands, retain possession. We are dragged into courts, and there compelled to confess on oath, whether we have, in any instance, acquired a property in the smallest degree exceeding what the rigour of the law has admitted; and the informer becomes entitled not only to the surplus, but to the whole, &c. A son, however profligate and undutiful, shall, merely by the merit of conforming to the established religion, deprive his Roman Catholic father from the liberty of disposing of the estate, while he himself can mortgage the reversion, &c. At the death of a father, his property goes to the first of his children who *conforms*, to the exclusion of the others, &c. The violation of the right of property was the least objection to these laws, which seem to have been devised for the express purpose of loosening all the bonds of morality and social virtues.

sort of system of conciliation adopted, to which the last author quoted ascribes the rebellious and sanguinary contests of the latter end of the century.

Notwithstanding these most unfavourable circumstances for the happiness of the people, Mr Arthur Young, who visited the country, and viewed it at leisure and with attention, in the years 1776, 1777, 1778, and 1779, seems to have found the people in a much better situation than could have been supposed. He represents them as living in the very same huts, without windows or chimnies, described by Sir William Petty one hundred years before, amidst dirt and vermin; yet possessing a cow, often a small horse, hogs and poultry, children in abundance, with as many potatoes as their live stock or themselves could consume; all that on a piece of ground, the rent of which was only 40s. or 60s. a-year; and turf as much as they pleased to steal. I cannot resist the temptation of extracting a passage of Mr Young, relating to an agricultural undertaking of a private gentleman, which appears to me to afford an instructive example of the best mode of reclaiming Ireland. "The whole country, traversed by the road to Cullen, (county of Louth) was, 22 years ago, a waste sheep-walk, covered with furze and fern; the cabins and people as miserable as can be conceived; not a Protestant in the country;—not a road passable;—and the revenue 3s. or 4s. an acre. Lord Chief Baron Foster undertook the improvement of an estate of 5000 acres, till then deemed irreclaimable, and began by 2000 or 3000 acres. Far from turning out the people, he kept them in to see the effect of his operations. Dur-

ing several years, he had 27 lime-kilns burning stone brought from Milford Haven, and 60 to 80 workmen. The lime alone cost him L. 700 a-year. In the meantime, he constructed roads, inclosed fields of ten acres with a ditch seven feet wide and six feet deep, at 1s. a perch, the banks planted with quick and forest trees. Of these fences, 70,000 perches were done, and he drained all that required it. In order to create a new race of tenants, he fixed upon the most active and industrious labourers, bought them cows, and advanced them money, to begin with little farms, leaving them to pay it as they could. These men he nursed up in proportion to their industry, and some of them are now good farmers, with L. 400 or L. 500 each in their pockets. He fixed a colony of French and English Protestants on the land. His process was as follows:—He stubbed the furze, &c. and ploughed it, upon which he spread from 140 to 170 barrels of lime per acre, proportioning the quantity to the mould or clay which the plough turned up. This experiment he tried as far as 300 barrels, and always found that the greater the quantity the better. The lime cost him 9d. a barrel on the land; his usual quantity was 160, at the expence of L. 6 an acre, and the total was an expence of L. 30,000! After the liming, fallowed the land for rye; and, after the rye, took two crops of oats. Without lime, he got three or four barrels an acre of oats,—but, with it, 20 or 22 of barley. With white marle, he obtained 300 lbs. of flax; with lime, 1000 lbs. His great object was to convince the inhabitants of the great advantage of his process. He sold them the corn crops on the ground at 40s. an acre; the

three crops paid him therefore the expence of the liming, giving, at the same time, a great profit to the purchasers. With the third corn crop, the land was laid down to grass, when the old tenants very readily hired it, and went on with similar improvements on their own account, for which he advanced them the money, and trusted to their success and honesty for the payment, and was not deceived. This change of their sentiments induced him to build new farm-houses, of which he has erected above 30, all of lime and stone, at the expence of L. 40 a house. The farms are, in general, of 80 acres each.

"After six or seven years, the Baron spread more lime over the sod, and the benefit of it was very great; it is all let now on an average at 20s. an acre," &c. &c. His lordship has made a barren wilderness smile with cultivation, planted it with people, and made those people happy, &c. &c. He assured Mr Young, that, while making his improvements, he had lived in a house without shutters, bolts, or bars, and half full of *spalpeens*, yet never lost the least trifle, nor has he met with any depredations among his fences or plantations.

In conversation about the Popery laws, Mr Young expressed his surprise at their severity, but he was assured they never were executed. This brought to his mind an admirable expression of Mr Burke's, in the House of Commons, "Connivance is the relaxation of slavery, not the definition of liberty."

The human mind is so constituted, that, to know exactly how you are to understand any man's account of what he saw, let him be ever so good and true, you must first know his party, or the preju-

dices of his country, and situation. Mr Young was, at the period of his visit to Ireland, in the opposition, disposed, consequently, to think more favourably of the Irish than they deserved; yet, as we have seen him since, about the beginning of the French revolution, form a tolerably just opinion of its tendency, I feel the more inclined to suppose his judgment to have been correct, and to confide in it. He admits the detestable conduct of the white boys, but does not believe them to have been directed by any foreign influence.—These worthless wretches were, he said, guilty of far greater abuses of power than those of whom they complained; to such a degree, indeed, as to unite against them the Catholic inhabitants themselves, who opposed them by force of arms at Kilkenny, and other places, and had some sanguinary contests with them. At the same time, he describes the despotism of the great proprietors, and of the aristocracy,—of the tithe-men,—of the justices of the peace,—of the military, &c. &c. in such a manner, as to justify, or at least fully to account for any discontents and revolt of the people.*

During the American war, and while the combined fleets of France and Spain threatened the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland, the Irish formed, at the invitation of government, volunteer corps for their own defence. They evinced at first great submission to government, but towards the end of the war, they began to feel their strength, and to

* There were, besides the *white boys*, several other associations of banditti, under the name of right boys, peep-of-day boys, &c. &c.; these in the north of Ireland, and among the manufacturers; the first in the south, and among the peasantry.

remember they had arms in their hands. A sort of national convention was formed in 1783, 1784, many of whose members were persons of high characters, and great talents, and the Presbyterians made common cause with the Catholics to obtain the right of election. A new constitution was proposed to the Irish parliament, but rejected with indignation. The government had already revoked, in 1782, most of the old laws against Catholics, those at least relating to property, and the restrictions still subsisting did not affect the people so directly. There was far less reason in fact to complain, than at any preceding period. But a great revolution had taken place in men's minds; it was no longer with material advantages that they were taken up, but rather with abstract rights; and the people of Ireland, together with the great body of the people in Europe, had began to set a greater value on the form than on the substance of liberty.

Our new world has generally the credit of having first lighted the torch which was to illuminate, and soon set in a blaze the finest part of Europe; yet I think the flint was struck, and the first spark elicited by the patriot John Wilkes, a few years before. In a time of profound peace, the restless spirits of men, deprived of other objects of public curiosity, seized with avidity on those questions which were then agitated with so much violence in England, touching the rights of the people, and of the government, and the nature of power. The end of the political drama was in favour of what was called, and in some respect was, the liberty of the people. Encouraged by the success of this great comedian, the curtain was no sooner dropt on the scene of Europe, than new actors hastened to raise it again

in America, and to give the world a new play, infinitely more interesting and more brilliant than the first. I am far from supposing that the sole motive of active patriots is personal ambition, and the vanity of acting a part; but the sad experience of all ages, and especially that of our own times, teaches us to believe that such motives have always a considerable influence. There is as much danger in believing too much, as too little, in the virtue of patriots; one of these errors makes dupes and fanatics, and the other lukewarm men and slaves.

After the peace of 1782, which established the independence of the United States, there was scarcely a young soldier returning from America who did not think himself destined to become a Washington, and did not consider his own country, or any other country, just as well fitted for the establishment of a republic, as the country of Washington;—not a young philosopher who did not know by heart his *contrat social*; at least *I know* it was so in France. Republican ideas *à toute outrance* failed not to gain ground in Ireland, as elsewhere, particularly among the military associations, which had been formed for the defence of the country. The metaphysical refinements of the new political doctrines, were by no means lost on the common people; for the less they were understood, the greater their power was of creating a sort of blind enthusiasm, about they did not know what,—united in their ignorant and ferocious minds with the bigotry of old habits and prejudices. I shall mention only one instance of wanton atrocity, perhaps unequalled in any other country. A Mr R. Jackson of Forkhill, in the county of Ar-

magh, who died in 1787, had bequeathed, by his will 3000 acres of land as a foundation for a sort of Protestant colony, and four schools for the education of children of every persuasion, *gratis*. In 1789, the trustees obtained an act of parliament to carry the provisions of the will into execution; but the Catholics of the country soon shewed themselves hostile to the establishment; they denounced vengeance against their new neighbours, —fired at them,—hunted them like wild beasts,— burnt their mill,—from which the miller escaped with great difficulty. At last, in January 1791, a number of villains assembled at the house of Alexander Barclay, one of the schoolmasters, appointed to instruct, indiscriminately, the children of the poor of the parish. They rapped at the door, which he opened, hearing the voice of one of his neighbours; they rushed in,—threw him on his face,—three of them stood upon him, and stabbed him repeatedly. They put a cord round his neck, which they tightened so as to force his tongue out, and cut it off. They then cut off the four fingers and thumb of his right hand; and leaving him, proceeded to use his wife in the same manner; which, from a refinement of cruelty, they did with a blunt instrument. They then battered and beat her in a dreadful manner. Her brother, a boy of thirteen years of age, had come from Armagh that morning to see her. They cut out his tongue, and cut off the calf of his leg, and left them all three in that situation! This frightful anecdote is related by the same Sir Richard Musgrave, already quoted, with every appearance of authenticity; and although people, capable of an enormity, compared to which murder sinks into insignifi-

cance, might be few, yet the idea could not have come into any one's mind, unless the manners of the bulk of the people had been eminently ferocious.

I have found, in the same author, another anecdote, remarkable in its way (Volume I. page 53). The conspirators of Munster had bound themselves by oath, to resist the laws, and obey none but their chiefs; and they adhered to this so strictly, that the High-sheriff of the county of Waterford could not find a person willing to execute the sentence of the law upon a miscreant, condemned to be whipped, although he offered a considerable sum of money for that purpose; therefore he was obliged to perform the duty himself at last, in the face of an enraged populace;—and the writer tells us in a note, that he himself was this High-sheriff! I know that the execution of the sentence of the law belongs to this magistrate; he is considered as performing the office himself, but never does in point of fact. Here we have Mr High-sheriff, a baronet, member of the Irish parliament, and an author, taking the whip in his own hand, and applying some hundreds of lashes on the bare flesh of an offender, in the face of his enraged accomplices! He certainly must have been well supported, otherwise they would not have suffered him to proceed. Is it credible, then, that he could not have found among his numerous and faithful guard some one, willing to be his deputy for love or money? His zeal in the business appears to me more apparent than the necessity. We have been accustomed to hear of such things in Russia, where imperial hands used to strike off heads and ply the knout, at least formerly; but I own I should not have

expected to meet with similar manners in this age and country. This took place in 1782, twelve or fourteen years before the last rebellion. Were these the best means to prevent or produce it? I think I should prefer the method of the respectable magistrate mentioned by Mr Young; and I should be glad to know who behaved best during the subsequent rebellion,—the people of Cullen or those of Waterford.

The republican ideas imported from America, found the people of France particularly well prepared for their reception. They spread wonderfully, and seven or eight years after the final conclusion of the transatlantic revolution, the great explosion took place. Ireland caught the spirit immediately;—clubs, and political meetings of various denominations were instituted. In 1791, the famous society of the United Irishmen. In 1792, the national guards. Rabaud de St Etienne visited at this period the neophytes of Ireland. It was the French Revolution in embryo; and however wrong the government might have been on former occasions, it appears to me quite evident, that it had at that mad period no alternative, but was obliged to defend itself, or expect to be treated *à la* Louis XVI. It might have been wiser, as well as more just, first to grant to the Catholics the equality of political rights which they claimed. It is certain, indeed, that the insurgents would not have remained satisfied with that; for their chiefs wanted a republic;—but the government would have put them completely in the wrong, without giving up any thing of its means of repression. The consequences might have been, that the government party in Ireland would have shewn themselves less active against the Ca-

tholic rebels; but the latter, being more divided among themselves, the civil war would have assumed a less desperate character, and much blood, as well as many crimes, would have been spared. Mr Burke, who cannot be accused of revolutionary principles, wrote, and spoke, at that time, in favour of the emancipation of the Catholics. Fox, Erskine, and almost all the men of talents in the English parliament, pleaded their cause; but the government choose to come at once to the *ultima ratio.* The Protestant aristocracy of Ireland, was let loose, * and proved as violent and furious as their Catholic adversaries. They organized their forces immediately, under the name of orangemen, that is to say, organized the civil war. The sequel can easily be imagined;—insults, † cruelty, revenge: and amidst the fury of contending passions, individual ambition, calculating deliberately the chances of its infernal game, and pushing forwards its thousands of men, by way of counters. The sword once drawn, and the social knot cut through, it is difficult to say what is

* It seems as if the English government wished to make it appear, at the time, that this Protestant aristocracy were the chief opposers of the Catholics, and that they themselves were more disposed to concession. This weak and cruel policy, is said, by Gordon, to have been pursued ever since the reign of Elizabeth.

† A cropt head being considered at that time as a mark of jacobinism, the soldiers made it a practice, and an amusement, to seize upon such individuals as were cropt, and carry them to the guard house, where they kept paper caps in readiness, pitched inside, which, being heated, and stuck on the head, the sufferer, burnt and blinded by the melted pitch, which had run among his hair, and in his eyes, was let loose among the rabble waiting for him at the door.

legitimate or what is criminal. The Catholic party corresponded with France; they had emissaries and ambassadors there, and negociated for succours of men and arms. They did not probably want to give themselves up to France; they wished to be free; but the great object was revenge, at any cost, and they might have submitted to France, if necessary, out of pure hatred for England.

The insurrection, long organized in secret, under the whip of executioners, amidst torture and assassination, by fire and the sword, and by poison, was at last near a general explosion in May 1798, when the arrest of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and of several of the principal confederates disconcerted the plan, and broke the thread of the conspiracy. The insurrection took place notwithstanding, on the appointed day, in several places, but the effort was not general, and only exposed this miserable people to all the terrors of military execution. It must be confessed that their conduct at Wexford, and wherever they became masters for a little while, was so detestable, as to diminish very much that pity which their sufferings would otherwise have inspired. Undisciplined, without arms or experienced officers, a vast number of them were killed in the numerous actions and encounters they had with the king's troops in the course of that year. It cost the lives of one hundred thousand men, says Gordon, * of whom two-thirds were Catholics or patriots, one-third royalists. Almost all the chiefs were put to death, or sent into exile; and the ill concerted descent of a small body of

* A contemporary author, and a clergyman of the English church.

French troops under General Humbert the following year (1799) served only to increase the number of wretched individuals, involved in the criminality of ill success, and its necessary consequence, exile, or the scaffold.

It is difficult to say whether the Irish have been most ill governed, or ungovernable; but they have at any rate been too much injured not to excite sympathy with their resentment, and a disposition to forgive even their desire of revenge. It is impossible, however, to approve of their project of separation. They were not strong enough to maintain their independence; and, therefore, had no right to separate, according to the just definition of political right given by Paley, *expediency*.

Two years after this rebellion, the great measure of the union of the two kingdoms was adopted. Instead of a national legislature, which was little else than the committee of a faction under the orders of the English minister, Ireland sends now a certain number of members, one hundred I believe, to the British or imperial parliament; and it seems to me they have gained much by the change. The opposers of the measure say, that they were deceived, having been promised the emancipation of the Catholics as the price of the union. I really think that, if the emancipation had been granted on condition of preserving their separate government, they would have had more reason to complain of their bargain. However that may be, Catholic emancipation is now the great subject of Irish claims, and the theme of all their remonstrances. It seems strange, in these times, that the Pope should still be an object of fear, or of attachment;—yet such is the main obstacle to a

complete union of the two countries, in the same degree as with Scotland, which is as perfect as can be wished. It may well be questioned whether religion is the true obstacle. The established religion is a considerable source of power and influence, for the government of England and its hierarchy extends to Ireland, which has a primate, several bishops, and a Protestant clergy. This forms a ministerial militia, which the government does not wish to disband; but, far from this sacrifice being required of them, the Catholic clergy would, on the contrary, become auxiliaries. Being taken in pay, and receiving a political and legal existence, they would in time become friends instead of enemies. The Catholic clergy are, I understand, extremely poor, ignorant, and fanatical. Placed on a level with the low Irish, they have that constant intercourse together, which enables them to keep up their influence; but a decent competency and independence would throw them at a distance, and diminish their influence. The British goverment seemed very lately on the point of yielding the boon of emancipation, but required a negative voice in the nomination of bishops, which, considering the unbounded influence of these bishops over the opinions and the purse of the Irish of their persuasion, seemed a very reasonable check for the government to retain. Very improper appointments might otherwise be made by the Catholics, or their foreign head the Pope. The Irish bishops had agreed to concede this *veto* to the government; but certain chiefs of influence among the Irish, as if they did not really wish a perfect reconciliation, interposed, and obliged them to withdraw their assent. Of four oaths tendered to them, they were

willing to take three, but rejected the fourth, which they said would be renouncing the spiritual communion with Rome. If forty were tendered to them instead of four, they might probably take thirty-nine, but would take care to find some objection to the last. Mr Pitt said of the insurrection of 1791, that it was not Catholic, and the remark would apply as justly to the present difficulties. This question is stated with great clearness, and as it seems to me with great impartiality, in the Edinburgh Review of November 1810, and I would refer my French readers to this work, if I did not recollect that it would be in vain, under existing circumstances.

Much has been said of the danger of giving commands in the army and navy, to disaffected Catholic officers, without considering that they would cease to be disaffected if they were employed. The introduction of Catholic Members in Parliament also has been supposed to threaten the church, but they are in point of numbers only one out of six or seven members, and would never be able to carry any improper measures against the church.

It is worthy of remark, that the population of Ireland has increased more than fourfold since 1678. It consisted of 800,000 Catholics, and 300,000 Protestants at the time of Sir William Petty, and now of four millions of the former, and one million of the latter, of whom one-half only are Episcopalians, and the rest Presbyterians. The comparative proportion of the number of Catholics and Protestants, shows the truth of the old adage, that the blood of martyrs is the best seed of religion, since the persecuted sect has increased so much

more than the other. The absolute increase shows likewise, that nations are tenacious of life, and that there is, in milk and potatoes, an energy superior to the destructive influence of war and pestilence. The capital of Ireland is one of the finest cities in Europe. It contains 300,000 inhabitants, and increases rapidly in commerce and population. The climate of the island seems to that of England what England is to the continent, still milder, more moist, and green;—its verdure surprises the English themselves,—and it is varied with lakes and mountains of singular beauty.

The political malady of Ireland appears to me to be at present more ideal than actual; and to consist in the traditional recollection of all the miseries suffered and inflicted, producing a sort of alienation of mind, and making the Irish an insane people, as far as political parties are concerned. If the recollection of the past could be obliterated at once on both sides, all the difficulties standing in the way of that perfect union, which should prevail between the different parts of the same empire, would vanish at once. The great aim should be, to introduce new ideas, by a liberal system of education for all ranks of people;—and the best army to send to Ireland, would be one commanded by Bell and Lancaster, and composed of their disciples.

THE END.

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